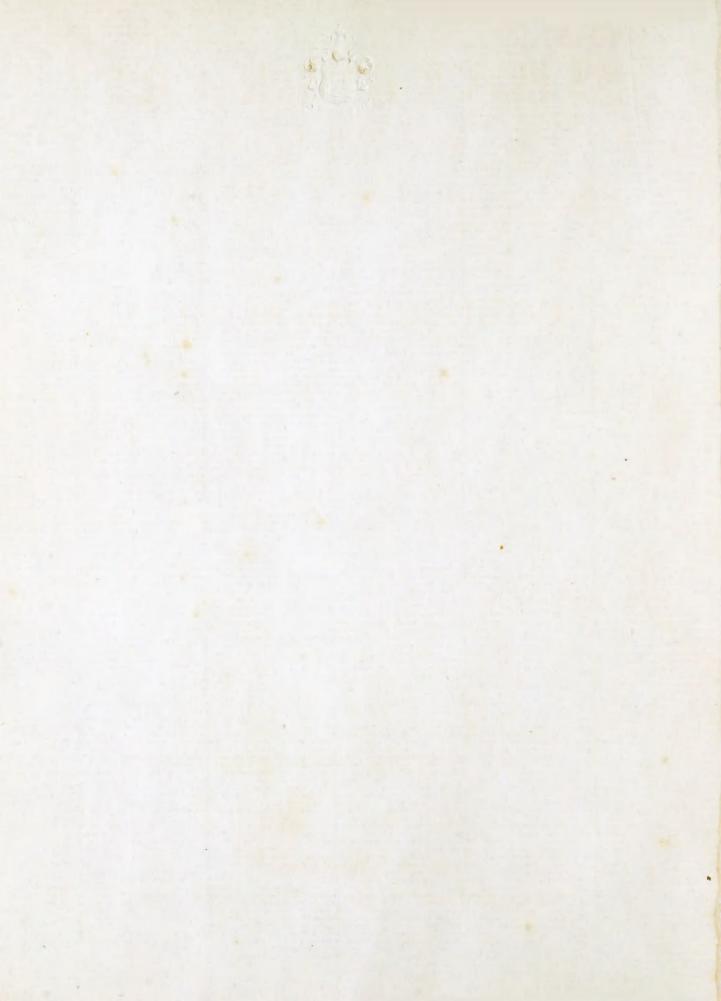


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Henry and Gwen Welchett



SHAKESPEARE

A REPRINT

of his

COLLECTED WORKS

As put forth in 1623

PART II CONTAINING

THE HISTORIES



LONDON

Printed for Lionel Booth 307 Regent Street 1863

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COLLECTED WORKS

As mit forth in 1629

PART II CONTAINING

THE HISTORIES

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LONDON:

Printed by J. Strangeways and H. E. Walden, 28 Castle Street, Leicester Square.



SHAKESPEARE;

A REPRINT OF THE "FAMOUS FOLIO OF 1623."

ADVERTISEMENT.

"A reprint of the first Folio, not free from inaccuracies, was published in 1807. A second reprint is now in course of publication by Mr. Lionel Booth. The first part, containing the Comedies, has already appeared. It is probably the most correct reprint ever issued."

The Cambridge Edition of Shakespeare, vol. i. Preface, p. xxvi.

MONG the many commendations bestowed on this Reprint of the First Edition of Shakespeare, none has occasioned so much satisfaction as the above, because, from the very nature of the labours of the learned Editors, it bears certain evidence that the principal object aimed at in the reproduction—accuracy—has been duly tested.

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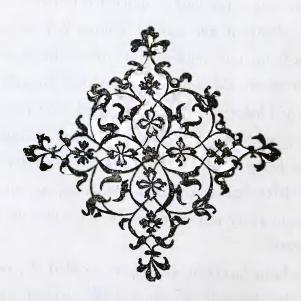
That the effort has been fuccessful in respect to Part I., now nearly two years in circulation, is certified by the fact that not a single question of its accuracy has been encountered, which has not proved to be an error or misapprehension of the questioner.

Yet at no time has this fact occasioned an overweening confidence; and the anxious endeavour to secure thorough correctness for Part I. has been continued in the production of the present portion, and shall be to the completion of the work.

As the concluding paragraph of the Advertisement to Part I. set forth the design with which this Reprint was begun—namely, that it should, as far as possible, be "one in semblance" with the Original, but more especially, in the important matter of contents, "one and the self-same thing"—that paragraph is now repeated:—"The chances of error in the passing of an elaborate work through the press are multifarious—occasionally their origin is most mysterious and unaccountable; experience, not less than inclination, precludes the least pretension to infallibility, and though not fearing the complaints made against the last reprint of this book, they are not out of memory; therefore, the communication of any—the most trisling—departure from the Original which may be discovered will be most thankfully acknowledged, and the required correction effected by a cancel."

307 REGENT STREET, W.

October 13th, 1863.



With incontylled isurels deck thy brow; More than all flaypt, Greece, or Atla taught;

Great Homer's birth fev'n rival cities claim, Too mighty fuch monopoly of fame; Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe His wond'rous worth; what Egypt could bestow, With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd, Enlarg'd the immense expansion of his mind: Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain; The British Eagle* and the Mantuan Swan Tow'r equal heights. But, happier Stratford, thou With incontested laurels deck thy brow; Thy bard was thine unschool'd, and from thee brought More than all Egypt, Greece, or Afia taught; Not Homer's felf fuch matchless laurels won, The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakespeare none.

T. SEWARD.

MR. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

HISTORIES

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SHAKESPEARE.

COLLATION OF THE EDITION OF 1623.

(Continued.)

THE HISTORIES.

*** The Collation is given with each Part, to prevent the reproduction of any peculiarity of the Original Work being mistaken for a defect.

King John-pages 1 to 22.

Richard the Second—pages 23 to 45—(in some copies page 37 is misprinted 39).

Henry the Fourth, Part I.—pages 46 to 73—(pages 47, 48, are omitted).

Henry the Fourth, Part II.—pages 74 to 100, with a leaf containing the "Epilogve," and, on its reverse, "The Actors Names"—(pages 89, 90, are misprinted 91, 92).

Henry the Fift—pages 69 to 95—(as will be perceived, the pagination of this portion of the work, 69 to 100, has been repeated).

Henry the Sixt, Part I.—pages 96 to 119.

Henry the Sixt, Part II.—pages 120 to 146.

Henry the Sixt, Part III.—pages 147 to 172—(pages 165, 166 are misprinted 167, 168).

Richard the Third—pages 173 to 204.

Henry the Eight—pages 205 to 232—(page 216 is misprinted 218).

There are slight variations in the head-lines of Henry the Fourth, Part I. page 57, and of Henry the Sixt, Part III. pages 153 to 172; these variations do not exist in the Second Edition.

*** This Collation will be completed in Part III.

As copies of the Original are known to vary, any fuch variations or peculiarities, not noticed above, being communicated will greatly oblige; also any information that may tend to render thoroughly complete the collation of the whole work.

It will be observed that this Reprint has a distinct pagination,—also a distinct set of signatures, in fours; both, to facilitate reference, will be continuous throughout the volume. It may be as well to remark—to prevent the chance of proofs of care being taken rather to indicate the lack of that essential—that, wherever type may be seen out of gear, in any way desective or irregular, all such "typographical phenomena," as Mr. Lettsom has aptly termed those characteristics of the precious old book, have been reproduced in accordance with the prescribed plan "in setting forth"—No departure from the Original.





The life and death of King Iohn.

Actus Primus, Scana Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chattylion of France.

King Iohn.

Ow fay Chatillion, what would France with vs?
Chat. Thus (after greeting) speakes the King
of France,

The borrowed Maiesty of England heere.

Elea. A strange beginning: borrowed Maiesty?

K. Iohn. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalfe
Of thy deceased brother, Geffreyes sonne,

Arthur Plantaginet, laies most lawfull claime
To this faire Iland, and the Territories:
To Ireland, Poychiers, Aniowe, Torayne, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which swaies vsurpingly these seuerall titles,
And put the same into yong Arthurs hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.

K. Iohn. What followes if we difallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloudy warre,

To inforce these rights, so forcibly with-held,

K. Io. Heere have we war for war, & bloud for bloud, Controlement for controlement: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. Iohn. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace, Be thou as lightning in the eies of France; For ere thou canst report, I will be there: The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard. So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath, And sullen presage of your owne decay: An honourable conduct let him haue, Pembroke looke too't: farewell Chattillion.

Exit Chat. and Pem.

Ele. What now my fonne, haue I not euer faid How that ambitious Constance would not cease Till she had kindled France and all the world, Vpon the right and party of her sonne. This might haue beene preuented, and made whole With very easie arguments of loue, Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must With searefull bloudy issue arbitrate.

K. Iohn. Our strong possession, and our right for vs. Eli. Your strong possession much more then your right, Or else it must go wrong with you and me, so much my conscience whispers in your eare,

Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall heare. Enter a Sheriffe.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controversie Come from the Country to be judg'd by you That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. Iohn. Let them approach:
Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay
This expeditious charge: what men are you?
Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull subject, I a gentleman, Borne in Northamptonshire, and eldest sonne As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge, A Souldier by the Honor-giuing-hand Of Cordelion, Knighted in the field.

K. Iohn. What art thou?

Robert. The fon and heire to that fame Faulconbridge. K. Iohn. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?

You came not of one mother then it feemes.

Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:
But for the cerraine knowledge of that truth,
I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Eli. Out on thee rude man, y dost shame thy mother, And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madame? No, I have no reason for it,
That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a pops me out,
At least from faire five hundred pound a yeere:
Heaven guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K. Iohn. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger born

Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land:
But once he flanderd me with baftardy:
But where I be as true begot or no,
That ftill I lay vpon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Liege
(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
Compare our faces, and be Iudge your felfe
If old Sir *Robert* did beget vs both,
And were our father, and this fonne like him:
O old fir *Robert* Father, on my knee
I giue heauen thankes I was not like to thee.

K. Iohn. Why what a mad-cap hath heaven lent vs here?

Elen. He hath a tricke of Cordelions face,

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Doe you not read fome tokens of my fonne
In the large composition of this man?

K. Iohn

K. Iohn. Mine eye hath well examined his parts, And findes them perfect Richard: firra speake, What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.

Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my father? With halfe that face would he have all my land, A halfe-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a yeere?

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,

Your brother did imploy my father much.

Phil. Well fir, by this you cannot get my land, Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother. Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie To Germany, there with the Emperor To treat of high affaires touching that time: Th'aduantage of his absence tooke the King, And in the meane time foiourn'd at my fathers; Where how he did prevaile, I shame to speake: But truth is truth, large lengths of feas and shores Betweene my father, and my mother lay, As I have heard my father speake himselfe When this same lusty gentleman was got: Vpon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd His lands to me, and tooke it on his death That this my mothers fonne was none of his; And if he were, he came into the world Full fourteene weekes before the course of time: Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine,

My fathers land, as was my fathers will. K. Iohn. Sirra, your brother is Legittimate, Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him: And if the did play false, the fault was hers, Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands That marry wives: tell me, how if my brother Who as you fay, tooke paines to get this fonne, Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his, Infooth, good friend, your father might have kept This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world: Infooth he might: then if he were my brothers, My brother might not claime him, nor your father Being none of his, refuse him : this concludes, My mothers fonne did get your fathers heyre, Your fathers heyre must have your fathers land.

Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force, To dispossesse that childe which is not his.

Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me sir, Then was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge, And like thy brother to enioy thy land: Or the reputed sonne of Cordelion,

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside. Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape And I had his, fir Roberts his like him,

And if my legs were two fuch riding rods, My armes, such eele-skins stuft, my face so thin, That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose, Lest men should say, looke where three farthings goes, And to his shape were heyre to all this land, Would I might neuer stirre from off this place, I would give it every foot to have this face: It would not be fir nobbe in any case.

Elinor. I like thee well: wilt thou forfake thy fortune, Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a Souldier, and now bound to France. Bast. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance; Your face hath got fiue hundred pound a yeere, Yet fell your face for fiue pence and 'tis deere: Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.

Elinor. Nay, I would have you go before me thither. Bast. Our Country manners give our betters way. K. Iohn. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip my Liege, so is my name begun, Philip, good old Sir Roberts wives eldest sonne. K. Iohn. From henceforth beare his name

Whose forme thou bearest:

Kneele thou downe Philip, but rise more great, Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by th'mothers side, give me your hand, My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land: Now bleffed be the houre by night or day When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Ele. The very spirit of Plantaginet: I am thy grandame Richard, call me fo.

Bast. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho; Something about a little from the right, In at the window, or else ore the hatch: Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night, And haue is haue, how ever men doe catch: Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot, And I am I, how ere I was begot.

K. Iohn. Goe, Faulconbridge, now hast thou thy defire, A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire: Come Madam, and come Richard, we must speed For France, for France, for it is more then need.

Bast. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee, For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.

Exeunt all but bastard.

Bast. A foot of Honor better then I was, But many a many foot of Land the worfe. Well, now can I make any Ioane a Lady, Good den Sir Richard, Godamercy fellow, And if his name be George, Ile call him Peter; For new made honor doth forget mens names: 'Tis two respective, and too sociable For your conversion, now your traveller, Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe, And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd, Why then I fucke my teeth, and catechize My picked man of Countries: my deare fir, Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin, I shall beseech you; that is question now, And then comes answer like an Absey booke: O fir, fayes answer, at your best command, At your employment, at your feruice fir : No fir, faies question, I sweet fir at yours, And so ere answer knowes what question would, Sauing in Dialogue of Complement, And talking of the Alpes and Appenines, The Perennean and the river Poe, It drawes toward fupper in conclusion fo. But this is worshipfull society. And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe; For he is but a bastard to the time That doth not smoake of observation, And fo am I whether I smacke or no: And not alone in habit and deuice, Exterior forme, outward accourrement; But from the inward motion to deliuer Sweet, fweet, fweet poyson for the ages tooth, Which though I will not practice to deceive, Yet to avoid deceit I meane to learne; For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising: But who comes in fuch hafte in riding robes?

What woman post is this? hath she no husband That will take paines to blow a horne before her? O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady, What brings you heere to Court so hashily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and Iames Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slaue thy brother? where is he? That holds in chase mine honour vp and downe.

Bast. My brother Robert, old Sir Roberts sonne:
Colbrand the Gyant, that same mighty man,
Is it Sir Roberts sonne that you seeke so?
Lady. Sir Roberts sonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,
Sir Roberts sonne? why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is Sir Roberts sonne, and so art thou.
Bast. Iames Gournie, wilt thou give vs leave a while?
Gour. Good leave good Philip.
Bast. Philip, sparrow, Iames,
There's toyes abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.

Exit Iames.

Madam, I was not old Sir Roberts fonne,
Sir Robert might haue eat his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his fast:
Sir Robert could doe well, marrie to confesse
Could get me fir Robert could not doe it;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limmes?
Sir Robert neuer holpe to make this legge.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too, That for thine owne gaine shouldst desend mine honor? What meanes this scorne, thou most vntoward knaue?

Bast. Knight, knight good mother, Basilisco-like: What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder: But mother, I am not Sir Roberts sonne, I haue disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land, Legitimation, name, and all is gone; Then good my mother, let me know my father, Some proper man I hope, who was it mother? Lady. Hast thou denied thy selfe a Faulconbridge?

Baß. As faithfully as I denie the deuill.

Lady. King Richard Cordelion was thy father,
By long and vehement fuit I was feduc'd

To make roome for him in my husbands bed:

Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge,

That art the issue of my deere offence

Which was so strongly vrg'd past my defence. Bast. Now by this light were I to get againe, Madam I would not wish a better father: Some finnes doe beare their priviledge on earth, And fo doth yours : your fault, was not your follie, Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose, Subjected tribute to commanding love, Against whose furie and vnmatched force, The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight, Nor keepe his Princely heart from Richards hand: He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts, May eafily winne a womans: aye my mother, With all my heart I thanke thee for my father: Who liues and dares but fay, thou didst not well When I was got, Ile fend his foule to hell. Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne, And they shall say, when Richard me begot, If thou hadft fayd him nay, it had beene finne; Who fayes it was, he lyes, I fay twas not.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Daulphin, Anstria, Constance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met braue Außria, Arthur that great fore-runner of thy bloud, Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart, And fought the holy Warres in Palestine, By this braue Duke came early to his graue: And for amends to his posteritie, At our importance hether is he come, To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe, And to rebuke the vsurpation Of thy vnnaturall Vncle, English Iohn, Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cordelions death The rather, that you give his off-spring life, Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre: I give you welcome with a powerlesse hand, But with a heart full of vnstained love, Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right? Auft. Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kiffe, As feale to this indenture of my loue:
That to my home I will no more returne
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
Euen till that England hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure
And consident from forreine purposes,
Euen till that vtmost corner of the West
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

Const. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks, Till your strong hand shall helpe to give him strength, To make a more requitall to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs y lift their fwords In such a just and charitable warre.

King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent Against the browes of this resisting towne, Call for our cheefest men of discipline, To cull the plots of best advantages:

Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones, Wade to the market-place in French-mens bloud, But we will make it subject to this boy.

Con. Stay for an answer to your Embassie, Lest vnaduis'd you staine your swords with bloud, My Lord Chattilion may from England bring That right in peace which heere we vrge in warre, And then we shall repent each drop of bloud, That hot rash haste so indirectly shedde.

Enter Chattilion.

King. A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wish
Our Messenger Chattilion is arriv'd,
What England saies, say breefely gentle Lord,
We coldly pause for thee, Chatilion speake,

Chat. Then turne your forces from this paltry siege, And stirre them vp against a mightier taske:

England impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himselse in Armes, the adverse windes

Whofe

Exeunt.

Whose leisure I haue staid, haue giuen him time To land his Legions all as foone as I: His marches are expedient to this towne, His forces strong, his Souldiers confident: With him along is come the Mother Queene, An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife, With her her Neece, the Lady Blanch of Spaine, With them a Bastard of the Kings deceast, And all th'vnsetled humors of the Land, Rash, inconsiderate, siery voluntaries, With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes, Haue fold their fortunes at their native homes, Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs, To make a hazard of new fortunes heere: In briefe, a brauer choyse of dauntlesse spirits Then now the English bottomes have wast o're, Did neuer flote vpon the fwelling tide, To doe offence and scathe in Christendome: The interruption of their churlish drums Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,

To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare. Kin. How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition. Aust. By how much vnexpected, by so much We must awake indeuor for defence, For courage mounteth with occasion, Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke,

K. Iohn. Peace be to France: If France in peace permit Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne; If not, bleede France, and peace ascend to heaven. Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

Fran. Peace be to England, if that warre returne From France to England, there to liue in peace: England we love, and for that Englands fake, With burden of our armor heere we fweat: This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine; But thou from louing England art so farre, That thou hast vnder-wrought his lawfull King, Cut off the sequence of posterity, Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne: Looke heere vpon thy brother Geffreyes face, These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his; This little abstract doth contains that large, Which died in Geffrey: and the hand of time, Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume: That Geffrey was thy elder brother borne, And this his sonne, England was Geffreys right, And this is Geffreyes in the name of God: How comes it then that thou art call'd a King, When living blood doth in these temples beat Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-masterest?

K. Iohn. From whom hast thou this great commission To draw my answer from thy Articles? (France, Fra. Fro that supernal Iudge that stirs good thoughts In any beast of strong authoritie, To looke into the blots and staines of right, That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy, Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,

And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

K. Iohn. Alack thou dost vsurpe authoritie. Fran. Excuse it is to beat vsurping downe. Queen. Who is it thou dost call vsurper France? Conft. Let me make answer: thy vsurping sonne. Queen. Out infolent, thy bastard shall be King, That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world. Con. My bed was ever to thy fonne as true

As thine was to thy husband, and this boy Liker in feature to his father Geffrey Then thou and Iohn, in manners being as like, As raine to water, or deuill to his damme; My boy a bastard ? by my soule I thinke His father neuer was fo true begot, It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

(ther Queen. There's a good mother boy, that blots thy fa-Conft. There's a good grandame boy

That would blot thee. Aust. Peace.

Bast. Heare the Cryer.

Aust. What the deuill art thou? Bast. One that wil play the deuill fir with you, And a may catch your hide and you alone: You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;

Ile smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right, Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe, That did difrobe the Lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as fightly on the backe of him As great Alcides shooes vpon an Asse: But Affe, Ile take that burthen from your backe, Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafes our eares With this abundance of superstuous breath? King Lewis, determine what we shall doe strait.

Lew. Women & fooles, breake off your conference. King Iohn, this is the very fumme of all: England and Ireland, Angiers, Toraine, Maine, In right of Arthur doe I claime of thee: Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

Iohn. My life as foone: I doe defie thee France, Arthur of Britaine, yeeld thee to my hand, And out of my deere love Ile give thee more, Then ere the coward hand of France can win; Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child. Conf. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe, Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will Giue yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,

There's a good grandame. Arthur. Good my mother peace, I would that I were low laid in my graue, I am not worth this coyle that's made for me.

Qu. Mo. His mother shames him so, poore boy hee Con. Now shame vpon you where she does or no, His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames Drawes those heaven-mouing pearles fro his poor eies, Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee: I, with these Christall beads heaven shall be brib'd

To doe him Iustice, and reuenge on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth. Con. Thou monstrous Iniurer of heaven and earth, Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurpe The Dominations, Royalties, and rights Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonne, Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy

Thy finnes are visited in this poore childe,
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the second generation
Remoued from thy finne-conceiuing wombe.

Iohn. Bedlam haue done.

Con. I have but this to fay,
That he is not onely plagued for her fin,
But God hath made her finne and her, the plague
On this removed iffue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her finne: his iniury
Her iniurie the Beadle to her finne,
All punish'd in the person of this childe,
And all for her, a plague vpon her.

Que. Thou vnaduised scold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne.
Con. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.

Fra. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate, It ill beseemes this presence to cry ayme To these ill-tuned repetitions:

Some Trumpet summon hither to the walles
These men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake,
Whose title they admit, Arthurs or Iohns.

Trumpet founds.

Enter a Citizen upon the malles.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?

Fra. 'Tis France, for England.

Iohn. England for it felfe:

You men of Angiers, and my louing subjects.

Fra. You louing men of Angiers, Arthurs subjects,

Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle. Iohn. For our aduantage, therefore heare vs first: These flagges of France that are advanced heere Before the eye and prospect of your Towne, Have hither march'd to your endamagement. The Canons have their bowels full of wrath, And ready mounted are they to spit forth Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles: All preparation for a bloody fiedge And merciles proceeding, by these French. Comfort yours Citties eies, your winking gates: And but for our approch, those sleeping stones, That as a waste doth girdle you about By the compulsion of their Ordinance, By this time from their fixed beds of lime Had bin dishabited, and wide hauocke made For bloody power to rush vppon your peace. But on the fight of vs your lawfull King, Who painefully with much expedient march Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates, To faue vnscratch'd your Citties threatned cheekes: Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle, And now insteed of bulletts wrapt in fire To make a shaking feuer in your walles, They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smoake, To make a faithlesse errour in your eares, Which trust accordingly kinde Cittizens, And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits Fore-wearied in this action of fwift speede, Craues harbourage within your Citie walles.

France. When I have saide, make answer to vs both. Loe in this right hand, whose protection Is most divinely vow'd vpon the right Of him it holds, stands yong Plantagenet, Sonne to the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enioyes: For this downe-troden equity, we tread In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne, Being no further enemy to you Then the constraint of hospitable zeale, In the releefe of this oppressed childe, Religiously prouokes. Be pleased then To pay that dutie which you truly owe, To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince, And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare, Saue in aspect, hath all offence seal'd vp: Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent Against th'involuerable clouds of heauen, And with a bleffed and vn-vext retyre, With vnhack'd fwords, and Helmets all vnbruis'd, We will beare home that lustie blood againe, Which heere we came to spout against your Towne, And leave your children, wives, and you in peace. But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer, 'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles, Can hide you from our messengers of Warre, Though all these English, and their discipline Were harbour'd in their rude circumference: Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord, In that behalfe which we have challeng'd it? Or shall we give the fignall to our rage, And stalke in blood to our possession?

Cit. In breefe, we are the King of Englands subjects For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

Iohn. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Cit. That can we not: but he that proues the King
To him will we proue loyall, till that time
Haue we ramm'd vp our gates against the world.

Iohn. Doth not the Crowne of England, prooue the King?

And if not that, I bring you Witnesses Twice fifteene thousand hearts of Englands breed.

Bast. Bastards and else.

Iohn. To verifie our title with their liues.

Fran. As many and as well-borne bloods as those.

Baft. Some Bastards too.

Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

Iohn. Then God forgive the sinne of all those soules,
That to their everlasting residence,

Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleete In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King

Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes.

Bast. Saint George that swindg'd the Dragon,
And ere fince sit's on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dore
Teach vs some sence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den sirrah, with your Lionnesse,
I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:

And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace, no more.

Bast. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.

Libn. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l fet forth
In best appointment all our Regiments.

Bast. Speed then to take advantage of the field. Fra. It shall be so, and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand, God and our right. Exeunt

Heere after excursions, Enter the Herald of France

mith Trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates, And let yong Arthur Duke of Britaine in,

A a 3

 Wh_0

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made Much worke for teares in many an English mother, Whose sonness lye scattered on the bleeding ground: Many a widdowes husband groueling lies, Coldly embracing the discoloured earth, And victorie with little losse doth play Vpon the dancing banners of the French, Who are at hand triumphantly displayed To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E.Har. Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bels, King Iohn, your king and Englands, doth approach, Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence so filuer bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
There stucke no plume in any English Crest,
That is remoued by a staffe of France:
Our colours do returne in those same hands
That did display them when we first marcht forth:
And like a iolly troope of Huntsmen come
Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their soes,
Open your gates, and giue the Victors way.

Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold

Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From first to last, the on-set and retyre
Of both your Armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured: (blowes:
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes have answerd
Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted

Both are alike, and both alike we like: One must proue greatest. While they weigh so euen, We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at severall doores.

Iohn. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away? Say, shall the currant of our right rome on, Whose passage vext with thy impediment, Shall leave his native channell, and ore-fwell with course disturbed even thy confining shores, Vnlesse thou let his filuer Water, keepe A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

Fra. England thou hast not sau'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare
That swayes the earth this Climate ouer-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our inst-borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, gainst whom these Armes wee
Or adde a royall number to the dead: (beare,
Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,

With flaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Baft. Ha Maiesty: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with steele,
The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feasts, mousing the steeth of men
In vndetermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus:
Cry hauocke kings, backe to the stained field
You equall Potents, sterie kindled spirits,
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

Iohn. Whose party do the Townesmen yet admit;

Fra. Speeke Citizens for England, whose your king.

Hub. The king of England, when we know the king.

Fra. Know him in vs, that heere hold vp his right.

Iohn. In Vs, that are our owne great Deputie,

And beare possession of our Person heere,

Lord of our presence Angiers, and of you.

Fra. A greater powre then We denies all this, And till it be vndoubted, we do locke
Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates:
Kings of our feare, vntill our feares resolu'd
Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.

Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you And stand securely on their battelments, (kings, As in a Theater, whence they gape and point At your industrious Scenes and acts of death. Your Royall presences be rul'd by mee, Do like the Mutines of Ierusalem, Be friends a-while, and both conjoyntly bend Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne. By East and West let France and England mount. Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes, Till their foule-fearing clamours have braul'd downe The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie, I'de play inceffantly vpon these Iades, Euen till vnfenced desolation Leaue them as naked as the vulgar ayre: That done, diffeuer your vnited strengths, And part your mingled colours once againe, Turne face to face, and bloody point to point: Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth Out of one fide her happy Minion, To whom in fauour she shall give the day, And kisse him with a glorious victory: How like you this wilde counsell mighty States, Smackes it not fomething of the policie.

Iohn. Now by the sky that hangs aboue our heads, I like it well. France, shall we knit our powres, And lay this Angiers even with the ground, Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Baft. And if thou hast the mettle of a king, Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuish Townc: Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie, As we will ours, against these sawcie walles, And when that we have dash'd them to the ground, Why then desie each other, and pell-mell, Make worke vpon our selues, for heaven or hell.

Fra. Let it be fo: fay, where will you affault?

Iohn. We from the West will fend destruction
Into this Cities bosome.

Aust. I from the North.

Fran. Our Thunder from the South, Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.

Baft. O prudent discipline! From North to South: Austria and France shoot in each others mouth. Ile stirre them to it: Come, away, away.

Hub. Heare vs great kings, vouchfafe awhile to stay And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league: Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound, Rescue those breathing lives to dye in beds, That heere come facrisices for the field. Perseuer not, but heare me mighty kings.

Iohn. Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.

Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady Blanch
Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres
Of Lewes the Dolphin, and that louely maid.
If lustie loue should go in quest of beautie,

Where

Where should he sinde it fairer, then in Blanch: If zealous love should go in search of vertue, Where should he finde it purer then in Blanch? If loue ambitious, fought a match of birth, Whose veines bound richer blood then Lady Blanch? Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth, Is the yong Dolphin euery way compleat, If not compleat of, fay he is not shee, And she againe wants nothing, to name want, If want it be not, that she is not hee: He is the halfe part of a bleffed man, Left to be finished by such as shee, And she a faire divided excellence, Whose fulnesse of perfection lyes in him. O two fuch filuer currents when they ioyne Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in: And two fuch shores, to two fuch streames made one, Two fuch controlling bounds shall you be, kings, To these two Princes, if you marrie them: This Vnion shall do more then batterie can To our fast closed gates: for at this match, With fwifter spleene then powder can enforce The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope, And give you entrance: but without this match, The fea enraged is not halfe fo deafe, Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes More free from motion, no not death himselfe In mortall furie halfe so peremptorie, As we to keepe this Citie. Bast. Heeres a stay,

'Baft. Heeres a stay,
That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That spits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and seas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges.
What Cannoneere begot this lustie blood,
He speakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
But bussets better then a fist of France:
Zounds, I was neuer so bethumpt with words,
Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, list to this coniunction, make this match Giue with our Neece a dowrie large enough, For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye Thy now vnsur d affurance to the Crowne, That yon greene boy shall have no Sunne to ripe The bloome that promiseth a mightie fruite. I see a yeelding in the lookes of France:

Marke how they whisper, vrge them while their soules Are capeable of this ambition,

Least zeale now melted by the windie breath Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,

Coole and congeale againe to what it was.

Hub. Why answer not the double Majesties.

Hub. Why answer not the double Maiesties,
This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne.

Fig. Speaks England Grift that both him form

Fra. Speake England first, that hath bin forward first To speake vnto this Cittie: what say you?

Iohn. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely fonne, Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue: Her Dowrie shall weigh equal with a Queene: For Angiers, and faire Toraine Maine, PoyEtiers, And all that we vpon this side the Sea, (Except this Cittie now by vs besiedg'd) Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie, Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich

In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beautie, education, blood,
Holdes hand with any Princesse of the world.
Fra. What sai'st thou boy? looke in the Ladies face.
Dol. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your sonne,
Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow:
I do protest I neuer lou'd my selfe
Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,
Drawne in the slattering table of her eie.

Whispers mith Blanch.

Baft. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth espie
Himselse loues traytor, this is pittie now;
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
In such a loue, so vile a Lout as he.

Blan. My vnckles will in this respect is mine,
If he see ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he see's which moues his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speake more properly,
I will enforce it easlie to my loue.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I see in you is worthie loue,
Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselues should bee your
Iudge,

That I can finde, should merit any hate.

Iohn. What saie these yong-ones? What say you my

Blan. That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wisedome still vouchsafe to say.

Iohn. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you soue this

Iohn. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this Ladie?

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refraine from loue,

For I doe loue her most vnsainedly.

Iohn. Then do I giue Volquessen, Toraine, Maine,
Poyetiers, and Anion, these sine Provinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne:
Phillip of France, if thou be pleased withall,
Command thy sonne and daughtet to ioyne hands.

Fra. It likes vs well young Princes: close your hands

Aust. And your lippes too, for I am well assured,

That I did so when I was first assur'd.

Fra. Now Cittizens of Angires ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you have made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,
The rights of marriage shallbe solemniz'd.
Is not the Ladie Constance in this troope?
I know she is not for this match made vp,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes?

Dol. She is fad and passionate at your highnes Tent. Fra. And by my faith, this league that we have made Will give her sadnesse very little cure:

Brother of England, how may we content
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,

Which we God knowes, haue turn d another way, To our owne vantage.

Iohn. We will heale vp all,
For wee'l create yong Arthur Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Constance, Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire To our folemnity : I trust we shall, (If not fill vp the meafure of her will) Yet in some measure satisfie her so, That we shall stop her exclamation, Go we as well as hast will suffer vs,

Exeunt. To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe.

Baft. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition: Iohn to stop Arthurs Title in the whole, Hath willingly departed with a part, And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on, Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field, As Gods owne fouldier, rounded in the eare, With that same purpose-changer, that siye divel, That Broker, that still breakes the pate of faith, That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all, Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids, Who having no externall thing to loofe, But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that. That fmooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie, Commoditie, the byas of the world, The world, who of it felfe is peyfed well, Made to run euen, vpon euen ground; Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas, This fway of motion, this commoditie, Makes it take head from all indifferency, From all direction, purpose, course, intent. And this same byas, this Commoditie, This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word, Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France, Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd, From a refolu'd and honourable warre, To a most base and vile-concluded peace. And why rayle I on this Commoditie? But for because he hath not wooed me yet: Not that I have the power to clutch my hand, When his faire Angels would falute my palme, But for my hand, as vnattempted yet, Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich. Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile, And fay there is no fin but to be rich: And being rich, my vertue then shall be, To fay there is no vice, but beggerie: Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie, Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

Exit.

Actus Secundus

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace? False blood to false blood ioyn'd. Gone to be freinds? Shall Lewis have Blaunch, and Blaunch those Provinces? It is not fo, thou hast mispoke, misheard, Be well aduif'd, tell ore thy tale againe. It cannot be, thou do'ft but fay 'tis fo. I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word Is but the vaine breath of a common man: Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man, I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie. Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me, For I am ficke, and capeable of feares,

Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares, A widdow, husbandles, fubiect to feares, A woman naturally borne to feares; And though thou now confesse thou didst but iest With my vext spirits, I cannot take a Truce, But they will quake and tremble all this day. What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head? Why doft thou looke fo fadly on my fonne? What meanes that hand vpon that breast of thine? Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhewme, Like a proud river peering ore his bounds? Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words? Then speake againe, not all thy former tale, But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeue you thinke them false, That give you cause to proue my saying true.

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleeve this forrow, Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye, And let beleefe, and life encounter fo, As doth the furie of two desperate men, Which in the very meeting fall, and dye. Lewes marry Blaunch? O boy, then where art thou? France friend with England, what becomes of me? Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy fight, This newes hath made thee a most vgly man.

Sal. What other harme heue I good Lady done, But spoke the harme, that is by others done? Con. Which harme within it felfe fo heynous is, As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.

Ar. I do befeech you Madam be content. Con. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim Vgly, and slandrous to thy Mothers wombe, Full of vnpleafing blots, and fightleffe staines, Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious, Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes, I would not care, I then would be content, For then I should not loue thee: no, nor thou Become thy great birth, nor deferue a Crowne. But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy) Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make thee great. Of Natures guifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast, And with the halfe-blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh, She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee, Sh'adulterates hourely with thine Vnckle Iohn, And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France To tread downe faire respect of Soueraigntie, And made his Maiestie the bawd to theirs. France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king Iohn, That strumpet Fortune, that vsurping Iohn : Tell me thou fellow, is not France forfworne? Euvenom him with words, or get thee gone, And leave those woes alone, which I alone Am bound to vnder-beare.

Sal. Pardon me Madam, I may not goe without you to the kings. Con. Thou maift, thou shalt, I will not go with thee, I will instruct my forrowes to bee proud, For greefe is proud, and makes his owner stoope, To me and to the state of my great greefe, Let kings affemble : for my greefe's fo great, That no supporter but the huge firme earth Can hold it vp: here I and forrowes fit, Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

AEtus

Actus Tertius, Scana prima.

Enter King Iohn, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, Austria, Constance.

Fran. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this bleffed day, Euer in France shall be kept festivall:
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne
Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearely course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it, but a holy day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of shame, oppression, periury.
Or if it must stand still, let wives with childe
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it selfe to hollow salshood change.

Fra. By heauen Lady, you shall have no cause To curse the faire proceedings of this day: Haue I not pawn'd to you my Maiesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit Resembling Maiesty, which being touch'd and tride, Proues valuelesse: you are forsworne, forsworne, You came in Armes to spill mine enemies bloud, But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours. The grapling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre Is cold in amitie, and painted peace, And our oppression hath made vp this league: Arme, arme, you heavens, against these periur'd Kings, A widdow cries, be husband to me (heavens) Let not the howres of this vngodly day Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun-set, Set armed discord 'twixt these periur'd Kings, Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Aust. Lady Constance, peace. Const. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre: O Lymoges, O Austria, thou dost shame That bloudy spoyle: thou slaue, thou wretch, y coward, Thou little valiant, great in villanie, Thou ever strong vpon the stronger side; Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'ft neuer fight But when her humourous Ladiship is by To teach thee fafety: thou art periur'd too, And footh'ft vp greatnesse. What a foole art thou, A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare, Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded flaue, Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side? Beene fworne my Souldier, bidding me depend Vpon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength, And dost thou now fall ouer to my foes? Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for shame, And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbes.

Auf. O that a man should speake those words to me. Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs Auf. Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.

Phil.And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs. Iohn. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.
Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heaven;
To thee King Iohn my holy errand is:
I Pandulph, of faire Millane Cardinall,
And from Pope Innocent the Legate heere,
Doe in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce
Keepe Stephen Langton chosen Arshbishop
Of Canterbury from that holy Sea:
This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee.

Iohn. What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can tast the free breath of a facred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinall) deuise a name
So slight, vnworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answere, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England,
Adde thus much more, that no Italian Priest
Shall tythe or toll in our dominions:
But as we, vnder heauen, are supreame head,
So vnder him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold
Without th'affistance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all reuerence set apart
To him and his vsurp'd authoritie.

Fra. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

Iohn. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grossely by this medling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vilde gold, drosse, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sels pardon from himselse:
Though you, and al the rest so grossely led,
This iugling witchcrast with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I haue,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth reuolt
From his Allegeance to an heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hatefull life.

Con. O lawfull let it be
That I have roome with Rome to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.

Conf. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.

Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:

Law cannot give my childe his kingdome heere;

For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law:

Therefore fince Law it selfe is perfect wrong,

How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on perill of a curse, Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique, And raise the power of France vpon his head, Vnlesse he doe submit himselfe to Rome.

Elea. Look'ft thou pale France? do not let go thy hand. Con. Looke to that Deuill, lest that France repent,

And

And by disiouning hands hell lose a soule.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinall.

Baft. And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs. Auft. Well ruffian, I must pocket vp these wrongs,

Because,

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

Iohn. Philip, what saist thou to the Cardinall?

Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinall?

Dolph. Bethinke you sather, for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,

Or the light losse of England, for a friend:

Forgoe the eafier.

Bla. That's the curse of Rome.

Con. O Lewis, stand fast, the deuill tempts thee heere In likenesse of a new vntrimmed Bride.

Bla. The Lady Constance speakes not from her faith,

But from her need.

Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely liues but by the death of faith,
That need, must needs inferre this principle,
That faith would liue againe by death of need:
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,
Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.

Iohn. The king is moud, and answers not to this.

Con. O be remou'd from him, and answere well.

Aust. Doe so king Philip, hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet lout.

Fra. I am perplext, and know not what to say.

Pan. What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more?

If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

Fra. Good reverend father, make my person yours, And tell me how you would bestow your selfe? This royall hand and mine are newly knit, And the coniunction of our inward foules Married in league, coupled, and link'd together With all religous strength of facred vowes, The latest breath that gaue the sound of words Was deepe-fworne faith, peace, amity, true loue Betweene our kingdomes and our royall felues, And even before this truce, but new before, No longer then we well could wash our hands, To clap this royall bargaine vp of peace, Heauen knowes they were belmear'd and ouer-staind With slaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint The fearefull difference of incenfed kings: And shall these hands so lately purg'd of bloud? So newly ioyn'd in loue? fo ftrong in both, Vnyoke this feyfure, and this kinde regreete? Play fast and loose with faith? so iest with heaven, Make fuch vnconstant children of onr selues As now againe to fnatch our palme from palme: Vn-sweare faith sworne, and on the marriage bed Of fmiling peace to march a bloody hoaft, And make a ryot on the gentle brow Of true fincerity? O holy Sir My reuerend father, let it not be fo; Out of your grace, deuise, ordaine, impose Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest To doe your pleafure, and continue friends.

Pand. All forme is formeleffe, Order orderleffe, Saue what is opposite to Englands love. Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church, Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse, A mothers curse, on her revolting sonne: France, thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,

A cased Lion by the mortall paw,

A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth, Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold. Fra. I may dif-ioyne my hand, but not my faith. Pand. So mak'ft thou faith an enemy to faith, And like a ciuill warre fetst oath to oath, Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd, That is, to be the Champion of our Church, What fince thou fworst, is sworne against thy selfe, And may not be performed by thy felfe, For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse, Is not amisse when it is truely done: And being not done, where doing tends to ill, The truth is then most done not doing it: The better Act of purposes mistooke, Is to mistake again, though indirect, Yet indirection thereby growes direct, And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd: It is religion that doth make vowes kept, But thou hast sworne against religion: By what thou fwear'ft against the thing thou fwear'st, And mak'ft an oath the furetie for thy truth, Against an oath the truth, thou art vnsure To fweare, fweares onely not to be forfworne, Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare? But thou dost sweare, onely to be foriworne, And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare, Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first, Is in thy felfe rebellion to thy felfe: And better conquest neuer canst thou make, Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts Against these giddy loose suggestions: Vpon which better part, our prayrs come in, If thou vouchfafe them. But if not, then know The perill of our curses light on thee So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off But in despaire, dye vnder their blacke weight. Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion. Baft. Wil't not be?

Will not a Calues-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Daul. Father, to Armes.

Blanch. Vpon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums
Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name
Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;
Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
Against mine Vncle.

Const. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling, I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous Daulphin, Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.

Blan. Now shall I see thy love, what motive may

Be fironger with thee, then the name of wife?

Con. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,
His Honor, Oh thine Honor, Lewis thine Honor.

Dolph. I muse your Maiesty doth seeme so cold, When such prosound respects doe pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curse vpon his head.

Fra. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall fro thee. Const. O faire returne of banish'd Maiestie.

Elea. O foule repult of French inconstancy.

Eng. France, y shalt rue this houre within this houre.

Bast.

Baft.Old Time the clocke fetter, \mathring{y} bald fexton Time: Is it as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.

Bla. The Sun's orecast with bloud: faire day adieu, Which is the fide that I must goe withall? I am with both, each Army hath a hand, And in their rage, I having hold of both, They whurle a-sunder, and dismember mee. Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne: Vncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose: Father, I may not wish the fortune thine: Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive: Who-euer wins, on that side shall I lose: Assured losse, before the match be plaid.

Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Bla. There where my fortune liues, there my life dies.

Iohn. Cosen, goe draw our puisance together,

France, I am burn'd vp with infaming wrath,

A rage, whose heat hath this condition; That nothing can allay, nothing but blood, The blood and deerest valued bloud of France.

Fra. Thy rage shall burne thee vp, & thou shalt turne To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Looke to thy selfe, thou art in icopardie.

Iohn. No more then he that threats. To Arms le'ts hie.

Scæna Secunda.

Allarums, Excursions: Enter Bastard with Austria's bead.

Baft. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot, Some ayery Deuill houers in the skie, And pour's downe mischiese. Austrias head lye there, Enter Iohn, Arthur, Hubert.

While Philip breathes.

Iohn. Hubert, keepe this boy: Philip make vp, My Mother is assayled in our Tent,

And tane I feare.

**Bast. My Lord I rescued her,

Her Highnesse is in safety, seare you not:
But on my Liege, for very little paines

Will bring this labor to an happy end.

Exit

Alarums, excursions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur Bastard, Hubert, Lords.

Iohn. So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behinde So strongly guarded: Cosen, looke not sad, Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.

Iohn. Cofen away for England, haste before,

And ere our comming see thou shake the bags

Of hoording Abbots, imprisoned angells

Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed vpon:

Vse our Commission in his vtmost force.

Baft. Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not drive me back, When gold and filuer becks me to come on. I leave your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray (If ever I remember to be holy)

For your faire fafety: fo I kiffe your hand. Ele. Farewell gentle Cosen. Iohn. Coz, farewell.

Ele. Come hether little kinfman, harke, a worde.

Iohn. Come hether Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soule counts thee her Creditor,
And with advantage meanes to pay thy loue:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Liues in this bosome, deerely cherished.
Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better tune.
By heaven Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Maiesty. Iohn. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet, But thou shalt have : and creepe time nere so slow, Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good. I had a thing to fay, but let it goe: The Sunne is in the heaven, and the proud day, Attended with the pleasures of the world, Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes To give me audience: If the mid-night bell Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth Sound on into the drowzie race of night: If this same were a Church-yard where we stand, And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs: Or if that furly spirit melancholy Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heavy, thicke, Which elfe runnes tickling vp and downe the veines, Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes, And straine their cheekes to idle merriment, A passion hatefull to my purposes: Or if that thou couldst fee me without eyes, Heare me without thine eares, and make reply Without a tongue, vfing conceit alone, Without eyes, eares, and harmefull found of words: Then, in despight of brooded watchfull day, I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts: But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well, And by my troth I thinke thou lou'ft me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me vndertake, Though that my death were adjunct to my Act, By heaven I would doe it.

Ibhn. Doe not I know thou wouldst? Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert throw thine eye On you young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend, He is a very serpent in my way, And wheresoere this foot of mine doth tread, He lies before me: dost thou vnderstand me? Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And Ile keepe him so, That he shall not offend your Maiesty.

Iohn. Death. Hub. My Lord. Iohn. A Graue.

Hub. He shall not live.

Iohn. Enough.

I could be merry now, Hubert, I loue thee. Well, Ile not fay what I intend for thee: Remember: Madam, Fare you well, Ile fend those powers o're to your Maiesty.

Ele. My bleffing goe with thee.

Iohn. For England Cosen, goe.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

Withal true duetie: On toward Callice, hoa.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scana Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood, A whole Armado of conuicted faile Is scattered and dis-joyn'd from fellowship. Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well. Fra. What can goe well, when we have runne so ill? Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers loft? Arthur tane prisoner? divers deere friends slaine? And bloudy England into England gone, Ore-bearing interruption spight of France? Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified: So hot a speed, with such aduice dispos'd,

Such temperate order in fo fierce a cause, Doth want example: who hath read, or heard Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. Well could I beare that Englandhad this praise, So we could finde fome patterne of our shame:

Enter Constance. Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a foule, Holding th'eternall spirit against her will, In the vilde prison of afflicted breath: I prethee Lady goe away with me.

Con. Lo; now: now fee the iffue of your peace. Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle Constance.

Con. No, I defie all Counsell, all redreffe, But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse: Death, death, O amiable, louely death, Thou odoriferous stench : found rottennesse, Arise forth from the couch of lasting night, Thou hate and terror to prosperitie, And I will kiffe thy detestable bones, And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes, And ring these fingers with thy houshold wormes, And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust, And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe; Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou fmil'st, And buffe thee as thy wife: Miferies Loue, O come to me.

Fra. O faire affliction, peace.

Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry: O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth, Then with a paffion would I shake the world, And rowze from fleepe that fell Anatomy Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce, Which scornes a moderne Invocation.

Pand. Lady, you vtter madnesse, and not forrow. Con. Thou art holy to belye me fo, I am not mad : this haire I teare is mine, My name is Constance, I was Geffreyes wife, Yong Arthur is my sonne, and he is lost: I am not mad, I would to heauen I were, For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe: O, if I could, what griefe should I forget? Preach some Philosophy to make me mad, And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.) For, being not mad, but sensible of greefe, My reasonable part produces reason How I may be deliuer'd of these woes, And teaches mee to kill or hang my felfe:

If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,

Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he; I am not mad: too well, too well I feele The different plague of each calamitie.

Fra. Binde vp those tresses: O what loue I note In the faire multitude of those her haires; Where but by chance a filuer drop hath falne, Euen to that drop ten thousand wiery fiends Doe glew themselues in sociable griefe, Like true, inseparable, faithfull loues, Sticking together in calamitie.

Con. To England, if you will. Fra. Binde vp your haires.

Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it? I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud, O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne, As they have given these hayres their libertie: But now I enuie at their libertie, And will againe commit them to their bonds, Because my poore childe is a prisoner. And Father Cardinall, I have heard you fay That we shall see and know our friends in heauen: If that be true, I shall see my boy againe; For fince the birth of Caine, the first male-childe To him that did but yesterday suspire, There was not fuch a gracious creature borne: But now will Canker-forrow eat my bud, And chase the native beauty from his cheeke, And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost, As dim and meager as an Agues fitte, And so hee'll dye : and rising so againe, When I shall meet him in the Court of heaven I shall not know him : therefore neuer, neuer Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heynous a respect of greefe. Const. He talkes to me, that neuer had a sonne. Fra. You are as fond of greefe, as of your childe. Con. Greefe fils the roome vp of my absent childe:

Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me, Putson his pretty lookes, repeats his words, Remembets me of all his gracious parts, Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme; Then, haue I reason to be fond of griefe? Fareyouwell: had you fuch a loffe as I, I could give better comfort then you doe. I will not keepe this forme vpon my head, When there is fuch diforder in my witte: O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my faire fonne, My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world: My widow-comfort, and my forrowes cure.

Fra. I feare fome out-rage, and Ile follow her. Exit. Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me joy, Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, Vexing the dull eare of a drowfie man; And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words taste, That it yeelds nought but shame and bitternesse.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease, Euen in the instant of repaire and health, The fit is strongest: Euils that take leave On their departure, most of all shew euill: What have you lost by losing of this day?

Dol. All daies of glory, joy, and happinesse. Pan. If you had won it, certainely you had. No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good, Shee lookes vpon them with a threatning eye: 'Tis strange to thinke how much King lohn hath lost In this which he accounts fo clearely wonne:

Are

Exit.

Are not you grieu'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him. Pan. Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood. Now heare me speake with a propheticke spirit: For even the breath of what I meane to speake, Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub Out of the path which shall directly lead Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke: Iohn hath feiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be, That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines, The mif-plac'd-Iohn should entertaine an houre, One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest. A Scepter fnatch'd with an vnruly hand, Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd. And he that stands vpon a slipp'ry place, Makes nice of no vilde hold to stay him vp: That Iohn may stand, then Arthur needs must fall, So be it, for it cannot be but fo.

Dol. But what shall I gaine by yong Arthurs fall? Pan. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife, May then make all the claime that Arthur did.

Dol. And loose it, life and all, as Arthur did. Pan. How green you are, and fresh in this old world? Iohn layes you plots: the times conspire with you, For he that steepes his safetie in true blood, Shall finde but bloodie fafety, and vntrue. This Act so eailly borne shall coole the hearts Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale, That none so small advantage shall step forth To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it. No naturall exhalation in the skie, No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day, No common winde, no customed euent, But they will plucke away his naturall cause, And call them Meteors, prodigies, and fignes, Abbortiues, prefages, and tongues of heauen, Plainly denouncing vengeance vpon Iohn.

Dol. May be he will not touch yong Arthurs life,

But hold himselfe safe in his prisonment.

Pan. O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach, If that yong Arthur be not gone alreadie, Euen at that newes he dies: and then the hearts Of all his people shall revolt from him, And kiffe the lippes of vnacquainted change, And picke strong matter of reuolt, and wrath Out of the bloody fingers ends of Iohn. Me thinkes I fee this hurley all on foot; And O, what better matter breeds for you, Then I have nam'd. The Bastard Falconbridge Is now in England ranfacking the Church, Offending Charity: If but a dozen French Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call To traine ten thousand English to their side; Or, as a little fnow, tumbled about, Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine, Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull, What may be wrought out of their discontent, Now that their foules are topfull of offence, For England go; I will whet on the King.

Dol. Strong reasons makes strange actions: let vs go, If you fay I, the King will not fay no.

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me thefe Irons hot, and looke thou stand Within the Arras: when I strike my foot Vpon the bosome of the ground, rush forth And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed. Hub. Vncleanly scruples feare not you: looke too't. Yong Lad come forth; I have to fay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Ar. As little Prince, having fo great a Title To be more Prince, as may be : you are fad.

Hub. Indeed I have beene merrier.

Art. 'Mercie on me:

Me thinkes no body should be sad but I: Yet I remember, when I was in France, Yong Gentlemen would be as fad as night Onely for wantonnesse: by my Christendome, So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe I should be as merry as the day is long: And fo I would be heere, but that I doubt My Vnckle practifes more harme to me: He is affraid of me, and I of him: Is it my fault, that I was Geffreyes sonne? No in deede is't not : and I would to heaven I were your sonne, so you would love me, Hubert: Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercie, which lies dead: Therefore I will be fodaine, and dispatch.

Ar. Are you ficke Hubert? you looke pale to day, Infooth I would you were a little ficke, That I might fit all night, and watch with you. I warrant I loue you more then you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosome. Reade heere yong Arthur. How now foolish rheume? Turning dispitious torture out of doore? I must be breefe, least resolution drop Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares. Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?

Ar. Too fairely Hubert, for so foule effect, Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?

. Hub. Yong Boy, I must. Art. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Art. Haue you the heart? When your head did but

I knit my hand-kercher about your browes (The best I had, a Princesse wrought it me) And I did neuer aske it you againe: And with my hand, at midnight held your bead; And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre, Still and anon cheer'd vp the heavy time; Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe? Or what good loue may I performe for you? Many a poore mans sonne would have lyen still, And nere have spoke a louing word to you: But you, at your ficke service had a Prince: Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie loue, And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

If heaven be pleas'd that you must vse me ill, Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes? These eyes, that never did, nor never shall So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I have fworne to do it:

And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
The Iron of it selfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Euen in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more stubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have beleev'd him: no tongue but Huberts.

Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.

Art. O faue me Hubert, faue me: my eyes are out Euen with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.

Hub. Giue me the Iron I fay, and binde him heere.

Art. Alas, what neede you be so boistrous rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone still:

For heaven sake Hubert let me not be bound:

Nay heare me Hubert, drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe.

I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,

Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgive you,

What euer torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go ftand within: let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.

Art. Alas, I then have chid away my friend,

He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart:

Let him come backe, that his compassion may Giue life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your felfe.

Art. Is there no remedie? Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Art. O heaven: that there were but a moth in yours, A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering haire, Any annoyance in that precious sense:

Then feeling what small things are boysterous there,

Your vilde intent must needs seeme horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your toong.

Art. Hubert, the vtterance of a brace of tongues,

Must needes want pleading for a paire of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue: let me not Hubert,

Or Hubert, if you will cut out my tongue,

So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,

Though to no vse, but still to looke on you.

Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold, And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, Boy.

Art. No, in good footh: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be vs'd
In vndeserued extreames: See else your selse,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heauen, hath blowne his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can reviue it Boy.

Art. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should vse to do me wrong Deny their office: onely you do lacke That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends, Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vses.

Hub. Well, fee to line: I will not touch thine eye, For all the Treafure that thine Vnckle owes, Yet am I fworne, and I did purpose, Boy, With this same very Iron, to burne them out.

Art. O now you looke like Hubert. All this while You were difguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Vnckie must not know but you are dead.
Ile fill these dogged Spies with false reports:
And, pretty childe, sleepe doubtlesse, and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Art. O heaven! I thanke you Hubert.

Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with mee,

Much danger do I vndergo for thee.

Executive

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iohn, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lordes.
Iohn. Heere once againe we fit: once against crown'd
And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
Was once fuperfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere stained with reuolt:
Fresh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be posses'd with double pompe, To guard a Title, that was rich before; To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly; To throw a perfume on the Violet, To smooth the yee, or adde another hew Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light To seeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish, Is wastefull, and ridiculous excesse.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done, This acte, is as an ancient tale new told, And, in the last repeating, troublesome, Being vrged at a time vnseasonable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured, And like a shifted winde vnto a saile, It makes the course of thoughts to setch about, Startles, and frights consideration:
Makes sound opinion sicke, and truth suspected, For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When Workemen striue to do better then wel, They do confound their skill in couetousnesse, And oftentimes excusing of a soult, Doth make the fault the worse by th'excuse: As patches set upon a little breach, Discredite more in hiding of the sault, Then did the sault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd We breath'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes To ouer-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd, Since all, and euery part of what we would Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.

Iohn.

Iob. Some reasons of this double Corronation I have possest you with, and thinke them strong. And more, more strong, then lesser is my feare I shall indue you with: Meane time, but aske What you would have reform'd. that is not well, And well shall you perceive, how willingly I will both heare, and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these To found the purposes of all their hearts, Both for my selfe, and them: but chiefe of all Your fafety: for the which, my felfe and them Bend their best studies, heartily request Th'infranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent To breake into this dangerous argument. If what in rest you have, in right you hold, Why then your feares, which (as they fay) attend The steppes of wrong, should moue you to mew vp Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth The rich advantage of good exercise, That the times enemies may not have this To grace occasions: let it be our suite, That you have bid vs aske his libertie, Which for our goods, we do no further aske, Then, whereupon our weale on you depending, Counts it your weale : he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert. Iohn, Let it be fo : I do commit his youth To your direction: Hubert, what newes with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed: He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine, The image of a wicked heynous fault Liues in his eye : that close aspect of his, Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest, And I do fearefully beleeve 'tis done, What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go Betweene his purpose and his conscience, Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadfull battailes fet: His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.

Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will iffue thence The foule corruption of a fweet childes death.

Iohn. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand. Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing, The fuite which you demand is gone, and dead. He tels vs Arthur is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his ficknesse was past cure. Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was, Before the childe himselse felt he was sicke: This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.

Ioh. Why do you bend fuch folemne browes on me? Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of destiny? Haue I commandement on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and tis shame That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it; So thriue it in your game, and fo farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee, And finde th'inheritance of this poore childe, His little kingdome of a forced graue. That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile, Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while: This must not be thus borne, this will breake out To all our forrowes, and ere long I doubt.

Io. They burn in indignation: I repent: There is no fure foundation fet on blood:

Exeunt Enter Mes. No certaine life atchieu'd by others death: A fearefull eye thou haft. Where is that blood, That I have feene inhabite in those cheekes? So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme, Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mel. From France to England, neuer fuch a powre For any forraigne preparation, Was leuied in the body of a land.

The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them: For when you should be told they do prepare, The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.

Iob. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke? Where hath it flept? Where is my Mothers care? That fuch an Army could be drawne in France, And she not heare of it?

Mes. My Liege, her eare Is stopt with dust: the first of Aprill di'de Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord, The Lady Constance in a frenzie di'de Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue I idely heard: if true, or false I know not.

Iohn. With-hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion: O make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead? How wildely then walkes my Estate in France? Vnder whose conduct came those powres of France, That thou for truth giu'ft out are landed heere?

Mef. Vnder the Dolphin. Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Iob. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now? What sayes the world To your proceedings? Do not feeke to stuffe My head with more ill newes : for it is full.

Bast. But if you be a-feard to heare the worst, Then let the worst vn-heard, fall on your head.

Iohn. Beare with me Cosen, for I was amaz'd Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe Aloft the flood, and can give audience To any tongue, speake it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the Clergy men, The fummes I have collected shall expresse: But as I trauail'd hither through the land, I finde the people strangely fantasied, Possest with rumors, full of idle dreames, Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare. And here's a Prophet that I brought with me From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found With many hundreds treading on his heeles: To whom he fung in rude harsh sounding rimes, That ere the next Ascension day at noone, Your Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne.

Iohn. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didft thou fo? Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out fo. Iohn. Hubert, away with him: imprison him,

And on that day at noone, whereon he fayes I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd. Deliuer him to fafety, and returne, For I must vse thee. O my gentle Cosen,

Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriv'd? Bast. The French (my Lord) mens mouths are ful of it: Besides I met Lord Bigot, and Lord Salisburie

With eyes as red as new enkindled fire, And others more, going to feeke the graue Of Arthur, whom they fay is kill'd to night, on your (fuggestion.

Iohn. Gentle kinfman, go And thrust thy selfe into their Companies,

I have a way to winne their loues againe: Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seeke them out.

Iobn. Nay, but make haste: the better foote before.

O, let me haue no subject enemies,

When aduerse Forreyners affright my Townes

With dreadfull pompe of stout inuasion. Be Mercurie, set feathers to thy heeles,

And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.

Baft. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. Exit John. Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.

Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres, And be thou hee.

Mef. With all my heart, my Liege. Iohn. My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say five Moones were seene to Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about (night: The other source, in wondrous motion.

Iob. Fiue Moones?

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Do prophesie vpon it dangerously:
Yong Arthurs death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the eare.

And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrist, Whilst he that heares, makes searefull action With wrinkled browes; with nods, with rolling eyes. I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus) The whilst his Iron did on the Anuile coole,

With open mouth fwallowing a Taylors newes, Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand, Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste Had falsely thrust vpon contrary seete, Told of a many thousand warlike French.

Told of a many thousand warlike French, That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent. Another leane, vnwash'd Artificer,

Cuts off his tale, and talkes of Arthurs death.

Io. Why feek if thou to possesse me with the

Io. Why feek'ft thou to possesse me with these seares? Why vrgest thou so oft yong Arthurs death? Thy hand hath murdred him: I had a mighty cause To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

H.No had (my Lord?) why, did you not prouoke me? Iohn. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended By slaues, that take their humors for a warrant, To breake within the bloody house of life, And on the winking of Authoritie
To vnderstand a Law; to know the meaning Of dangerous Maiesty, when perchance it frownes More vpon humor, then aduis'd respect.

Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did. Iob. Oh, when the last accompt twixt heaven & earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale Witnesse against vs to damnation.

Witnesse against vs to damnation.

How oft the fight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had'st not thou beene by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and fign'd to do a deede of shame,
This murther had not come into my minde.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie:
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthurs death:

And thou, to be endeered to a King,

Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord.

Iob. Had'st thou but shooke thy head, or made a pause When I spake darkely, what I purposed: Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face; As bid me tell my tale in expresse words: Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me break off, And those thy feares, might have wrought feares in me. But, thou didst vnderstand me by my signes, And didft in fignes againe parley with finne, Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent, And consequently, thy rude hand to acte The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name. Out of my fight, and neuer fee me more: My Nobles leaue me, and my State is braued, Euen at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres; Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land, This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe Hostilitie, and civill tumult reignes

Betweene my conscience, and my Cosins death.

Hub. Arme you against your other enemies:
Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you.
Yong Arthur is aliue: This hand of mine
Isyet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood,
Within this bosome, neuer entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fayrer minde,

Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.

Iohn. Doth Arthur live? O hast thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the Comment that my passion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And soule immaginarie eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous then thou art.
Oh, answer not; but to my Closset bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient hast,
I coniure thee but slowly: run more fast.

Ex

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the malles.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes femblance hath difguis'd me quite.
I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to dye, and go; as dye, and stay.
Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these stones,
Heauen take my soule, and England keep my bones. Dies

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot, Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S. Edmondsbury, It is our fafetie, and we must embrace This gentle offer of the perillous time.

Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall? Sal. The Count Meloone, a Noble Lord of France, Whose private with me of the Dolphines love, Is much more generall, then these lines import.

Big.

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then. Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be Two long dayes iourney (Lords) or ere we meete.

Enter Bastard.

Baft. Once more to day well met, distemper'd Lords, The King by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath disposses himselfe of vs,

We will not lyne his thin-bestained cloake

With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote

That leaves the print of blood where ere it walkes.

Returne, and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke were best.

Sal. Our greefes, and not our manners reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your greefe.

Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his priviledge.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no mans else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lyes heere?

P.Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty,

The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.

Sal. Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done,

Doth lay it open to vrge on revenge.

Big. Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a graue,

Found it too precious Princely, for a graue.

Sal. Sir Richard, what thinke you? you have beheld, Or have you read, or heard, or could you thinke? Or do you almost thinke, although you see, That you do see? Could thought, without this object Forme such another? This is the very top, The heighth, the Crest: or Crest vnto the Crest Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodiest shame, The wildest Savagery, the vildest stroke That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage Presented to the teares of soft remorfe.

Pem. All murthers past, do stand excus'd in this: And this so sole, and so vnmatcheable, Shall give a holinesse, a puritie, To the yet vnbegotten sinne of times; And prove a deadly blood-shed, but a lest, Exampled by this heynous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned, and a bloody worke, The gracelesse action of a heavy hand,

If that it be the worke of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?

We had a kinde of light, what would ensue:

It is the shamefull worke of Huberts hand,

The practice, and the purpose of the king:

From whose obedience I forbid my soule,

Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,

And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence

The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:

Neuer to taste the pleasures of the world,

Neuer to taffe the pleasures of the world, Neuer to be infected with delight, Nor conversant with Ease, and Idlenesse,

Till I have fet a glory to this hand, By giving it the worship of Revenge.

Pem. Big. Our foules religiously confirme thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with hafte, in feeking you,
Arthur doth live, the king hath fent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death,

Auant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone. (the Law?

Hu. I am no villaine. Sal. Must I rob

Baft. Your sword is bright fir, put it vp againe. Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murtherers skin.

Hub. Stand backe Lord Salsbury, stand backe I say. By heaven, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours. I would not have you (Lord) forget your selfe, Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; Least I, by marking of your rage, forget your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.

Big. Out dunghill: dar'st thou braue a Nobleman? Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend

My innocent life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a Murtherer. Hub. Do not proue me so:

Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false, Not truely speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies.

Pem. Cut him to peeces.

Bast. Keepe the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you Faulconbridge. Bast. Thou wer't better gaul the diuell Salsbury.

If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,
Or teach thy hastie spleene to do me shame,
Ile strike thee dead. Put vp thy sword betime,
Or Ile so maule you, and your tosting-Iron,
That you shall thinke the diuell is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?

Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?

Hnb. Lord Bigot, I am none. Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an houre fince I left him well: I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weepe My date of life out, for his sweete lives losse.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes, For villanie is not without such rheume, And he, long traded in it, makes it seeme Like Rivers of remorfe and innocencie.

Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre Th'vncleanly sauours of a Slaughter-house, For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.

Big. Away, toward Burie, to the Dolphin there.

P. There tel the king, he may inquire vs out. Ex. Lords.

Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?

Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercie,

(If thou didst this deed of death) art y damn'd Hubert.

Hub Do but heare me sir. Bast. Ha? Ile tell thee what.

Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke, Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer: There is not yet so vgly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe.

Hub. Vpon my foule.

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruell A&: do but dispaire,
And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred
That ever Spider twisted from her wombe
Will serve to strangle thee: A rush will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,
Put but a little water in a spoone,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villaine vp.
I do suspect thee very greeuously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or finne of thought, Be guiltie of the stealing that sweete breath Which was embounded in this beauteous clay, Let hell want paines enough to torture me: I left him well.

Bast. Go, beare him in thine armes: I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.

How

How easie dost thou take all England vp, From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie? The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme Is fled to heaven: and England now is left To tug and scamble, and to part by th'teeth The vn-owed interest of proud fwelling State: Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maiesty, Doth dogged warre briftle his angry crest, And fnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace: Now Powers from home, and discontents at home Meet in one line: and vast confusion waites As doth a Rauen on a ficke-falne beaft, The iminent decay of wrested pompe. Now happy he, whose cloake and center can Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe, And follow me with fpeed: Ile to the King: A thousand businesses are briefe in hand, And heaven it selfe doth frowne vpon the Land.

Exit.

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.

K. Iohn. Thus have I yeelded up into your hand The Circle of my glory.

Pan. Take againe

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope Your Soueraigne greatnesse and authoritie.

Iohn. Now keep your holy word, go meet the French, And from his holinesse vse all your power To stop their marches fore we are enflam'd: Our discontented Counties doe revolt: Our people quarrell with obedience, Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of foule To stranger-bloud, to forren Royalty; This inundation of mistempred humor, Rests by you onely to be qualified. Then pause not: for the present time's so sicke, That present medcine must be ministred, Or ouerthrow incureable enfues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp, Vpon your stubborne vsage of the Pope: But fince you are a gentle convertite, My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre, And make faire weather in your blustring land: On this Afcention day, remember well, Vpon your oath of service to the Pope, Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes.

Iohn. Is this Ascension day? did not the Prophet Say, that before Ascension day at noone, My Crowne I should give off? even so I have: I did suppose it should be on constraint, But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Baftard.

Baft. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out But Douer Castle: London hath receiu'd Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers. Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone To offer feruice to your enemy: And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe The little number of your doubtfull friends.

Iohn. Would not my Lords returne to me againe After they heard yong Arthur was aliue?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets, An empty Casket, where the Iewell of life By fome damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away. Iohn. That villaine Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So on my foule he did, for ought he knew: But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you fad? Be great in act, as you have beene in thought: Let not the world fee feare and fad distrust Gouerne the motion of a kinglye eye: Be stirringas the time, be fire with fire, Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes That borrow their behauiours from the great, Grow great by your example, and put on The dauntlesse spirit of resolution. Away, and glifter like the god of warre When he intendeth to become the field: Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence: What, shall they seeke the Lion in his denne, And fright him there? and make him tremble there? Oh let it not be faid : forrage, and runne To meet displeasure farther from the dores, And grapple with him ere he come fo nye.

Iohn. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee, And I have made a happy peace with him, And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers

Led by the Dolphin.

Bast. Oh inglorious league: Shall we vpon the footing of our land, Send fayre-play-orders, and make comprimife, Infinuation, parley, and base truce To Armes Inuafiue? Shall a beardleffe boy, A cockred-filken wanton braue our fields, And flesh his spirit in a warre-like soyle, Mocking the ayre with colours idlely fpred, And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes: Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace; Or if he doe, let it at least be said They faw we had a purpose of defence.

Iohn. Haue thou the ordering of this present time. Bast. Away then with good courage: yet I know Our Partie may well meet a prowder foe. Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Meloone, Pembroke, Bigot, Souldiers.

Dol. My Lord Melloone, let this be coppied out, And keepe it fafe for our remembrance: Returne the prefident to these Lords againe, That having our faire order written downe, Both they and we, perusing ore these notes May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament, And keepe our faithes firme and inuiolable.

Sal. Vpon our fides it neuer shall be broken. And Noble Dolphin, albeit we fweare A voluntary zeale, and an vn-urg'd Faith To your proceedings: yet beleeue me Prince, I am not glad that fuch a fore of Time Should feeke a plaster by contemn'd reuolt, And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound,

 B_{y}

By making many: Oh it grieues my foule, That I must draw this mettle from my side To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there Where honourable rescue, and defence Cries out vpon the name of Salisbury. But fuch is the infection of the time, That for the health and Physicke of our right, We cannot deale but with the very hand Of sterne Iniustice, and confused wrong: And is't not pitty, (oh my grieued friends) That we, the fonnes and children of this Isle, Was borne to fee fo fad an houre as this, Wherein we step after a stranger, march Vpon her gentle bosom, and fill vp Her Enemies rankes? I must withdraw, and weepe Vpon the spot of this inforced cause, To grace the Gentry of a Land remote, And follow vnacquainted colours heere: What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remoue, That Neptunes Armes who clippeth thee about, Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy felfe, And cripple thee vnto a Pagan shore, Where thefe two Christian Armies might combine The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league, And not to fpend it so vn-neighbourly. Dolph. A noble temper dost thou shew in this,

And great affections wraftling in thy bosome Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility: Oh, what a noble combat hast fought Between compulsion, and a braue respect: Let me wipe off this honourable dewe, That filuerly doth progresse on thy cheekes: My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares, Being an ordinary Inundation: But this effusion of fuch manly drops, This showre, blowne up by tempest of the soule, Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd Then had I feene the vaultie top of heauen Figur'd quite ore wirh burning Meteors. Lift vp thy brow (renowned Salisburie) And with a great heart heave away this storme: Commend these waters to those baby-eyes That neuer faw the giant-world enrag'd, Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts, Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goffipping: Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe Into the purse of rich prosperity As Lewis himfelfe: fo (Nobles) shall you all, That knit your finewes to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And even there, methinkes an Angell spake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To give vs warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of France:
The next is this: King Iohn hath reconcil'd Himselfe to Rome, his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:
Therefore thy threatning Colours now winde vp,
And tame the sauage spirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion softered vp at hand,
It may lie gently at the soot of peace,
And be no surther harmefull then in shewe.

Dol. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:

I am too high-borne to be proportied To be a fecondary at controll, Or vsefull serving-man, and Instrument To any Soueraigne State throughout the world. Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres, Betweene this chaftiz'd kingdome and my felfe, And brought in matter that should feed this fire; And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out With that same weake winde, which enkindled it: You taught me how to know the face of right, Acquainted me with interest to this Land, Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart, And come ye now to tell me Iohn hath made His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me? I (by the honour of my marriage bed) After yong Arthur, claime this Land for mine, And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe, Because that Iohn hath made his peace with Rome? Am I Romes flaue? What penny hath Rome borne? What men prouided? What munition fent To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I That vnder-goe this charge? Who else but I, And fuch as to my claime are liable, Sweat in this bufinesse, and maintaine this warre? Haue I not heard these Islanders shout out Viue le Roy, as I haue bank'd their Townes? Haue I not heere the best Cards for the game To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne? And shall I now give ore the yeelded Set? No, no, on my foule it neuer shall be faid.

Pand. You looke but on the out-fide of this worke.

Dol. Out-fide or in-fide, I will not returne

Till my attempt fo much be glorified,

As to my ample hope was promifed,

Before I drew this gallant head of warre,

And cull'd thefe fiery fpirits from the world

To out-looke Conqueft, and to winne renowne

Euen in the lawes of danger, and of death:

What lufty Trumpet thus doth fummon vs?

Enter Baftard.

Baft. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am fent to speake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to learne how you have dealt for him:
And, as you answer, I doe know the scope
And warrant limited vnto my tongue.

Pand. The Dolphin is too wilfull opposite
And will not temporize with my intreaties:
He flatly saies, heell not lay downe his Armes.

Bast. By all the bloud that euer fury breath'd, The youth faies well. Now heare our English King, For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me: He is prepar'd, and reason to he should, This apish and vnmannerly approach, This harness'd Maske, and vnaduised Reuell, This vn-heard fawcinesse and boyish Troopes, The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes From out the circle of his Territories. That hand which had the strength, even at your dore, To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch, To dive like Buckets in concealed Welles, To crowch in litter of your stable plankes, To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chefts and truncks, To hug with fwine, to seeke sweet safety out In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,

Euen

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow, Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman. Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere, That in your Chambers gaue you chasticement? No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes, And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie towres, To fowsse annoyance that comes neere his Nest; And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts, you bloudy Nero's, ripping vp the wombe Of your deere Mother-England: blush for shame: For your owne Ladies, and pale-visag'd Maides, Like Amazons, come tripping after drummes: Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change, Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts To sterce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace, We grant thou canst out-scold vs: Far thee well, We hold our time too precious to be spent

With fuch a brabler.

Pan. Giue me leaue to speake.

Baf. No, I will speake.

Dol. We will attend to neyther:

Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre Pleade for our interest, and our being heere.

Baft. Indeede your drums being beaten, wil cry out; And fo shall you, being beaten: Do but start An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme, And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd, That shall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine. Sound but another, and another shall (As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare, And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand (Not trusting to this halting Legate heere, Whom he hath vs'd rather for sport, then neede) Is warlike Iohn: and in his fore-head sits A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day To feast vpon whole thousands of the French.

Dol. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt

Execunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Alarums. Enter John and Hubert.

Iohn. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me Hubert.
Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Maiesty?
Iohn. This Feauer that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavie on me: oh, my heart is sicke.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord: your valiant kinsman Falconbridge,
Desires your Maiestie to leave the field,
And send him word by me, which way you go

And send him word by me, which way you go.

Iohn. Tell him toward Sminsed, to the Abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort: for rhe great supply
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodmin sands.
This newes was brought to Richard but even now,
The French fight coldly, and retyre themselves.

Iohn. Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward Swinsted: to my Litter straight,
Weaknesse possesses me, and I am faint.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Tembroke, and Bigot.
Sal. I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends.
Pem. Vp once againe: put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry: we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten diuell Falconbridge, In fpight of fpight, alone vpholds the day.

Pem. They say King Iohn sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Meloon mounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere. Sal. When we were happie, we had other names. Pem. It is the Count Meloone.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold, Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion, And welcome home againe discarded faith, Seeke out King Iohn, and fall before his feete: For if the French be Lords of this loud day, He meanes to recompence the paines you take, By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne, And I with him, and many moe with mee, Vpon the Altar at S. Edmondsbury, Euen on that Altar, where we swore to you Deere Amity, and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true? Mel. Haue I not hideous death within my view, Retaining but a quantity of life, Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waxe Resolueth from his figure 'gainst the fire? What in the world should make me now deceive, Since I must loose the vse of all deceite? Why should I then be false, since it is true That I must dye heere, and live hence, by Truth? I say againe, if Lewis do win the day, He is forfworne, if ere those eyes of yours Behold another day breake in the East: But even this night, whose blacke contagious breath Already smoakes about the burning Crest Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne, Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire, Paying the fine of rated Treachery, Euen with a treacherous fine of all your lives: If Lewis, by your assistance win the day. Commend me to one Hubert, with your King; The love of him, and this respect besides (For that my Grandfire was an Englishman) Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this. In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence From forth the noise and rumour of the Field; Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts In peace: and part this bodie and my foule

With contemplation, and deuout defires.

Sal. We do beleeue thee, and beshrew my soule,
But I do loue the fauour, and the forme
Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will vntread the steps of damned slight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leauing our ranknesse and irregular course,
Stoope lowe within those bounds we have ore-look'd,
And calmely run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King Iohn.
My arme shall give thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For

(hart:

For I do fee the cruell pangs of death Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight, And happie newnesse, that intends old right. Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Traine. Dol. The Sun of heauen (me thought) was loth to fet; But staid, and made the Westerne Welkin blush, When English measure backward their owne ground In faint Retire: Oh brauely came we off, When with a volley of our needlesse shot, After fuch bloody toile, we bid good night, And woon'd our tott'ring colours clearly vp, Last in the field, and almost Lords of it. Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol. Heere: what newes ?

Mef. The Count Meloone is flaine: The English Lords By his perswasion, are againe falne off, And your fupply, which you have wish'd so long,

Are cast away, and sunke on Goodwin sands. Dol. Ah fowle, fhrew'd newes. Beshrew thy very

I did not thinke to be fo fad to night As this hath made me. Who was he that faid King Iohn did flie an houre or two before The stumbling night did part our wearie powres?

Mes. Who ever spoke it, it is true my Lord. Dol. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night, The day shall not be vp so soone as I, To try the faire aduenture of to morrow. Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bastard and Hubert, seuerally.

Hub. Whose there? Speake hoa, speake quickely, or I shoote.

Bast. A Friend. What art thou? Hub. Of the part of England. Bast. Whether doest thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaires,

As well as thou of mine? Bast. Hubert, I thinke .

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought: I will vpon all hazards well beleeue

Thou art my friend, that know'ft my tongue so well:

Who art thou? Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please

Thou maist be-friend me so much, as to thinke I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night, Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me, That any accent breaking from thy tongue,

Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare. Bast. Come, come: sans complement, What newes

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night To finde you out.

Baft. Breefe then: and what's the newes? Hub. O my sweet fir, newes fitting to the night, Blacke, fearefull, comfortleffe, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,

am no woman, He not fwound at it.

Hub. The King I feare is poyfon'd by a Monke, I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out To acquaint you with this euill, that you might The better arme you to the fodaine time, Then if you had at leifure knowne of this.

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him? Hub. A Monke I tell you, a refolued villaine Whose Bowels sodainly burst out: The King

Yet speakes, and peraduenture may recouer. Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Maiesty? Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come

And brought Prince Henry in their companie, At whose request the king hath pardon'd them, And they are all about his Maiestie.

Bast. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heaven, And tempt vs not to beare aboue our power. Ile tell thee Hubert, halfe my power this night Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide, These Lincolne-Washes have devoured them, My felfe, well mounted, hardly have escap'd. Away before : Conduct me to the king, I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come.

Exeunt

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisburie, and Bigot. Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine (Which fome suppose the soules fraile dwelling house) Doth by the idle Comments that it makes, Fore-tell the ending of mortality. Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnesse yet doth speak, & holds beleefe, That being brought into the open ayre, It would allay the burning qualitie Of that fell poison which affayleth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere: Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient

Then when you left him; euen now he fung. Hen. Oh vanity of ficknesse: fierce extreames In their continuance, will not feele themselues.

Death having praide vpon the outward parts Leaues them inuifible, and his feige is now Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds With many legions of strange fantasies,

Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold, Counfound themselues. 'Tis strange y death shold sing: I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,

Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death, And from the organ-pipe of frailety fings

His foule and body to their lasting rest. Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne To fet a forme vpon that indigest

Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.

Iohn brought in. Iohn. I marrie, now my foule hath elbow roome,

 I_t

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores, There is so hot a summer in my bosome, That all my bowels crumble vp to dust:

I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire Do I shrinke vp.

Hen. How fares your Maiesty?

Iob. Poylon'd, ill fare: dead, forfooke, cast off, And none of you will bid the winter come To thrust his yoie singers in my maw; Nor let my kingdomes Riuers take their course Through my burn'd bosome: nor intreat the North To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips, And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much, I begge cold comfort: and you are so straight And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were fome vertue in my teares,

That might releeve you.

Iohn. The falt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On vnrepreeuable condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.

Baß. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion And spleene of speede, to see your Maiesty.

Iobn. Oh Cozen, thou art come to fet mine eye: The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt, And all the shrowds wherewith my life should saile, Are turned to one thred, one little haire: My heart hath one poore string to stay it by, Which holds but till thy newes be vttered, And then all this thou sees, is but a clod, And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward, Where heaven he knowes how we shall answer him. For in a night the best part of my powre, As I vpon advantage did remove, Were in the Walkes all vnwarily.

Were in the Washes all vnwarily, Denoured by the vnexpected flood.

Sal. You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Euen so must I run on, and euen so stop.

What furety of the world, what hope, what ftay, When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde,

To do the office for thee, of reuenge, And then my foule shall waite on thee to heauen, As it on earth hath bene thy feruant still.

Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right spheres, Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths, And instantly returne with me againe.

To push destruction, and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:

Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be fought,
The Dolphine rages at our verie heeles.

See It seemes you know not then so much as we.

Sal. It feemes you know not then so much as we, The Cardinall Pandulph is within at rest, Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin, And brings from him such offers of our peace, As we with honor and respect may take, With purpose presently to leave this warre.

Baft. He will the rather do it, when he fees Our felues well finew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast
To consummate this businesse happily.

Bast. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince, With other Princes that may best be spar'd, Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.

Hen. At Worster must his bodie be interr'd, For so he will'd it.

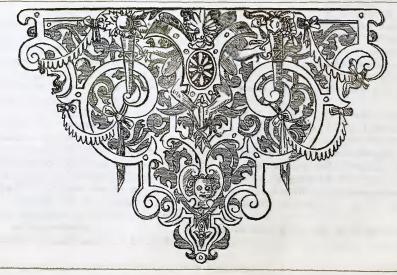
Baft. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet selfe put on
The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love wee make To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kinde foule, that would give thankes, And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

Bast. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene before hand with our greeses.
This England neuer did, nor neuer shall
Lye at the proud soote of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selse.
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shocke them: Naught shall make vs rue,
If England to it selse, do rest but true.

Execunt.





Thelifeanddeath of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scana Prima.

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

Ld Iohn of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster, Haft thou according to thy oath and band Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold fon: Heere to make good ° boiftrous late appeale, Which then our leyfure would not let vs heare,

Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mombray?

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreouer, haft thou founded him, If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice, Or worthily as a good fubiect should On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.

Gaunt. As neere as I could fift him on that argument,

On fome apparant danger feene in him, Aym'd at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice.

Kin. Then call them to our presence face to face, And frowning brow to brow, our felues will heare Th'accuser, and the accused, freely speake; High stomack d are they both, and full of ire, In rage, deafe as the fea; hastie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray. Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege. Mom. Each day still better others happinesse, Vntill the heavens enuying earths good hap,

Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs, As well appeareth by the cause you come, Namely, to appeale each other of high treason. Coofin of Hereford, what dost thou object Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mombray?

Bul. First, heaven be the record to my speech, In the deuotion of a fubicets loue, Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince, And free from other misbegotten hate, Come I appealant to rhis Princely presence. Now Thomas Mombray do I turne to thee, And marke my greeting well : for what I fpeake, My body shall make good vpon this earth, Or my divine foule answer it in heaven. Thou art a Traitor, and a Miscreant; Too good to be fo, and too bad to liue, Since the more faire and christall is the skie,

The vglier feeme the cloudes that in it flye: Once more, the more to aggravate the note, With a foule Traitors name stuffe I thy throte, And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,

What my tong speaks, my right drawn sword may proue Mon. Let not my cold words heere accuse my zeale: 'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre, The bitter clamour of two eager tongues, Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine: The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this. Yet can I not of fuch tame patience boaft, As to be husht, and nought at all to fay. First the faire reuerence of your Highnesse curbes mee, From giuing reines and spurres to my free speech, Which else would post, vntill it had return'd These tearmes of treason, doubly downe his throat. Setting afide his high bloods royalty, And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege, I do defie him, and I spit at him, Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine: Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes, And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote, Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes, Or any other ground inhabitable, Where euer Englishman durst set his foote. Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie, By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage, Disclaiming heere the kindred of a King, And lay aside my high bloods Royalty, Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except. If guilty dread hath left thee fo much strength, As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then stoope. By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood else, Will I make good against thee arme to arme, What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that fword I sweare, Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder, Ile answer thee in any faire degree, Or Chiualrous defigne of knightly triall: And when I mount, aliue may I not light, If I be Traitor, or vniustly fight.

King. What doth our Cosin lay to Mombraies charge? It must be great that can inherite vs,

So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I faid, my life shall proue it true, That Mombray hath receiv'd eight thousand Nobles,

In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers, The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments, Like a false Traitor, and injurious Villaine. Befides I fay, and will in battaile proue, Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge That euer was furuey'd by English eye, That all the Treasons for these eighteene yeeres Complotted, and contriued in this Land, Fetch'd from false Mombray their first head and spring. Further I fay, and further will maintaine Vpon his bad life, to make all this good. That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death, Suggest his soone beleeuing adversaries, And consequently, like a Traitor Coward, Sluc'd out his innocent foule through streames of blood: Which blood, like facrificing Abels cries, (Euen from the toongleffe cauernes of the earth) To me for iustice, and rough chasticement: And by the glorious worth of my discent, This arme shall do it, or this life be spent. King. How high a pitch his resolution soares:

Thomas of Norfolke, what fayeft thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this flander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyar.

King. Mombray, impartiall are our eyes and eares, Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre, As he is but my fathers brothers fonne; Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow, Such neighbour-neereneffe to our facred blood, Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize The vn-stooping firmeneffe of my vpright foule. He is our subject (Mombray) so art thou, Free speech, and fearelesse, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then Bullingbrooke, as low as to thy heart, Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lyest: Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice, Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers; The other part referu'd I by confent, For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt, Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt, Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene: Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glousters death, I flew him not; but (to mine owne difgrace) Neglected my fworne duty in that case: For you my noble Lord of Lancaster, The honourable Father to my foe, Once I did lay an ambush for your life, A trespasse that doth vex my greeued soule: But ere I last receiu'd the Sacrament, I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it. This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd, It issues from the rancour of a Villaine, A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor, Which in my felfe I boldly will defend, And interchangeably hurle downe my gage Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote, To proue my felfe a loyall Gentleman, Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome. In hast whereof, most heartily I pray

Your Highnesse to assigne our Triall day.

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no Physition,

Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.

Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun,
Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolke; you, your son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.
King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.
Gaunt. When Harrie when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid agen.
King. Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there is
no boote.

Mow. My felfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot. My life thou shalt command, but not my shame, The one my dutie owes, but my faire name Despight of death, that lives voon my grave To darke dishonours vse, thou shalt not have. I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and bassel'd heere, Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare: The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood Which breath'd this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstood: Giue me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mo. Yea, but not change his spots:take but my shame, And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord, The purest treasure mortall times afford Is spotlesse reputation: that away, Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay. A Iewell in a ten times barr'd vp Chest, Is a bold spirit, in a loyall brest. Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one: Take Honor from me, and my life is done. Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie, In that I liue; and for that will I die.

King. Coosin, throw downe your gage,

Do you begin.

Bul. Oh heaven defend my soule from such soule sin.

Shall I feeme Crest-falne in my fathers sight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong;
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare
The slauish motive of recanting seare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mombrayes face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to fue, but to command, Which fince we cannot do to make you friends, Be readie, (as your liues shall answer it)
At Couentree, vpon S. Lamberts day:
There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Instice designe the Victors Chiualrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct these home Alarmes.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Gloucester. Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood, Doth more solicite me then your exclaimes, To stirre against the Butchers of his life.

But

But fince correction lyeth in those hands Which made the fault that we cannot correct, Put we our quarrell to the will of heaven, Who when they see the houres ripe on earth, Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre? Hath loue in thy old blood no living fire? Edwards seuen sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one) Were as feuen violles of his Sacred blood, Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote: Some of those seuen are dride by natures course, Some of those branches by the destinies cut: But Thomas, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouster, One Violl full of Edwards Sacred blood, One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt; Is hackt downe, and his fummer leafes all vaded By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody Axe. Ah Gaunt! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe, That mettle, that felfe-mould that fashion'd thee, Made him a man: and though thou liu'ft, and breath'ft, Yet art thou flaine in him: thou dost consent In fome large meafure to thy Fathers death, In that thou feeft thy wretched brother dye, Who was the modell of thy Fathers life. Call it not patience (Gaunt) it is dispaire, In fuffring thus thy brother to be flaughter'd, Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life, Teaching sterne murther how to butcher thee: That which in meane men we intitle patience Is pale cold cowardice in noble brefts: What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life, The best way is to venge my Glousters death.

Gaunt. Heavens is the quarrell: for heavens substitute
His Deputy annointed in his fight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully

Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme against his Minister.

Dut. Where then (alas may I)complaint my selfe? Gau. To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defence

Dut. Why then I will: farewell old Gaunt.
Thou go'ft to Couentrie, there to behold
Our Cofine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:
O fit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes brest:
Or if misfortune misse the first carreere,
Be Mowbrayes sinnes so heavy in his bosome,
That they may breake his foaming Coursers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosine Herford:
Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wise
With her companion Greese, must end her life.

Gau. Sister farewell: I must to Couentree, As much good stay with thee, as go with mee.

Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntroden stones?

As much good stay with thee, as go with mee.

Dut. Yet one word more: Greese boundeth where it

Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight: (falls,

I take my leaue, before I have begun,

For forrow ends not, when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother Edmund Yorke.

Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not so,

Though this be all, do not so quickly go,

I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?

With all good speed at Plashie visit mee.

Alacke, and what shall good old Yorke there see

But empty lodgings, and vnfurnish'd walles,

And what heare there for welcome, but my grones? Therefore commend me, let him not come there, To feeke out forrow, that dwels every where: Defolate, defolate will I hence, and dye, The last leave of thee, takes my weeping eye.

Excunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshall, and Aumerle. Mar. My L. Aumerle, is Harry Herford arm'd.

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke, fprightfully and bold,
Stayes but the fummons of the Appealants Trumpet.

Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay For nothing but his Maiesties approach. Flourish.

Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Greene, & others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion The cause of his arrivall heere in Armes, Aske him his name, and orderly proceed To sweare him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings, fay who y art, And why thou com'ft thus knightly clad in Armes? Against what man thou com'ft, and what's thy quarrell, Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath, As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour.

Mom. My name is Tho. Mombray, Duke of Norfolk, Who hither comes engaged by my oath (Which heaven defend a knight should violate) Both to defend my loyalty and truth, To God, my King, and his succeeding issue, Against the Duke of Herford, that appeales me: And by the grace of God, and this mine arme, To prove him (in defending of my selfe) A Traitor to my God, my King, and me, And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marshall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore comft y hither Before King Richard in his Royall Lifts?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?

Speake like a true Knight, fo defend thee heauen.

**Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derbie,

Am I: who ready heere do stand in Armes,

To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour,

In Lists, on *Thomas Mombray* Duke of Norfolke,

That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,

To God of heauen, King *Richard*, and to me,

And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Listes,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers

Appointed to direct these faire designes.

Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie:

For Mombray and my felfe are like two men, That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

Then

Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue And louing farwell of our seuerall friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes, And craues to kiffe your hand, and take his leaue.

Rich. We will defcend, and fold him in our armes. Cofin of Herford, as thy cause is iust,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with Monbrayes speare:
As consident, as is the Falcons slight
Against a bird, do I with Monbray sight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Cosin) Lord Aumerle;
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regreete
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold rigor list mee vp

To reach at victory aboue my head, Adde proofe vnto mine Armour with thy prayres, And with thy blessings steele my Lances point, That it may enter Mombrayes waxen Coate, And furnish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt, Euen in the lusty hauiour of his sonne.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd permissions enemy

Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.
Bul. Mine innocence, and S. George to thriue.

Mow. How ever heaven or fortune cast my lot, There lives, or dies, true to Kings Richards Throne, A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman:
Never did Captive with a freer heart,
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More then my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine Adversarie.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as loot, as to left,

Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breft. Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye: Order the triall Marshall, and begin.

Mar. Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby, Receive thy Launce, and heaven defend thy right. Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

Mar. Go beare this Lance to Thomas D. of Norfolke.

1. Har. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derbie,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false, and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mombray,

A Traitor to his God, his King, and him, And dares him to fet forwards to the fight.

2. Har. Here standeth Tho: Mombray Duke of Norfolk On paine to be found false and recreant, Both to defend himselse, and to approue Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby, To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyals: Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending but the fignall to begin. Acharge founded Mar. Sound Trumpets, and fet forward Combatants: Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.

Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares, And both returne backe to their Chaires againe: Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets found, While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

A long Flourish.

Draw neere and lift
What with our Councell we have done.
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyld
With that deere blood which it hath softered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors swords,
Which so rouz'd vp with boystrous vntun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Consines fright saire peace,
And make vs wade even in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cosin Hersord, vpon paine of death,
Till twice summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our faire dominions,
But treade the stranger pathes of banishment.

Bul. Your will be done: This must my comfort be, That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me: And those his golden beames to you heere lent, Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heauier dombe, Which I with fome vnwillingnesse pronounce, The slye slow houres shall not determinate. The datelesse limit of thy deere exile: The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne, Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heavy fentence, my most Soveraigne Liege, And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth: A deerer merit, not so deepe a maime, As to be cast forth in the common ayre Haue I deserved at your Highnesse hands. The Language I have learn'd these forty yeares (My natiue English) now I must forgo, And now my tongues vie is to me no more, Then an vnstringed Vyall, or a Harpe, Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd vp, Or being open, put into his hands That knowes no touch to tune the harmony. Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue, Doubly percullift with my teeth and lippes, And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance, Is made my Gaoler to attend on me: I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurse, Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now: What is thy fentence then, but speechlesse death, Which robs my tongue from breathing natiue breath?

Rich, It boots thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mon. Then thus I turne me from my countries light To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

Ric. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee, Lay on our Royall fword, your banisht hands; Sweare by the duty that you owe to heaven (Our part therein we banish with your selves) To keepe the Oath that we administer: You we uer shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heaven) Embrace each others love in banishment, Nor ever looke vpon each others face,

Nor

Exit.

Nor ever write, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by aduised purpose meete,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst Vs, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.
Bull. I sweare.

Mon. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolke, so fare, as to mine enemie,
By this time (had the King permitted vs)
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banish'd this fraile sepulchre of our slesh,
As now our slesh is banish'd from this Land.
Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou sye this Realme,
Since thou hast farre to go, beare not along

The clogging burthen of a guilty foule.

Mom. No Bullingbroke: If ever I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know,
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Saue backe to England, all the worlds my way.

Rich. Vncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes I fee thy greeved heart: thy sad aspect, Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares Pluck'd soure away: Six frozen Winters spent, Returne with welcome home, from banishment:

Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word: Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton springs End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile:
But little vantage shall I reape thereby.
For ere the sixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne.

Rich. Why Vncle, thou hast many yeeres to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst give;

Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudden forow,

And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:

Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:

Thy word is currant with him, for my death,

But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

Ric. Thy fonne is banish'd vpon good aduice, Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue, Why at our Justice seem'st thou then to lowre?

Gau. Things fweet to tast, proue in digestion sowre:
You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
you would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gave leave to my vnwilling tong,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

Rich, Cosine farewell: and Vncle bid him so:
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

Exit.

Flourifb.

Au. Cofine farewell: what prefence must not know From where you do remaine, let paper show.

Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride

As farre as land will let me, by your fide.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hord thy words, That thou teturnst no greeting to thy friends?

Bull. I have too few to take my leave of you, When the tongues office should be prodigall, To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.

Gau. Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time.

Bull. Ioy absent, greefe is present for that time.

Gau. What is fixe Winters, they are quickely gone?

Bul. To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.

Gau. Call it a travell that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Bul. My heart will figh, when I miscall it so, Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.

Gau. The fullen paffage of thy weary steppes Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou art to set The precious Iewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand By thinking on the frostie Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite, by bare imagination of a Feast?
Or Wallow naked in December snow by thinking on fantasticke summers heate?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good Giues but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell forrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more Then when it bites, but lanceth not the fore.

Gau. Come, come (my fon) Ile bring thee on thy way Had I thy youth, and caufe, I would not ftay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell: fweet foil adieu, My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet: Where ere I wander, boast of this I can, Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.
Rich. We did observe. Cosine Anmerle,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him so)
but to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And fay, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind
Which then grew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepie rhewme, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

Rich. What faid our Cofin when you parted with him?

Au. Farewell: and for my hart distained y my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such greese,
That word seem'd buried in my forrowes graue.

Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should haue had a volume of Farwels,
but since it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Cosin (Cosin) but 'tis doubt, When time shall call him home from banishment, Whether our kinsman come to see his friends, Our selfe, and Bushy: heere Bagot and Greene Obseru'd his Courtship to the common people: How he did seeme to dive into their hearts, With humble, and familiat courtesse, What reverence he did throw away on slaves; Wooing poore Crastes-men, with the crast of soules, And patient under-bearing of his Fortune, As 'twere to banish their affects with him. Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster-wench,

C 2

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well, And had the tribute of his supple knee, With thankes my Countrimen, my louing friends, As were our England in reversion his, And he our subjects next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made my Liege
Ere further leysure, yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your Highnesse losse.

For their advantage, and your Highnesse losse.

Ric. We will our solfe in person to this warre,
And for our Cossers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largesse, are growne somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The Revennew whereof shall furnish vs
For our assayres in hand: if that come short
Our Substitutes at home shall have Blanke-charters:
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And send them after to supply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Buspy.

Busby, what newes?

Bu. Old Iohn of Gaunt is verie ficke my Lord, Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste To entreat your Maiesty to visit him.

Ric. Where lyes he? Bu. At Ely house.

Ric. Now put it (heauen) in his Physitians minde,
To helpe him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers shall make Coates
To decke our fouldiers for these Irish warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heaven we may make hast, and come too late. Exit.

AEtus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, sieke with Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my last In wholsome counsell to his vnstaid youth?

Yor. Vex not your selfe, nor striue not with your breth, For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

Gau. Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men Inforce attention like deepe harmony; Where words are scarse, they are seldome spent in vaine, For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine. He that no more must say, is listen'd more, Then they whom youth and ease haue taught to glose, More are mens ends markt, then their liues before, The setting Sun, and Musicke is the close As the last taste of sweetes, is sweetest last, Writ in remembrance, more then things long past; Though Richard my liues counsell would not heare, My deaths sad tale, may yet vndease his eare.

Yor. No, it is stopt with other flatt'ring sounds As praises of his state: then there are sound Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen. Report of fashions in proud Italy, Whose manners still our tardie apish Nation Limpes after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares?
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,
Tis breath thou lacks, and that breath wilt thou loose.

Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose. Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inspir'd, And thus expiring, do foretell of him, His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last, For violent fires soone burne out themselves, Small showres last long, but sodaine stormes are short, He tyres betimes, that spurs too fast betimes; With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder: Light vanity, infatiate cormorant, Confuming meanes soone preyes vpon it selfe. This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle, This earth of Maiesty, this seate of Mars, This other Eden, demy paradife, This Fortresse built by Nature for her selse, Against infection, and the hand of warre: This happy breed of men, this little world, This precious stone, set in the filuer sea, Which serues it in the office of a wall, Or as a Moate defensive to a house, Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands, This bleffed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England, This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings, Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth, Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home, For Christian service, and true Chivalrie, As is the fepulcher in stubborne Iury Of the Worlds ransome, bleffed Maries Sonne. This Land of fuch deere foules, this deere-deere Land, Deere for her reputation through the world, Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it) Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme. England bound in with the triumphant fea, Whose rocky shore beates backe the envious siedge Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame, With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds. That England, that was wont to conquer others, Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe. Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life, How happy then were my enfuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Bufby, Greene,
Bagot, Ros, and Willeughby.

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Qu. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?

Ri. What comfort man? How if with aged Gaunt?

Ga. Oh how that name befits my composition:
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abstaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some Fathers seede vpon,

Whose hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.

Ric. Can ficke men play so nicely with their names?

Gau. No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe:

Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in mec,

Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,

And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:

Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,

I

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee. Ric. Should dying men flatter those that live? Gau. No, no, men living flatter those that dye. Rich. Thou now a dying, fayst thou flatter'st me. Gau. Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be. Rich. I am in health, I breath, I fee thee ill. Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill: Ill in my felfe to fee, and in thee, feeing ill, Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land, Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke, And thou too care-lesse patient as thou art, Commit'st thy' anointed body to the cure Of those Physitians, that first wounded thee. A thousand flatterers fit within thy Crowne, Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head, And yet incaged in fo small a Verge, The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land: Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye, Seene how his fonnes fonne, should destroy his fonnes, From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame, Deposing thee before thou wert possess, Which art possess now to depose thy selfe. Why (Cofine) were thou Regent of the world, It were a shame to let his Land by lease:

Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole, Prefuming on an Agues priviledge, Dar'ft with thy frozen admonition Make pale our cheeke, chafing the Royall blood With fury, from his native refidence? Now by my Seates right Royall Maiestie, Wer't thou not Brother to great Eawards fonne, This tongue that runs fo roundly in thy head, Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

But for thy world enjoying but this Land,

Is it not more then shame, to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou, and not King: Thy state of Law, is bondslaue to the law,

Gau. Oh spare me not, my brothers Edmards sonne, For that I was his Father Edwards fonne: That blood already (like the Pellican) Thou hast tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd. My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule (Whom faire befall in heauen 'mongst happy soules) May be a prefident, and witneffe good, That thou respect it not spilling Edwards blood : Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I have, And thy vnkindnesse be like crooked age, To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre. Liue in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee, These words heereafter, thy tormentors bee. Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue, Loue they to liue, that love and honor have. Exit Rich. And let them dye, that age and sullens haue,

For both hast thou, and both become the graue. Yor. I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words To wayward ficklinesse, and age in him: He loues you on my life, and holds you deere As Harry Duke of Herford, were he heere.

Rich. Right, you fay true: as Herfords love, fo his; As theirs, fo mine : and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, olde Gaunt commends him to your Maiestie.

Rich. What fayes he? Nor. Nay nothing, all is faid: His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument, Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent. Yor. Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt so,

Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo. Rich. The ripest fruit first fals, and so doth he,

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be: So much for that. Now for our Irish warres, We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes, Which liue like venom, where no venom elfe But onely they, have priviledge to live. And for these great affayres do aske some charge Towards our assistance, we do seize to vs The plate, coine, reuennewes, and moueables, Whereof our Vncle Gaunt did stand possest.

Yor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long Shall tender dutie make me fuffer wrong? Not Glousters death, nor Herfords banishment, Nor Gauntes rebukes, nor Englands private wrongs, Nor the prevention of poore Bullingbrooke, About his marriage, nor my owne difgrace Haue euer made me fowre my patient cheeke, Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face: I am the last of noble Edwards sonnes, Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first, In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce: In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde, Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman, His face thou haft, for even so look'd he Accomplish'd with the number of thy howers: But when he frown'd, it was against the French, And not against his friends: his noble hand Did win what he did spend: and spent not that Which his triumphant fathers hand had won: His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood, But bloody with the enemies of his kinne: Oh Richard, Yorke is too farre gone with greefe, Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

Rich. Why Vncle, What's the matter?

Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleafe, if not I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all: Seeke you to feize, and gripe into your hands The Royalties and Rights of banish'd Herford? Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford line? Was not Gaunt iust? and is not Harry true? Did not the one deserve to have an heyre? Is not his heyre a well-deferuing fonne? Take Herfords rights away, and take from time His Charters, and his customarie rights: Let not to morrow then infue to day, Be not thy felfe. For how art thou a King But by faire fequence and fuccession? Now afore God, God forbid I say true, If you do wrongfully feize Herfords right, Call in his Letters Patents that he hath By his Atrurneyes generall, to fue His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage, You plucke a thousand dangers on your head, You loofe a thousand well-disposed hearts, And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will: we seise into our hands, His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

is plate, his goods, his money, and Liege farewell,

Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,

What

What will ensue heereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courses may be vnderstood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good.

Rich. Go Bushie to the Earle of Wiltshire streight,
Bid him repaire to vs to Ely house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our selse
Our Vncle Yorke, Lord Gouernor of England:
For he is iust, and alwayes lou'd vs well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish.

Manet North. Willoughby, & Roff.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Roff. And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Wil. Barely in title, not in revenuew.

Nor. Richly in both, if instice had her right.

Roff. My heart is great: but it must break with filence, Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

Nor. Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'r speak more That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.

Wil. Tends that thou'dft speake to th'Du. of Hereford, If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Ynlesse you call it good to nite him.

Vnlesse you call it good to pitie him, Berest and gelded of his patrimonie.

Nor. Now afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne,

In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely prosecute
'Gainst vs, our lives, our children, and our heires.

Rof. The Commons hath he pil'd with greeuous taxes And quite loft their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde For ancient quarrels, and quite loft their hearts.

Wil. And daily new exactions are deuis'd, As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what: But what o'Gods name doth become of this?

Nor. Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not. But basely yeelded upon comprimize,
That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Rof. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in Farme. Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man. Nor. Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him.

Rof. He hath not monie for these Irish warres: (His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)

But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to avoid the storme:

We fee the winde fit fore vpon our failes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ros. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,

And vnauoyded is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

Nor. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death, I spie life peering: but I dare not say
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours Ros. Be consident to speake Northumberland,We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold. Nor. Then thus: I have from Port le Blan A Bay in Britaine, receiu'd intelligence, That Harry Duke of Herford, Rainald Lord Cobbam, That late broke from the Duke of Exeter, His brother Archbishop, late of Canterbury, Sir Thomas Ertingham, Sir Iohn Rainston, Sir Iohn Norberie, Sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Quoint, All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine, With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre Are making hither with all due expedience, And shortly meane to tough our Northerne shore: Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay The first departing of the King for Ireland. If then we shall shake off our slauish yoake, Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing, Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne, Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt, And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe, Away with me in poste to Rauenspurgh, But if you faint, as fearing to do fo, Stay, and be fecret, and my felfe will go. Ros. To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them y feare. Wil. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Bushy, and Bagot.
Bush. Madam, your Maiesty is too much fad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside selfe-harming heavinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Qu. To please the King, I did: to please my selfe I cannot do it: yet I know no cause Why I should welcome such a guest as greese, Saue bidding farewell to so sweet a guest As my sweet Richard; yet againe me thinkes, Some vnborne forrow, ripe in fortunes wombe Is comming towards me, and my inward soule With nothing trembles, at something it greeues, More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Bush. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:
For forrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing intire, to many objects,
Like perspectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweet Maiestie
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught bur shadowes
Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with salse forrowes eie, (seene;
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.

Qu. It may be so: but yet my inward soule Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be, I cannot but be sad: so heavy sad, As though on thinking on no thought I thinke, Makes me with heavy nothing saint and shrinke.

Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Queene.

Qu. 'Tis nothing leffe: conceit is still deriu'd From some fore-father greese, mine is not so, For nothing hath begot my something greese, Or something, hath the nothing that I greeue, 'Tis in reversion that I do possesse, what I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gree. Heauen saue your Maiesty, and wel met GentleI hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland. (men:

Qu Why hop'st thou so? Tis better hope he is: For his designes craue hast, his hast good hope, Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Gre. That he our hope, might have retyr'd his power, and driven into dispaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this Land.
The banish'd Bullingbrooke repeales himselfe,
And with vp-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd
At Ravenspurg.

Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.

Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse, The L.Northumberland, his yong sonne Henrie Percie, The Lords of Rosse, Beaumond, and Willonghby, With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.

Bush. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland And the rest of the revolted saction, Traitors?

Gre. We have: whereupon the Earle of Worcester Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship, And al the houshold servants sled with him to Bullinbrook

Qu. So Greene, thou art the midwife of my woe, And Bullinbrooke my forrowes difmall heyre: Now hath my foule brought forth her prodegie, And I a gasping new delivered mother, Haue woe to woe, forrow to forrow ioyn'd.

Bn/h. Dispaire not Madam.
Qu. Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire, and be at enmitie
With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Qu. With fignes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull bufinesse are his lookes:

Vncle, for heauens fake speake comfortable words:

Yor.Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but croffes, care and greefe:
Your husband he is gone to saue farre off,
Whilst others come to make him loose at home:
Heere am I lest to vnder-prop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:
Now comes the sicke houre that his surset made,
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a servant.

Ser. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

Yor. He was: why so: go all which way it will:

The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I seare revolt on Hersords side.

Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloster,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there, But I shall greeue you to report the rest.

Yor. What is't knaue?

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutchesse di'de. Yor. Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes Come rushing on this wofull Land at once? I know not what to do: I would to heaven (So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it) The King had cut off my head with my brothers. What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland? How shall we do for money for these warres? Come fister (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me. Go fellow, get thee home, poouide fome Carts, And bring away the Armour that is there. Gentlemen, will you muster men? If I know how, or which way so order these affaires Thus diforderly thrust into my hands, Neuer beleeue me. Both are my kinsmen, Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath And dutie bids defend : th'other againe Is my kinfman, whom the King hath wrong'd, Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right: Well, fomewhat we must do: Come Cozen, Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster vp your men, And meet me presently at Barkley Castle: I should to Plashy too: but time will not permit, All is vneuen, and everything is left at fix and feven. Exit Bush. The winde fits faire for newes to go to Ireland, But none returnes: For vs to leuy power Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impossible. Gr. Besides our neesenesse to the King in loue, Is neere the hate of those loue not the King . Ba And that's the wavering Commons, for their love Lies in their purfes, and who fo empties them, By fo much fils their hearts with deadly hate. Bush. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd Bag. If judgement lye in them, then so do we, Because we have beene ever neere the King. Gr. Well: I will for refuge straight to Bristoll Castle, The Earle of Wiltshire is alreadie there. Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs, Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces: Will you go along with vs? Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie: Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine, We three here part, the neu'r shall meete againe. Bu. That's as Yorke thriues to beate back Bullinbroke Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes Is numbring fands, and drinking Oceans drie, Where one on his fide fights, thousands will flye. Bush. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer. Well, we may meete againe.

Scana Tertia.

Exit.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?

Nor. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger heere in Gloustershire,
These high wilde hilles, and rough vneeuen waies,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome:
And yet our faire discourse hath beene as sugar,

Mak in

Making the hard way fweet and delectable:
But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Rauenspurgh to Cottshold will be found,
In Rese and Willoughby, wanting your companie,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse, and processe of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetned with the hope to haue
The present benefit that I possess;
And hope to loy, is little less in loy,
Then hope enloy'd: By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way seems short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.
Bull. Of much lesse value is my Companie,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H. Percie.

North. It is my Sonne, young Harry Percie,
Sent from my Brother Worcester: Whence soeuer.

Harry, how fares your Vnckle?

Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his

health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene?

Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forfook the Court,

Broken his Staffe of Office, and disperst

The Household of the King.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolu'd, when we last spake together.

Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.

But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,

To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,

And sent me over by Barkely, to discover

What power the Duke of Yorke had levied there,

Then with direction to repaire to Rauenspurgh.

North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot

Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,

I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now: this is the

Duke.

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my feruice, Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young, Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme To more approued feruice, and defert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle Percie, and be fure I count my felfe in nothing else so happy, As in a Soule remembring my good Friends: And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue, It shall be still thy true Loues recompence, My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus seales it.

North. How farre is it to Barkely? and what stirre Keepes good old Yorke there, with his Men of Warre?

Percie. There stands the Castle, by yond tust of Trees, Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard, And in it are the Lords of Yorke, Barkely, and Seymor,

None else of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter Rosse and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Rosse and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, sierie red with haste.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues A banisht Traytor; all my Treasurie Is yet but vnselt thankes, which more enrich'd,

Shall be your love, and labours recompence.

Roff. Your prefence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.

Willo. And farre furmounts our labour to attaine it. Bull. Euermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore, Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres, Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of Barkely, as I gheffe.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Meffage is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my Answere is to Lancaster,

And I am come to seeke that Name in England,

And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,

Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, tis not my meaning To raze one Title of your Honor out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our Native Peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you,

Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vnckle.

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee, Whose dutie is deceivable, and false.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle. York. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me, I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace, In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane. Why have these banish'd, and forbidden Legges, Dar'd once to touch a Dust of Englands Ground? But more then why, why have they dar'd to march So many miles vpon her peacefull Bosome, Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre, And oftentation of despised Armes? Com'ft thou because th'anounted King is hence? Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind, And in my loyall Bosome lyes his power. Were I but now the Lord of fuch hot youth, As when braue Gaunt, thy Father, and my selfe Rescued the Black Prince, that yong Mars of men, From forth the Rankes of many thousand French: Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine, Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,

And minister correction to thy Fault.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,
On what Condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Euen in Condition of the worst degree,
In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,
In brauing Atmes against thy Soueraigne.

Bull. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford, But as I come, I come for Lancaster. And Noble Vnckle, I befeech your Grace Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye: You are my Father, for me thinkes in you I fee old Gaunt aliue. Oh then my Father, Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties Pluckt from my armes perforce, and given away To vpftart Vnthrifts? Wherefore was I borne? If that my Cousin King, be King of England, It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaster. You have a Sonne, Aumerle, my Noble Kinsman, Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe, He should have found his Vnckle Gaunt a Father, To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay. I am denyde to fue my Liverie here, And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue: My Fathers goods are all distrayed, and fold, And these, and all, are all amisse imployd.

What

What would you have me doe? I am a Subject, And challenge Law: Attorneyes are deny'd me; And therefore personally I lay my claime To my Inheritance of free Discent.

North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd. Roff. It stands your Grace vpon, to doe him right. Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great. York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,

I have had feeling of my Cosens Wrongs, And labour'd all I could to doe him right: But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes, Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way, To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be; And you that doe abett him in this kind, Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath fworne his comming is But for his owne; and for the right of that, Wee all haue strongly sworne to give him ayd, And let him neu'r see Ioy, that breakes that Oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes, I cannot mend it, I must needes confesse, Because my power is weake, and all ill left: But if I could, by him that gaue me life, I would attach you all, and make you stoope Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King. But fince I cannot, be it knowne to you, I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well, Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle, And there repose you for this Night.

Bull. An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept: But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs To Bristow Castle, which they say is held By Bushie, Bagot, and their Complices, The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth, Which I have fworne to weed, and plucke away.

York. It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawfe, For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes: Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are, Things past redresse, are now with me past care.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stayd ten dayes, And hardly kept our Countreymen together, And yet we heare no tidings from the King; Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell. Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truitie Welchman,

The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay; The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd, And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen; The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth, And leane-look'd Prophets whifper fearefull change; Rich men looke fad, and Ruffians dance and leape, The one in feare, to loofe what they enioy, The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre: These fignes fore-run the death of Kings. Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled, As well affur'd Richard their King is dead. Exit.

Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of heavie mind, I fee thy Glory, like a shooting Starre, Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament: Thy Sunne fets weeping in the lowly West, Witnessing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrest: Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes, And croffely to thy good, all fortune goes. Exit.

AEtus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Rosse, Percie, Willoughby, with Bushie and Greene Prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men: Bushie and Greene, I will not vex your soules, (Since presently your soules must part your bodies) With too much vrging your pernitious liues, For 'twere no Charitie: yet to wash your blood From off my hands, here in the view of men, I will vnfold fome causes of your deaths. You have mis-led a Prince, a Royall King, A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments, By you vnhappied, and disfigur'd cleane: You have in manner with your finfull houres Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him, Broke the poffession of a Royall Bed, And stayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes, With teares drawn fro her eyes, with your foule wrongs. My felfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth, Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue, Till you did make him mif-interprete me, Haue stoopt my neck vnder your iniuries, And figh'd my English breath in forraine Clouds, Eating the bitter bread of banishment; While you have fed vpon my Seignories, Dif-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forrest Woods; From mine owne Windowes torne my Household Coat, Raz'd out my Impresse, leaving me no signe, Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood, To flew the World I am a Gentleman. This, and much more, much more then twice all this, Condemnes you to the death: fee them delivered over To execution, and the hand of death.

Bushie. More welcome is the stroake of death to me, Then Bullingbrooke to England.

Greene. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our foules, And plague Iniustice with the paines of Hell.

Bull. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd: Vnckle, you fay the Queene is at your House, For Heauens fake fairely let her be entreated, Tell her I fend to her my kind commends; Take speciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.

York. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd

With Letters of your loue, to her at large. Bull. Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away, To fight with Glendoure, and his Complices; A while to worke, and after holliday.

Exeunt.

Scæna

Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand? Au. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,

After your late toffing on the breaking Seas? Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weepe for ioy To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe. Deere Earth, I doe falute thee with my hand, Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooses: As a long parted Mother with her Child, Playes fondly with her teares, and fmiles in meeting; So weeping, fmiling, greet I thee my Earth, And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands. Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth, Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauenous fence: But let thy Spiders, that fuck vp thy Venome, And heavie-gated Toades lye in their way, Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete, Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee. Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies; And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower, Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder, Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies. Mock not my fenceleffe Conjuration, Lords; This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Natiue King Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes. Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King

Hath power to keepe you King, in spight of all. Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,

Whilest Bullingbrooke through our securitie,

Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends. Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not, That when the fearching Eye of Heauen is hid Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World, Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnfeene, In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here: But when from vnder this Terrestriall Ball He fires the prowd tops of the Easterne Pines, And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole, Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes (The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs) Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselues. So when this Theefe, this Traytor Bulling brooke, Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night, Shall fee vs rifing in our Throne, the East, His Treasons will fit blushing in his face, Not able to endure the fight of Day;

But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne. Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea Can wash the Balme from an anounted King; The breath of worldly men cannot depose The Deputie elected by the Lord:

For every man that Bullingbrooke hath prest, To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne, Heauen for his Richard hath in heauenly pay

A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight, Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.
Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power? Salish. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord, Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue, And bids me speake of nothing but despaire: One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord) Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth: Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne, And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men: To day, to day, vnhappie day too late Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State; For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead, Are gone to Bullingbrooke, disperst, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace fo

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men Did triumph in my face, and they are fled, And till fo much blood thither come againe, Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead? All Soules that will be fafe, flye from my fide, For Time hath fet a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are. Rich. I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King? Awake thou fluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest: Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names? Arme, arme my Name: a punie fubiect strikes At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground, Ye Fauorites of a King: are wee not high? High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle Yorke Hath Power enough to ferue our turne. But who comes here? Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my Liege, Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliuer him.

Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd: The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold: Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care: And what loffe is it to be rid of Care? Striues Bullingbrooke to be as Great as wee? Greater he shall not be: If hee serue God, Wee'l ferue him too, and be his Fellow fo. Revolt our Subjects? That we cannot mend, They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs: Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay, The worst is Death, and Death will have his day.

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd To beare the tidings of Calamitie. Like an vnseasonable stormie day, Which make the Silver Rivers drowne their Shores, As if the World were all diffolu'd to teares: So high, aboue his Limits, swells the Rage Of Bullingbrooke, couering your fearefull Land With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele: White Beares haue arm'd their thin and haireleffe Scalps Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces, Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints In stiffe vnwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne Thy very Beadf-men learne to bend their Bowes Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills: Against thy Seat both young and old rebell, And all goes worfe then I have power to tell.

Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'ft a Tale fo ill. Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot? What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?

That

That they have let the dangerous Enemie Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps? If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it. I warrant they have made peace with Bullingbrooke.

Scroope. Peace have they made with him indeede (my

Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption, Dogges, eafily woon to fawne on any man, Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart, Three Iudasses, each one thrice worse then Iudas, Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet Loue(I see) changing his propertie, Turnes to the fowrest, and most deadly hate: Againe vncurfe their Soules; their peace is made With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curse Haue felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand, And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire

Scroope. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads. Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power? Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake: Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs, Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynie eyes Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth. Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills: And yet not so; for what can we bequeath, Saue our deposed bodies to the ground? Our Lands, our Liues, and all are Bullingbrookes, And nothing can we call our owne, but Death, And that small Modell of the barren Earth, Which ferues as Paste, and Couer to our Bones: For Heavens fake let vs fit vpon the ground, And tell fad flories of the death of Kings: How some haue been depos'd, some slaine in warre, Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depos'd, Some poyfon'd by their Wiues, fome fleeping kill'd, All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne That rounds the mortall Temples of a King, Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique fits Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe, Allowing him a breath, a little Scene, To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes, Infufing him with felfe and vaine conceit, As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life, Were Braffe impregnable: and humor'd thus, Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne Bores through his Castle Walls, and farwell King. Couer your heads, and mock not flesh and blood With folemne Reverence: throw away Respect, Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie, For you have but mistooke me all this while: I liue with Bread like you, feele Want, Taste Griefe, need Friends: subiected thus,

How can you fay to me, I am a King? Carl. My Lord, wife men ne're waile their present woes, But presently preuent the wayes to waile: To feare the Foe, fince feare oppresseth strength, Giues in your weakenesse, strength vnto your Foe;

Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight, And fight and die, is death destroying death, Where fearing, dying, payes death feruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him, And learne to make a Body of a Limbe. Rich. Thou chid'ft me well:proud Bulling brooke I come

To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome: This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne, An easie taske it is to winne our owne. Say Scroope, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power? Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be sowre.

Scroope. Men judge by the complexion of the Skie The state and inclination of the day; So may you by my dull and heavie Eye: My Tongue hath but a heavier Tale to fay: I play the Torturer, by fmall and fmall To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken. Your Vnckle Yorke is joyn'd with Bullingbrooke, And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp, And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes

Vpon his Faction.

Rich. Thou hast faid enough. Beshrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth Of that fweet way I was in, to despaire: What fay you now? What comfort have we now? By Heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly, That bids me be of comfort any more. Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away, A King, Woes slave, shall Kingly Woe obey: That Power I have, discharge, and let 'em goe To eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow, For I have none. Let no man speake againe To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege, one word. Rich. He does me double wrong, That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue. Discharge my followers: let them hence away, From Richards Night, to Bullingbrookes faire Day.

Scana Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne The Welchmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury

Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed With some few private friends, vpon this Coast. North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord, Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would befeeme the Lord Northumberland, To fay King Richard: alack the heavie day, When fuch a facred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,

Left I his Title out.

York. The time hath beene, Would you have beene so briefe with him, he would Haue beene so briefe with you, to shorten you, For taking so the Head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you should. York. Take not (good Coufin) farther then you should. Least you mistake the Heauens are ore your head. Bull. I know it (Vnckle) and oppose not my felfe

Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percie. Welcome Harry: what, will not this Castle yeeld? Per. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord, Against thy entrance.

Bull. Roy.

Bull. Royally? Why, it containes no King?

Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King: King Richard lyes

Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,

And with him, the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Clergie man

Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learne.

North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.

Bull. Noble Lord, Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle, Through Brazen Trumpet fend the breath of Parle Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer: Henry Bullingbrooke vpon his knees doth kiffe King Richards hand, and fends allegeance And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power, Prouided, that my Banishment repeal'd, And Lands reftor'd againe, be freely graunted: If not, He vie th'aduantage of my Power, And lay the Summers dust with showers of blood, Rayn'd from the wounds of flaughter'd Englishmen; The which, how farre off from the mind of Bullingbrooke It is, fuch Crimfon Tempest should bedrench The fresh greene Lap of faire King Richards Land, My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew. Goe fignifie as much, while here we march Vpon the Graffie Carpet of this Plaine: Let's march without the noyfe of threatning Drum, That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd. Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meet With no leffe terror then the Elements Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen: Be he the fire, He be the yeelding Water; The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine

March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

Parle without, and answere within: then a Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop,
Salisbury.

See, see, see, sing Richard doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the East,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.

York. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye (As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth Controlling Maiestie: alack, alack, for woe, That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

Rich. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we stood To watch the searefull bending of thy knee, Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King: And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget To pay their awfull dutie to our presence? If we be not, shew vs the Hand of God, That hath dismis'd vs from our Stewardship, For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter, Vnlesse he doe prophane, steale, or vsurpe. And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done, Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs, And we are barren, and bereft of Friends: Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent, Is mustring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,

Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot, That list your Vassall Hands against my Head, And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne. Tell Bullingbrooke, for yond me thinkes he is, That every stride he makes vpon my Land, Is dangerous Treason: He is come to ope The purple Testament of bleeding Warre; But ere the Crowne he lookes for, live in peace, Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes Shall ill become the slower of Englands face, Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew Her Pastors Graffe with faithfull English Blood.

North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King Should fo with civill and vncivill Armes Be rush'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin, Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kisse thy hand, And by the Honorable Tombe he fweares, That stands vpon your Royall Grandsires Bones, And by the Royalties of both your Bloods, (Currents that spring from one most gracious Head) And by the buried Hand of Warlike Gaunt, And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe, Comprising all that may be sworne, or faid, His comming hither hath no further scope, Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge Infranchisement immediate on his knees: Which on thy Royall partie graunted once, His glittering Armes he will commend to'Rust, His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart To faithfull feruice of your Maiestie: This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is just, And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

Rich. Northumberland, say thus: The King returnes, His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither, And all the number of his faire demands Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction: With all the gracious vtterance thou hast, Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends. We doe debase our selfe (Cousin) doe we not, To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire? Shall we call back Northumberland, and send Desiance to the Traytor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words, Till time lend friends, and friends their helpeful Swords. Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine, That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment On yond prowd man, should take it off againe With words of footh: Oh that I were as great As is my Griefe, or lesser then my Name, Or that I could forget what I have beene, Or not remember what I must be now: Swell'st thou prowd heart? Ile give thee scope to beat,

Since Foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes backe from Bulling-brooke.

Rich. What must the King doe now?must he submit? The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd? The King shall be contented: Must he loose The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe. Ile giue my Iewels for a sett of Beades, My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage, My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne, My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood, My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My

My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints, And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue, A little little Graue, an obscure Graue. Or Ile be buryed in the Kings high-way, Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feet May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head: For on my heart they tread now, whilest I liue; And buryed once, why not vpon my Head? Aumerle, thou weep'ft (my tender-hearted Coufin) Wee'le make foule Weather with despised Teares: Our fighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne, And make a Dearth in this revolting Land. Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes, And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares? As thus: to drop them still vpon one place, Till they have fretted vs a payre of Graues, Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there Iyes Two Kinsmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes? Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I fee I talke but idly, and you mock at mee. Most mightie Prince, my Lord Northumberland, What fayes King Bullingbrooke? Will his Maiestie Giue Richard leaue to liue, till Richard die? You make a Legge, and Bulling brooke fayes I. North. My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend To speake with you, may it please you to come downe. Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glift'ring Phaeton, Wanting the manage of vnruly Iades. In the base Court? base Court, where Kings grow base, To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace. In the base Court come down: down Court, down King, For night-Owls shrike, where mouting Larks should fing. Bull. What fayes his Maiestie? North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart Makes him speake fondly, like a frantick man: Yet he is come. Bull. Stand all apart, And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie. My gracious Lord. Rich. Faire Coufin, You debase your Princely Knee, To make the base Earth prowd with kissing it. Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue, Then my vnpleas'd Eye see your Courtesie. Vp Cousin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know, Thus high at least, although your Knee be low. Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne. Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord, As my true seruice shall deserue your loue. Rich. Well you deseru'd: They well deferue to haue, That know the strong'st, and surest way to get. Vnckle giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes, Teares shew their Loue, but want their Remedies. Cousin, I am too young to be your Father, Though you are old enough to be my Heire.

What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,

Set on towards London:

Bull. Yea, my good Lord.

Rich. Then I must not say, no.

Cousin, is it so?

For doe we must, what force will have vs doe.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What fport shall we deuise here in this Garden, To drive away the heavie thought of Care?

La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.

Qu.'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs, And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.

La. Madame, wee'le Dance.

Qu. My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight, When my poore Heart no measure keepes in Griese. Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.

La. Madame, wee'le tell Tales. Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe? La. Of eyther, Madame. Qu. Of neyther, Girle.

For it of Ioy, being altogether wanting, It doth remember me the more of Sorrow: Or if of Griefe, being altogether had, It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy: For what I haue, I need not to repeat; And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La. Madame, Ile fing.

Qu.'Tis well that thou hast cause: But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.

La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good. Qu. And I could fing, would weeping doe me good, And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.

But stay, here comes the Gardiners, Let's step into the shadow of these Trees. My wretchednesse, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes, They'le talke of State: for every one doth so, Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.

Gard. Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks, Which like vnruly Children, make their Syre Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight: Giue some supportance to the bending twigges. Goe thou, and like an Executioner Cut off the heads of too saft growing sprayes, That looke too lostie in our Common-wealth: All must be euen, in our Gouernment.

You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noyfome Weedes, that without profit fucke
The Soyles fertilitie from wholefome flowers.

Ser. Why should we,in the compasse of a Pale, Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion, Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate? When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land, Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt vp, Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd, Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath fuffer'd this diforder'd Spring,
Hath now himselse met with the Fall of Lease.
The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaues did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by Bullingbrooke:
I meane, the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene.

Ser. What,

Ser. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And Bullingbrooke hath feiz'd the wastefull King.
Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not so trim'd
And dress his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Least being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe?
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of dutie. Superstuous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.

Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?

Gar. Depress he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blocks taking

That tell blacke tydings.

Ou.Oh I am preft to

Qu.Oh I am preft to death through want of speaking: Thou old Adams likenesse, set to dresse this Garden: How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing What Eue? what Serpent hath suggested thee, (newes To make a second fall of cursed man? Why do'st thou say, King Richard is depos'd, Dar'st thou, thou little better thing then earth, Diuine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how Cam'st thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.

Cam'st thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch. Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little ioy haue I To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true; King Richard, he is in the mighty hold Of Bullingbrooke, their Fortunes both are weigh'd: In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe, And some sew Vanities, that make him light: But in the Ballance of great Bullingbrooke, Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres, And with that oddes he weighes King Richard downe. Poste you to London, and you'l finde it so, I speake no more, then every one doth know.

Qu. Nimble mischance, that art so light of soote, Doth not thy Embassage belong to me? And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou think'st To serue me last, that I may longest keepe Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe, To meet at London, Londons King in woe. What was I borne to this: that my sad looke, Should grace the Triumph of great Bulling brooke. Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe, I would the Plants thou graft's may never grow.

I would the Plants thou graft'st, may neuer grow. Exit.

G.Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse:
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place
Ile set a Banke of Rew, sowre Herbe of Grace:
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene.

Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Westminster. Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth Bagot.

Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde, What thou do'ft know of Noble Glousters death: Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.

Bag. Then fet before my face, the Lord Aumerle.
Bul. Cofin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.
Bag. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnfay, what it hath once deliuer'd.
In that dead time, when Glousters death was plotted,
I heard you fay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vnkles head.
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you fay, that you had rather resuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your Cosins death.

Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonor my faire Starres,
On equal termes to give him chasticement?
Either I must, or have mine honor soyl'd
With th'Attaindor of his sland'rous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyest,
And will maintaine what thou hast said, is salse,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.

Bul. Bagot forbeare, thou shalt not take it vp. Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best In all this presence, that hath mou'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathize:
There is my Gage, Aumerle, in Gage to thine:
By that saire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it)
That thou wer't cause of Noble Glousters death.
If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyest,
And I will turne thy salshood to thy hart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.

Aum. Thou dar'ft not (Coward) liue to fee the day. Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre. Aum. Fitzwater thou art dam'd to hell for this.

Per. Aumerle, thou lye'st: his Honor is as true In this Appeale, as thou art all vniust: And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage To proue it on thee, to th'extreamest point Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off, And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele, Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

Surrey. My Lord Fitz-mater: I do remember well, the very time Aumerle, and you did talke.

Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in presence then,
And you can witnesse with me, this is true.

Surrey. As falfe, by heauen, As Heauen it felfe is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou Lyest.

Surrey. Dishonourable Boy;

That Lye, shall lie so heavy on my Sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.

Fitz.

Fitzw. How fondly do'ft thou spurre a forward Horse? If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or live, I dare meete Surrey in a Wildernesse, And fpit vpon him, whileft I fay he Lyes, And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith, To tye thee to my strong Correction. As I intend to thrive in this new World, Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appeale. Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolke say, That thou Aumerle didst send two of thy men, To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage, That Norfolke lyes: here doe I throw downe this, If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.

Bull. These differences shall all rest vnder Gage, Till Norfolke be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be; And (though mine Enemie) restor'd againe To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd, Against Aumerle we will enforce his Tryall.

Carl. That honorable day shall ne're be seene. Many a time hath banish'd Norfolke fought For Iefu Christ, in glorious Christian field Streaming the Enfigne of the Christian Croffe, Against black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens: And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himselfe To Italy, and there at Venice gaue His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth, And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Christ, Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.

Bull. Why Bishop, is Norfolke dead? Carl. As fure as I live, my Lord. Bull. Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule To the Bosome of good old Abraham. Lords Appealants, your differeces shal all rest under gage,

Till we affigne you to your dayes of Tryall. Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing Soule Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds To the poffession of thy Royall Hand. Afcend his Throne, descending now from him, And long liue Henry, of that Name the Fourth.

Bull. In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne.

Carl. Mary, Heauen forbid.

Worst in this Royall Presence may I speake, Yet best beseeming me to speake the truth. Would God, that any in this Noble Presence Were enough Noble, to be vpright Iudge Of Noble Richard: then true Noblenesse would Learne him forbearance from fo foule a Wrong. What Subject can give Sentence on his King? And who fits here, that is not Richards Subject? Theeues are not judg'd, but they are by to heare, Although apparant guilt be seene in them: And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie, His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect, Anounted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres, Be judg'd by fubiect, and inferior breathe, And he himselse not present? Oh, forbid it, God, That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'de Should shew so heynous, black, obscene a deed. I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes, Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King. My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King, Is a foule Traytor to prowd Herefords King. And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,

The blood of English shall manure the ground, And future Ages groane for his foule Act. Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels, And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound. Disorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls. Oh, if you reare this House, against this House It will the wofullest Division proue, That euer fell vpon this curfed Earth. Preuent it, refist it, and let it not be so, Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe. North. Well have you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,

Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here. My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge, To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall. May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit? Bull. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view

He may furrender: fo we shall proceede

Without suspition.

Yorke. I will be his Conduct. Bull. Lords, you that here are vnder our Arrest, Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer: Little are we beholding to your Loue, And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Yorke. Rich. Alack, why am I fent for to a King, Before I have shooke off the Regall thoughts Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue learn'd To infinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee. Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tuture me To this fubmission. Yet I well remember The fauors of these men: were they not mine? Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me? So Iudas did to Christ: but he in twelue, Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none. God faue the King: will no man fay, Amen? Am I both Priest, and Clarke? well then, Amen. God faue the King, although I be not hee: And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee. To doe what seruice, am I sent for hither?

Yorke. To doe that office of thine owne good will, Which tyred Maiestie did make thee offer: The Refignation of thy State and Crowne

To Henry Bullingbrooke. Rich. Giue me the Crown. Here Coufin, seize y Crown: Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine. Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well, That owes two Buckets, filling one another, The emptier euer dancing in the ayre, The other downe, vnseene, and full of Water: That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I, Drinking my Griefes, whil'ft you mount vp on high. Bull. I thought you had been willing to refigne. Rich. My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine: You may my Glories and my State depose, But not my Griefes; still am I King of those. Bull. Part of your Cares you give me with your Crowne. Rich. Your Cares fet vp, do not pluck my Cares downe. My Care, is loffe of Care, by old Care done, Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne: The Cares I giue, I haue, though given away, They 'tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay:

Bull. Are you contented to refigne the Crowne? Rich. I,

Rich. I, no; no, I: for I must nothing bee: Therefore no, no, for I refigne to thee. Now, marke me how I will vndoe my felfe. I give this heavie Weight from off my Head, And this vnwieldie Scepter from my Hand, The pride of Kingly fway from out my Heart. With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balme, With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne, With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State, With mine owne Breath release all dutious Oathes; All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forsweare: My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe; My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie: God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee, God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee. Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd, And thou with all pleas'd, that haft all atchieu'd. Long may'ft thou live in Richards Seat to fit, And foone lye Richard in an Earthie Pit. God faue King Henry, vn-King'd Richard fayes, And fend him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes. What more remaines?

North. No more: but that you reade These Accusations, and these grieuous Crymes, Committed by your Person, and your followers, Against the State, and Profit of this Land: That by confessing them, the Soules of men May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out My weau'd-vp follyes? Gentle Northumberland, If thy Offences were vpon Record, Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe, To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'ft, There should'st thou finde one heynous Article, Contayning the deposing of a King, And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath, Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heauen. Nay, all of you, that stand and looke vpon me, Whil'ft that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe, Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands, Shewing an outward pittie: yet you Pilates Haue here deliuer'd me to my fowre Croffe, And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles. Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot fee: And yet falt-Water blindes them not fo much, But they can see a fort of Traytors here. Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpon my selfe, I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest: For I have given here my Soules confent, T'vndeck the pompous Body of a King; Made Glory base; a Soueraigntie, a Slaue; Prowd Maiestie, a Subiect; State, a Pesant. North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-infulting man; No, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title; No, not that Name was given me at the Font, But 'tis vsurpt : alack the heavie day, That I have worne fo many Winters out, And know not now, what Name to call my felfe. Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow, Standing before the Sunne of Bullingbrooke, To melt my felfe away in Water-drops. Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good, And if my word be Sterling yet in England, Let it command a Mirror hither straight,

That it may shew me what a Face I have, Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie. Bull. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse. North. Read o're this Paper, while y Glasse doth come. Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell. Bull. Vrge it no more, my Lord Northumberland. North. The Commons will not then be fatisfy'd. Rich. They shall be fatisfy'd: Ile reade enough, When I doe see the very Booke indeede, Where all my finnes are writ, and that's my felfe.

Enter one with a Glasse. Giue me that Glasse, and therein will I reade. No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow frucke So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine, And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glaffe, Like to my followers in prosperitie, Thou do'ft beguile me. Was this Face, the Face That every day, vnder his House-hold Roose, Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face, That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke? Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follyes, That was at last out-fac'd by Bullingbrooke? A brittle Glory shineth in this Face, As brittle as the Glory, is the Face, For there it is, crackt in an hundred shiuers. Marke filent King, the Morall of this sport, How foone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

The shadow of your Face. Rich. Say that againe. The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's see, 'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within, And these externall manner of Laments, Are meerely shadowes, to the vnseene Griefe, That fwells with filence in the tortur'd Soule. There lyes the substance : and I thanke thee King For thy great bountie, that not onely giu'ft Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way How to lament the cause. Ile begge one Boone,

Bull. The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd

And then be gone, and trouble you no more. Shall I obtaine it? Bull. Name it, faire Coufin.

Rich. Faire Coufin? I am greater then a King: For when I was a King, my flatterers Were then but fubiects; being now a fubiect, I haue a King here to my flatterer: Being fo great, I have no neede to begge. Bull. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I have? Bull. You shall.

Rich. Then give me leave to goe.

Bull. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your fights. Bull. Goe some of you, convey him to the Tower. Rich. Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,

That rife thus nimbly by a true Kings fall. Bull. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe

Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your selues. Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld. Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,

Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne. Aum. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.

Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein, You shall not onely take the Sacrament, To bury mine intents, but also to effect

What

What euer I shall happen to deuise.
I see your Browes are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall shew vs all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.
Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To Iulius Casars ill-erected Tower:
To whose flint Bosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by prowd Bullingbrooke.
Here let vs rest, if this rebellious Earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard, and Guard.

But foft, but fee, or rather doe not fee,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may diffolue to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true_loue Teares.
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King Richards Tombe,
And not King Richard: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-fauor'd Griese be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest.

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not fo,
To make my end too sudden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am sworne Brother (Sweet)
To grim Necessitie; and hee and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyster thee in some Religious House:
Our holy lives must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here have stricken downe.

Qu. What, is my Richard both in shape and minde Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bullingbrooke Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy Heart? The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw, And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like, Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde, And sawne on Rage with base Humilitie, Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts, I had beene still a happy King of Men. Good (fometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France: Thinke I am dead, and that even here thou tak'ft, As from my Death-bed, my last living leave. In Winters tedious Nights fit by the fire With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide: And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe, Tell thou the lamentable fall of me, And fend the hearers weeping to their Beds: For why? the fenceleffe Brands will sympathize The heavie accent of thy moving Tongue, And in compassion, weepe the fire out: And some will mourne in ashes, some coale-black, For the deposing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.
North.My Lord, the mind of Bullingbrooke is chang'd.

You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower. And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you: With all fwift speed, you must away to France.

Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall The mounting Bullingbrooke afcends my Throne, The time shall not be many houres of age, More then it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head, Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke, Though he divide the Realme, and give thee halfe, It is too little, helping him to all: He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way To plant vnrightfull Kings, wilt know againe, Being ne're so little vrg'd another way, To pluck him headlong from the vsurped Throne. The Loue of wicked friends converts to Feare; That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both, To worthie Danger, and deserved Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:

Take leaue, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly divorc'd? (bad men) ye violate

A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,

And then betwixt me, and my marryed Wife.

Let me vn-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;

And yet not so, for with a Kisse 'twas made.

Part vs, Northumberland: I, towards the North,

Where shivering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme:

My Queene to France: from whence, set forth in pompe,

She came adorned hither like sweet May;

Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'st of day.

Qu. And must we be divided? must we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand(my Loue) and heart from heart.

Qu. Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Loue, but little Pollicy.

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe.

Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:

Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.

Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longest Way shall have the longest Moanes.

Rich. Twice for one step Ile groane, y Way being short,
And peece the Way out with a heavie heart.

Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe:
One Kisse shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Giue me mine owne againe: twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may striue to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow say.

Exeunt

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Duchesse.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest, When weeping made you breake the story off, Of our two Cousins comming into London.

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Duch. At that fad stoppe, my Lord,

Where rude mif-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops, Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.

Yorke.Then

Yorke. Then, as I faid, the Duke, great Bullingbrooke, Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed,
Which his afpiring Rider feem'd to know,
With flow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
While all tongues cride, God saue thee Bullingbrooke.
You would have thought the very windowes spake,
So many greedy lookes of yong and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage: and that all the walles,
With painted Imagery had said at once,
Iesu preserve thee, welcom Bullingbrooke.
Whil'st he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countrimen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.
That has poore Richard where rides he the whils

Dutch. Alas poore Richard, where rides he the whils? Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men After a well grac'd Actor leaves the Stage, Are idlely bent on him that enters next, Thinking his prattle to be tedious: Euen so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes Did scowle on Richard: no man cride, God saue him: No loyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home, But dust was throwne vpon his Sacred head, Which with fuch gentle forrow he shooke off, His face still combating with teares and smiles (The badges of his greefe and patience) That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted, And Barbarisme it selse haue pittied him. But heaven hath a hand in these events, To whose high will we bound our calme contents. To Bullingbrooke, are we fworne Subjects now, Whose State, and Honor, I for aye allow. Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my fonne Aumerle.

Yor. Aumerle that was, But that is loft, for being Richards Friend. And Madam, you must call him Rutland now: I am in Parliament pledge for his truth, And lasting fealtie to the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my fonne: who are the Violets now, That firew the greene lap of the new-come Spring? Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,

God knowes, I had as liefe be none, as one.

Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time Least you be cropt before you come to prime.

What newes from Oxford? Hold those Iusts & Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.

Yorke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom? Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the Writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing. Yorke. No matter then who sees it,

I will be fatisfied, let me fee the Writing.

Aum. I do befeech your Grace to pardon me.

It is a matter of fmall confequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seene.

Yorke. Which for some reasons fir, I meane to see:
I feare, I feare.

Dut. What should you feare?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into For gay apparrell, against the Triumph.

Yorke. Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond That he is bound to? Wise, thou art a soole.

Boy, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Yor. I will be satisfied: let me see it I say. Snatches it
Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.

Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?

Yorke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse. Heaven for his mercy: what treachery is heere?

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Yorke. Giue me my boots, I say : Saddle my horse :

Now by my Honor, my life, my troth, I will appeach the Villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?

Yorke. Peace foolish Woman.

Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?

Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more

Then my poore life must answer.

Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Servant with Boots.

Yor. Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King. Dut. Strike him Aumerle. Poore boy, y art amaz'd, Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my fight.

Yor. Give me my Boots, I fay.

Dut. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?

Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond mad woman:

Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?
A dozen of them heere have tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands

To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He shall be none:

Wee'l keepe him heere: then what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my

Son, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadft thou groan'd for him as I have done, Thou wouldest be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do'ft suspect
That I have bene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne:
Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, be not of that minde:
He is as like thee, as a man may bee,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I love him.

Yorke. Make way, vnruly Woman.

Dut. After Aumerle. Mount thee vpon his horse,
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. Exit

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my vnthriftie Sonne?

'Tis full three monthes fince I did fee him last.

If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,

I would to heauen(my Lords)he might be found:

Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tauernes there:

For

For there (they fay) he dayly doth frequent, With vnrestrained loose Companions, Euen such (they fay) as stand in narrow Lanes, And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers, Which he, yong wanton, and esseminate Boy Takes on the point of Honor, to support So dissolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, fome two dayes fince I faw the Prince, And told him of these Triumphes held at Oxford.

Bul. And what faid the Gallant?

Per. His answer was: he would vnto the Stewes, And from the common'st creature plucke a Gloue And weare it as a fauour, and with that He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.

Bul. As diffolute as desp'rate, yet through both, I fee some sparkes of better hope: which elder dayes May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bul. What meanes our Cosin, that hee stares

And lookes fo wildely?

Aum. God faue your Grace. I do befeech your Maiesty To haue fome conference with your Grace alone.

Bul. Withdraw your felues, and leave vs here alone:

What is the matter with our Cosin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth, My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth, Vnlesse a Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.

Bul. Intended, or committed was this fault? If on the first, how heynous ere it bee,

To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave, that I may turne the key, That no man enter, till my tale me done.

Bul. Have thy defire. Yorke withiu.
Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy felfe,

Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.

Bul. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengefull hand, thou hast no cause to seare.

Yorke. Open the doore, fecure foole-hardy King: Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face? Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Yorke.

Bul. What is the matter(Vnkle) speak, recouer breath,
Tell vs how neere is danger,

That we may arme vs to encounter it.

Yor. Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know The reason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past: I do repent me, reade not my name there,

My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did fet it downe.

I tore it from the Trainers before King

I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King. Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence; Forget to pitty him, least thy pitty proue A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

Bul. Oh heinous, ftrong, and bold Conspiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou sheere, immaculate, and filuer fountaine,
From whence this streame, through muddy passages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe.
Thy ouerslow of good, converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digressing sonne.

Yorke. So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd, And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame; As thriftlesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold. Mine honor liues, when his dishonor dies, Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies: Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath, The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Dutchesse within.

Dut. What hoa(my Liege) for heavens sake let me in.

Bul. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.

Speake with me, pitty me, open the dore, A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before.

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a ferious thing, And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King. My dangerous Cosin, let your Mother in, I know she's come, to pray for your foule sin.

Yorke. If thou do pardon, whoseeuer pray, More finnes for this forgiuenesse, prosper may. This fester'd ioynt cut off, the rest rests sound, This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchesse.

Dut. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man, Loue, louing not it felfe, none other can.

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what doft y make here, Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

Bul. Rife vp good Aunt. Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech.

For euer will I kneele vpon my knees, And neuer fee day, that the happy fees, Till thou give ioy: vntill thou bid me ioy, By pardoning Rutland, my transgreffing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee. Yorke. Against them both, my true joynts bended be.

Dut. Pleades he in earnest? Looke vpon his Face, His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in iest: His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest. He prayes but faintly, and would be denide, We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside: His weary ioynts would gladly rise, I know, Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow: His prayers are full of false hypocrise, Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie: Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

Bul. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dut. Nay, do not say stand vp.

But Pardon first, and afterwards stand vp.

And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach.

I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King,) let pitty teach thee how.

The word is short: but not so short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's so meet.

Yorke. Speake it in French (King) say Pardon'ne moy. Dut. Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy? Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord, That set's the word it selfe, against the word. Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land, The chopping French we do not understand. Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there, Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare, That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce, Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearse.

Bul. Good Aunt, stand vp.
Dut. I do not fue to stand,
Pardon is all the fuite I haue in hand.

Bul.

Bul. I pardon him, as heauen shall pardon mee.
Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I sicke for feare: Speake it againe,
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.

Bul. I pardon him with all my hart. Dut. A God on earth thou art.

Bul. But for our trusty brother-in-Law, the Abbot, With all the rest of that conforted crew, Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles: Good Vnckle helpe to order seuerall powres To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are: They shall not liue within this world I sweare, But I will have them, if I once know where. Vnckle sarewell, and Cosin adieu: Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.

Dut. Come my old fon, I pray heaven make thee new.

Exeunt.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ext. Didst thou not marke the King what words hee spake?

Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare: Was it not fo?

Ser. Those were his very words.

Ex. Haue I no Friend? (quoth he:) he spake it twice, And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?

Ser. He did.

Ex. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me, As who should say, I would thou wer't the man That would diuorce this terror from my heart, Meaning the King at Pomsret: Come, let's goe; I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe.

Exit.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Richard. Rich. I have bin studying, how to compare This Prison where I live, vnto the World: And for because the world is populous, And heere is not a Creature, but my felfe, I cannot do it : yet Ile hammer't out. My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule, My Soule, the Father: and these two beget A generation of still breeding Thoughts; And these same Thoughts, people this Little World In humors, like the people of this world, For no thought is contented. The better fort, As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe Against the Faith: as thus: Come litle ones: & then again, It is as hard to come, as for a Camell To thred the posterne of a Needles eye. Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot Vnlikely wonders; how these vaine weake nailes May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles: And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride. Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves, That they are not the first of Fortunes slaves, Nor shall not be the last. Like filly Beggars, Who fitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame That many haue, and others must fit there;

And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe Of fuch as haue before indur'd the like. Thus play I in one Prison, many people, And none contented. Sometimes am I King; Then Treason makes me wish my selfe a Beggar, And fo I am. Then crushing penurie, Perswades me, I was better when a King: Then am I king'd againe: and by and by, Thinke that I am vn-king'd by Bullingbrooke, And straight am nothing. But what ere I am, Musick Nor I, nor any man, that but man is, With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd With being nothing. Musicke do I heare? Ha, ha? keepe time: How fowre fweet Muficke is, When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept? So is it in the Muficke of mens liues: And heere have I the daintinesse of eare, To heare time broke in a diforder'd ftring: But for the Concord of my State and Time, Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke. I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me: For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke; My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre, Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch, Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point, Is pointing still, in cleanfing them from teares. Now fir, the found that tels what houre it is, Are clamorous groanes, that strike vpon my heart, Which is the bell: fo Sighes, and Teares, and Grones, Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time Runs poasting on, in Bullingbrookes proud ioy, While I stand fooling heere, his tacke o'th'Clocke. This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more, For though it have holpe madmen to their wits, In me it seemes, it will make wise-men mad: Yet bleffing on his heart that gives it me; For 'tis a figne of loue, and loue to Richard, Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world. Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.
Rich. Thankes Noble Peere,
The cheapest of vs, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou? And how com'st thou hither?
Where no man euer comes, but that sad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?

Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King) When thou wer't King: who trauelling towards Yorke, With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue To looke vpon my (fometimes Royall) mafters face. O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld In London streets, that Coronation day, When Bullingbrooke rode on Roane Barbary, That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid, That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend, How went he vnder him?

Groo. So proudly, as if he had difdain'd the ground.
Rich. So proud, that Bullingbrooke was on his backe;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must have a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgivenesse horse: Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horse,

And

And yet I beare a burthen like an Affe, Spur-gall'd, and tyrd by iauncing Bullingbrooke. Enter Keeper mith a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place, heere is no longer stay. Rich. If thou loue me, 'tis time thou wer't away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall fay.

Keep. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too? Rich. Tafte of it first, as thou wer't wont to doo.

Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary. Rich. The diuell take Henrie of Lancaster, and thee; Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ri. How now? what meanes Death in this rude affalt? Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument, Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton Strikes bim downe. That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire, That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand, Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land. Mount, mount my foule, thy feate is vp on high, Whil'ft my groffe flesh sinkes downward, heere to dye.

Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood, Both haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good. For now the diuell, that told me I did well, Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell. This dead King to the living King Ile beare, Take hence the rest, and give them buriall heere. Exit.

Scæna Quinta.

Flourish. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other Lords & attendants.

Bul. Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare, Is that the Rebels have confum'd with fire Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire, But whether they be tane or flaine, we heare not. Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes? Nor. First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse: The next newes is, I have to London fent The heads of Salsbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:

The manner of their taking may appeare At large discoursed in this paper heere.

Bul. We thank thee gentle Percy for thy paines, And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fitz-waters. Fitz. My Lord, I have from Oxford fent to London,

The heads of Broccas, and Sir Bennet Seely, Two of the dangerous conforted Traitors, That fought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow.

Bul. Thy paines Fitzmaters shall not be forgot, Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlile. Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster, With clog of Conscience, and sowre Melancholly, Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue: But heere is Carlile, living to abide Thy Kingly doome, and fentence of his pride.

Bul. Carlile, this is your doome: Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome More then thou haft, and with it ioy thy life: So as thou liu'st in peace, dye free from strife: For though mine enemy, thou hast ever beene, High sparkes of Honor in thee have I seene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin. Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathlesse lies The mightiest of thy greatest enemies Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

Bul. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand, Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed. Bul. They loue not poyfon, that do poyfon neede, Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead, I hate the Murtherer, loue him murthered. The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour, But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour. With Caine go wander through the shade of night, And neuer shew thy head by day, nor light. Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe, That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow. Come mourne with me, for that I do lament, And put on fullen Blacke incontinent: Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land, To wash this blood off from my guilty hand. March fadly after, grace my mourning heere, In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

Exeunt,

FINIS.



The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT_SPVRRE.

Actus Primus. Scana Prima.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with others.

King.

O shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath shortwinded accents of new broils

To be commenc'd in Stronds a-farre remote: No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile, Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood: No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields, Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hooses Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes, Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen, All of one Nature, of one Substance bred, Did lately meete in the intestine shocke, And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery, Shall now in mutuall well-befeeming rankes March all one way, and be no more oppos'd Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies. The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife, No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends, As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ, Whose Souldier now under whose blessed Crosse We are impressed and ingag'd to fight, Forthwith a power of English shall we leuie, Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe, To chace these Pagans in those holy Fields, Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd For our aduantage on the bitter Croffe. But this our purpose is a tweluemonth old, And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go: Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare Of you my gentle Coufin Westmerland, What yesternight our Councell did decree, In forwarding this deere expedience.

Weft. My Liege: This haste was hot in question, And many limits of the Charge set downe But yesternight: when all athwart there came A Post from Wales, loaden with heavy Newes; Whose worst was, That the Noble Mortimer, Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight Against the irregular and wilde Glendomer, Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken, And a thousand of his people butchered:

Vpon whose dead corpes there was such missufe, Such beastly, shamelesse transformation, By those Welshwomen done, as may not be (Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.

King. It feemes then, that the tidings of this broile, Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.

West. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord, Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes Came from the North, and thus it did report: On Holy-roode day, the gallant Hotspure there, Young Harry Percy, and braue Archibald, That euer-valiant and approoued Scot, At Holmeden met, where they did spend A sad and bloody houre: As by discharge of their Artillerie, And shape of likely-hood the newes was told: For he that brought them, in the very heate And pride of their contention, did take horse, Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Heere is a deere and true industrious friend, Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse, Strain'd with the variation of each soyle, Betwixt that Holmedon, and this Seat of ours: And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes. The Earle of Domglas is discomfited, Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter see On Holmedons Plaines. Of Prisoners, Hotspurre tooke Mordake Earle of Fise, and eldest sonne To beaten Domglas, and the Earle of Atholl, Of Murry, Angus, and Menteith. And is not this an honourable spoyle? A gallant prize? Ha Cosin, is it not? Infaith it is. West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'ft me fad, & mak'ft me fin, In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland Should be the Father of fo bleft a Sonne:

A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
Among'ft a Groue, the very ftraighteft Plant,
Who is fweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'ft I by looking on the praife of him,
See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,
That some Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:

Then

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze
Of this young Percies pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surprize,
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word
I shall have none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

West. This is his Vnckles reaching. This is Worcester

Maleuolent to you in all Afpects:

Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

King. But I haue fent for him to answer this: And for this cause a-while we must neglect Our holy purpose to Ierusalem. Cosin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold

At Windsor, and so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be said, and to be done,

Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will my Liege.

Exeunt

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falftaffe, and Pointz.

Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truly know. What a diuell hast thou to do with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the signes of Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire hot Wench in Flame-coloured Tassata; I see no reason, why thou shouldest bee so superstuous, to demaund the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that take Purses, go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by Phæbus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace, Maiesty I should say, for Grace thou wilte

haue none.

Prin. What, none?

as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Fal. No, not fo much as will ferue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be Dianaes Forrefters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of good Gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chast mistris the Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.

Prin. Thou fay'ft well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and flow like the Sea, beeing gouerned as the Sea is, by the Moone: as for proofe. Now a Purfe of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by: and spent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow

Fal. Thou fay'ft true Lad: and is not my Hostesse of the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe-Ierkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Ho-ftesse of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft.

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile give thee thy due, thou hast paid al there. Prin. Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would stretch, and where it would not, I have vs'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou art King? and resolution thus sobb'd as it is, with the rustic curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theese.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgest false already. I meane, thou shalt have the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well Hal, well: and in some fort it impes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell

Prin. For obtaining of fuites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of fuites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

Prin. What fay'ft thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore-Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most vnsauoury smiles, and art indeed the most comparative rascallest sweet yong Prince. But Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the street about you sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

Prin. Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vnto me Hall, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man shold speake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for never a Kings sonne in Christendome.

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, lacke? Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me Villaine, and bassile me.

Prin. I fee a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my Vocation Hal: 'Tis no fin for a

man to labour in his Vocation.

Pointz. Now shall wee know if Gads hill have set a Watch. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine, that ever cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow Ned.

Pointz.

Poines. Good morrow fweet Hal. What fales Monfieur Remorfe? What fayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar: Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou foldest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuel shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs:

He will give the divell his due.

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prin. Else he had damn'd for cozening the diuell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I haue bespoke Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stuffe your Purses full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not,

He hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honefty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well faid.

Prin. Well, come what will, He tarry at home. Fal. He be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poyn. Sir Iohn, I prythee leave the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe fuch reasons for this adventure, that

he shall go.

Fal. Well, maift thou have the Spirit of perswasion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may move; and what he heares may be believed, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) prove a false theese; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farwell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Prin. Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown

Summer

Poy. Now, my good fweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I have a iest to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. Falstaffe, Haruey, Rossill, and Gads-bill, shall robbe those men that wee have already way-layde, your selfe and I, wil not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prin. But how shal we part with them in setting forth? Poyn. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleafure to faile; and then will they aduenture vppon the exploit rhemselues, which they shall have no sooner atchieued, but wee'l set vpon them.

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to

be our felues.

Poy. Tut our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and sirrah, I haue Cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as

true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he fees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this Iest will be, the incomprehensible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the lest.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape,

there Ile fup. Farewell.

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord. Exit Pointz

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold The vnyoak'd humor of your idlenesse: Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne, Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes To smother vp his Beauty from the world, That when he please againe to be himselfe, Being wanted, he may be more wondred at, By breaking through the foule and vgly mists Of vapours, that did feeme to strangle him. If all the yeare were playing holidaies, To fport, would be as tedious as to worke; But when they seldome come, they wisht-for come, And nothing pleafeth but rare accidents. So when this loofe behauiour I throw off, And pay the debt I neuer promifed; By how much better then my word I am, By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes, And like bright Mettall on a fullen ground: My reformation glittering o're my fault, Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes, Then that which hath no foyle to fet it off. Ile so offend, to make offence a skill, Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspurre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate, Vnapt to stirre at these indignities, And you have sound me; for accordingly, You tread vpon my patience: But be sure, I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe, Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe, And therefore lost that Title of respect, Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deserues The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it, And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands

Haue holpe to make fo portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do see Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O fir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moody Frontier of a servant brow,
You have good leave to leave vs. When we need
Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you.
You were about to speake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Those

Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded,
Which Harry Percy heere at Holmedon tooke,
Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied
As was deliuered to your Maiesty:
Who either through enuy, or misprisson,
Was guilty of this sault; and not my Sonne.
Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,

When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle, Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword, Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest; Fresh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt, Shew'd like a stubble Land at Haruest-home.

He was perfumed like a Milliner,

And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held A Pouncet-box: which euer and anon

He gaue his Nose, and took't away againe: Who therewith angry, when it next came there, Tooke it in Snuffe: And still he smil'd and talk'd:

And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by, He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly, To bring a flouenly vnhandsome Coarse

Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady tearme

He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe. I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold,

(To be fo peftered with a Popingay)
Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,
Anfwer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,

He should or should not: For he made me mad, To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,

And talke so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman, Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God saue the marke; And telling me, the Soueraign'st thing on earth

Was Parmacity, for an inward bruife: And that it was great pitty, fo it was, That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd

Out of the Bowels of the harmleffe Earth, Which many a good Tall Fellow had deftroy'd So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes,

He would himselfe have beene a Souldier. This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord) Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.)

And I befeech you, let not this report Come currant for an Accusation,

Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maiesty.

Blunt. The circumstance confidered, good my Lord,

What euer Harry Percie then had faid, To fuch a person, and in such a place, At such a time, with all the rest retold, May reasonably dye, and neuer rise

To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he faid, fo he vnfay it now.

King Why yet doth deny his Prifones

King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Prouiso and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, shall ransome straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish Mortimer,
Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betraid
The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight,
Against the great Magitian, damn'd Glendower:
Whose daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?

Shall we buy Treason and indent with Feares, When they have lost and forseyted themselves.

No: on the barren Mountaine let him sterue: For I shall neuer hold that man my Friend, Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost To ransome home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer?

He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege, But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true, Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds, Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,

When on the gentle Seuernes fiedgie banke, In fingle Opposition hand to hand,

He did confound the best part of an houre

In changing hardiment with great Glendomer: Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink

Vpon agreement, of fwift Seuernes flood; Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes, Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds, And hid his crifpe-head in the hollow banke,

Blood-stained with these Valiant Combatants.
Neuer did base and rotten Policy

Colour her working with fuch deadly wounds; Nor neuer could the Noble Mortimer

Receive fo many, and all willingly: Then let him not be fland'red with Revolt.

King. Thou do'ft bely him Percy, thou dost bely him;

He neuer did encounter with Glendower: I tell thee, he durft as well haue met the diuell alone, As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not assamid? But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer.
Sand me your Prisoner with the speaking means

Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes, Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me As will displease ye. My Lord Northumberland,

As will displease ye. My Lord Northumberland, We License your departure with your sonne,

Send vs your Prisoners, or you'l heare of it. Exit King.

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them

I will not fend them. I will after straight And tell him so: for I will ease my heart, Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choller? stay & pause awhile, Heere comes your Vnckle. Enter Worcester.

Heere comes your Vnckle. Ent.

Hot. Speake of Mortimer?

Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him. In his behalfe, Ile empty all these Veines, And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust, But I will lift the downfall Mortimer

As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King, As this Ingrate and Cankred Bullingbrooke.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will (forfooth)haue all my Prifoners:

And when I vrg'd the ranfom once againe Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale, And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
Vpon his Irish Expedition:

From whence he intercepted, did returne To be depos'd, and shortly murthered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth Liue scandaliz'd, and fouly spoken of.

е

Hot.

Hot. But foft I pray you; did King Richard then Proclaime my brother Mortimer, Heyre to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Coufin King, That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd. But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne Vpon the head of this forgetfull man, And for his fake, wore the detefted blot Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be, That you a world of curses vndergoe, Being the Agents, or base second meanes, The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather? O pardon, if that I descend so low, To shew the Line, and the Predicament Wherein you range vnder this subtill King. Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes, Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come, That men of your Nobility and Power, Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe (As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done) To put downe Richard, that fweet louely Rose, And plant this Thorne, this Canker Bullingbrooke? And shall it in more shame be further spoken, That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off By him, for whom these shames ye underwent? No : yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues Into the good Thoughts of the world againe. Revenge the geering and disdain'd contempt Of this proud King, who studies day and night To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you, Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths: Therefore I fay-

Wor. Peace Coufin, fay no more.
And now I will vnclaspe a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyuing Difcontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and adventurous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnftedfast footing of a Speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or finke or fwimme: Send danger from the East vnto the West, So Honor crosse it from the North to South, And let them grapple: The blood more stirres To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.

Nor. Imagination of fome great exploit, Driues him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heaven, me thinkes it were an easie leap, To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone, Or dive into the bottome of the deepe, Where Fadome-line could never touch the ground, And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes: So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare Without Co-rivall, all her Dignities: But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here, But not the forme of what he should attend: Good Cousin give me audience for a-while,

And lift to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all. By heauen, he shall not have a Scot of them: No, if a Scot would save his Soule, he shall not. Ile keepe them, by this Hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no eare vnto my purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said, he would not ransome Mortimer:
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer.
But I will sinde him when he lyes assepe,
And in his eare, Ile holla Mortimer.
Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you Coufin: a word.

Hot. All studies heere I folemnly desie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wakes.
But that I thinke his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have poyson'd him with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell Kinfman: Ile talke to you When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongu'd & impatient soole Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood, Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & fcourg'd with rods, Netled, and flung with Pilmires, when I heare Of this vile Politician Bullingbrooke.

In Richards time: What de'ye call the place?
A plague vpon't, it is in Gloustershire:
'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this Bullingbrooke:
When you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh.

Nor. At Barkley Castle.

Hor. You fay true:
Why what a caudie deale of curtesse,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me.
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde Cousin:
O, the Diuell take such Couzeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, too't againe,

Wee'l stay your leyfure.

Hot. I have done infooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners. Deliuer them vp without their ransome straight, And make the Domplas sonne your onely meane For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons Which I shall send you written, be affur'd Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl y'd, Shall secretly into the bosome creepe Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd, The Archbishop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at Brifton, the Lord Scroope.
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely stayes but to behold the sace
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it:

Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.

Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot,

And

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke To ioyne with Mortimer, Ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd. Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed, To faue our heads, by raifing of a Head: For, beare our felues as euen as we can, The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt, And thinke, we thinke our felues vnsatisfied, Till he hath found a time to pay vs home. And fee already, how he doth beginne To make vs. strengers to his lookes of loue.

Hot. He does, he does; wee'l be reueng'd on him. Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this, Then I by Letters shall direct your course When time is ripe, which will be fodainly: Ile steale to Glendomer, and loe, Mortimer, Where you, and Domglas, and our powres at once, As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,

To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,

Which now we hold at much vncertainty.

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust. Hot. Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be short, Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our fport. exit

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be hang'd. Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What Offler?

Off. Anon, anon.

I.Car. I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poore Iade is wrung in the withers, out of all ceffe.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Peafe and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to give poore lades the Bottes: This house is turned vpfide downe fince Robin the Offler

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer joy'd fince the price of oats

rose, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this is the most villanous house in al London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

I. Car. Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Chriftendome, could be better bit, then I have beene fince the first Cocke.

2.Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iourden, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What Offler, come away, and be hangd: come away.

2. Car. I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing-croffe.

I. Car. The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued. What Oftler? A plague on thee, haft thou neuer an eye in thy head? Can'st not heare? And t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke? Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gel-

ding in the stable.

1. Car. Nay foft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. Car. I, when, canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth-a) marry Ile fee thee hang'd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come

2. Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugges, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine? Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou variest no more from picking of Purfes, then giving direction, doth from labouring. Thou

lay'ft the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Mafter Gads-Hill, it holds currant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarks,

Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S. Nicholas as tru-

ly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir Iohn hangs with mee, and thou know'ft hee's no Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that y dream'ft not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole. I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe fix-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purplehu'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie; Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can holde in, fuch as, will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke fooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Commonwealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her:for they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will

fhe hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will; Iustice hath liquor'd her. We fleale as in a Castle, cockfure: we have the receit of Fernfeede, we walke inuifible.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking in-

Gad. Giue me thy hand.

Thou shalt have a share in our purpose,

As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a false Theefe.

Gad. Goe too: Homo is a common name to all men. Bid the Offler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy Knaue.

e 2

Scena

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I have removed Falstafs Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prin. Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Poines, Poines, and be hang'd Poines.

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe.

Fal. What Poines. Hal?

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go feek

Fal. I am accurft to rob in that Theefe company: that Rascall hath removed my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travell but foure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue, I have forfworne his company hourely any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not given me medicines to make me loue him, Ile behang'd; it could not be else: I have drunke Medicines. Poines, Hal, a Plague vpon you both. Bardolph, Peto: Ile starue ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leave these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threescore & ten miles afoot with me : and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another. They Whistle.

Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horse you

Rogues: give me my Horse, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of

Trauellers

Fal. Haue you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far asoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou ly'ft, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted. Fal. I prethee good Prince Hal, help me to my horse,

good Kings fonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Offler?

Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparant-Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a lest is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poin. O'tis our Setter, I know his voyce :

Bardelfe, what newes?

Bar. Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauern.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To he hang'd.

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: Ned and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten. Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir Iohn Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not Iohn of Gaunt your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, Hal.

Prin. Wee'l leave that to the proofe.

Poin. Sirra Iacke, thy horse stands behinde the hedg, when thon need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Farewell, and stand saft.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our difguifes? Poin. Heere hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: euery man to his businesse.

Enter Trauellers.

Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot a while, and ease our Legges.

Theeues. Stay.
Tra. Iefu bleffe vs.

Fal. Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorfon Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer. Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Bacons, on, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are Grand Iurers, are ye? Wee'l iure ye isaith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prin. The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good iest for euer.

Poynes. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeues againe.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horsse before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no moe valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set upon them. They all run away, leaving the booty behind them.

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Theeues are scattred, and possess with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his sellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wer't not for laughing, I should pitty him.

Poin. How the Rogue roar'd.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well contented to be there, in respect of the love I beare your house.

He

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me fee some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous. Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to fleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertaine, the Time it selfe unsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition. Say you io, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lackebraine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendour? Is there not besides, the Domglas? Haue I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall fee now in very fincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O,I could divide my felfe, and go to buffets, for moving fuch a dish of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will fet forwards to night.

Enter bis Lady.

How now Kate, I must leave you within these two hours. La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight bin A banish'd woman from my Harries bed? Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee Thy ftomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe? Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth? And ftart so often when thou fitt'ft alone? Why haft thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes? And given my Treasures and my rights of thee, To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly? In my faint-flumbers, I by thee haue watcht, And heard thee murmore tales of Iron Warres: Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed, Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents, Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets, Of Bafiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin, Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slaine, And all the current of a headdy fight. Thy fpirit within thee hath beene fo at Warre, And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleepe, That beds of fweate hath stood vpon thy Brow, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame; And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we fee when men restraine their breath On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these? Some heavie bufinesse hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it : else he loues me not. Hot. What ho; Is Gilliams with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses fro the Sheriffe?

Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him straight. Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the Parke. La. But heare you, my Lord.

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What Horse? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not.

Hot. What fay'st thou my Lady? La. What is it carries you away? Hot. Why, my horse (my Loue) my horse.

Ser. It is my Lord.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not fuch a deale of Spleene, as you are toft with. In footh Ile know your bufinesse Harry, that I will. I feare my Brother Mortimer doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go-

Hot. So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Loue.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeede Ile breake thy little finger Harry, if thou wilt not tel me true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate: this is no world To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips. We must have bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes, And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse. What fay'ft thou Kate? what wold'ft thou have with me?

La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed? Well, do not then. For fince you loue me not, I will not loue my felfe. Do you not loue me? Nay, tell me if thou speak'ft in iest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a-horsebacke, I will sweare I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you Kate, I must not have you henceforth, question me, Whether I go: nor reason whereabout. Whether I must, I must: and to conclude, This Euening must I leave thee, gentle Kate. I know you wife, but yet no further wife Then Harry Percies wife. Constant you are, But yet a woman: and for secrecie, No Lady closer. For I will beleeue Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'ft not know, And fo farre wilt I trust thee, gentle Kate.

La. How so farre? Hot. Not an inch further. But harke you Kate, Whither I go, thither shall you go too: To day will I fet forth, to morrow you. Will this content you Kate?

La. It must of force.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. Where hast bene Hall?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or fourescore Hogsheads. I have sounded the verie base string of humility. Sirra, I am fworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis. They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curtefie: telling me flatly I am no proud Iack like Falstaffe, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command al the good Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then

they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am fo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but fweet Ned, to fweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then Eight shillings and fix pence, and, You are welcome: with this shril addition, Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe Moone, or so. But Ned, to drive away time till Falstaffe come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leave calling Francis, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon : ftep aside, and Ile shew thee a President.

Poines. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon fir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, Ralfe.

Prince. Come hither Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long haft thou to ferue, Francis?

Fran. Forfooth five yeares, and as much as to-

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon fir.

Prin. Five yeares: Berlady a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord fir, Ile be fworne vpon all the Books in

England, I could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon fir.

Prin. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe-

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon fir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord fir, I would it had bene two.

Prin. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis,

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

Fran. O Lord fir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet will fulley. In Barbary fir, it cannot come to fo much.

Fran. What fir?

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call? Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a cal-

ling? Looke to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir Iohn with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore.

Enter Poines.

Poin. Anon, anon fir.

Prin. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theeues, are at

the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match have you made with this iest of the Drawer? Come, what's the iffue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that have shewed them_ selues humors, fince the old dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelve a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon fir.

Prin. That euer this Fellow should have fewer words then a Parret, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is vp-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies mind, the Hotspurre of the North, he that killes me some fixe or seauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and saies to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my fweet Harry fayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, He play Percy, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Rivo, sayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poin. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I fay, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, He fowe nether stockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou never see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didft, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too:there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring : there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I fay. I would I were a Weauer, I could fing all manner of fongs. A plague of all Cowards, I fay still.

Prin. How now Woolfacke, what mntter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geefe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horson round man? what's the matter? Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and Poines there?

Prin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile fee thee damn'd ere I call the Coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe : Call you that

that backing of your friends? a plague vpon fuch backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, fince

thou drunk'ft laft.

Falft. All's one for that. He drinkes.

A plague of all Cowards still, fay I. Prince. What's the matter?

Falst. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, Iack? where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hofe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, ecce fignum. I neuer dealt better fince I was a man : all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or leffe then truth, they are villaines, and the fonnes of darknesse.

Prince. Speake firs, how was it?

Gad. We foure fet vpon some dozen.

Falft. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falft. You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew elfe, an Ebrew Iew.

Gad. As we were sharing, some fixe or seuen fresh men fet vpon vs.

Falft. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the

Prince. What, fought yee with them all?

Falft. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde Iack, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heauen, you have not murthered some of

them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am fure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou fayd'ft but two, euen now.

Falft. Foure Hal, I told thee foure.

Poin. I,I,he said foure.

Falft. These foure came all a-front, and mainely thrust at me : I made no more adoe, but tooke all their feuen points in my Targuet, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Falft. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falft. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Falft. Doeft thou heare me, Hal? Prin. I, and marke thee too, Iack.

Falft. Doe fo, for it is worth the liftning too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more alreadie.

Falft. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hofe.

Falft. Began to give me ground: but I followed me

close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prin. O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne

out of two?

Falst. But as the Deuill would have it, three mis-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me; for it was fo darke, Hal, that thou could'ft not see thy Hand.

Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, groffe as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Claybrayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horson ob-

scene greasie Tallow Catch.

Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the

truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'ft thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was fo darke, thou could'ft not fee thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what fay'ft thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reason Iack, your reason.
Falst. What, your compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this finne. This fanguine Coward, this Bed-presser, this Hors-back-breaker,

this huge Hill of Flesh.

Falft. Away you Starueling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-pissell, you stocke-fish:O for breth to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath you Bow-case, you vile standing tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou haft tyr'd thy felfe in base comparisons, heare

me speake but thus.

Poin. Marke lacke. Prin. We two, faw you foure fet on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you in the House. And Falstaffe, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy fword as thou hast done, and then fay it was in fight. What trick? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

Poines. Come, let's heare Iacke: What tricke haft

thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall thinke the better of my felfe, and thee, during my life : I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Mony. Hostesse, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play extempory.

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy runing away.

Fal. A, no more of that Hall, and thou louest me.

Enter Hostesse.

Hoft. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin.

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what say'st

Hostesse. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would speake with you: hee sayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and fend him backe againe to my Mother.

Falft. What manner of man is hee?

Hostesse. An old man.

Falst. What doth Gravitie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his answere?

Prin. Prethee doe Iacke.

Falft. 'Faith, and Ile fend him packing. Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire; so did you Peto, so did you Bardol: you are Lyons too, you ranne away vpon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ranne when I saw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earnest, how came Falstaffes Sword fo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and faid, hee would fweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Nofes with Spear-graffe, to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven yeeres before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou stolest a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer fince thou hast blusht extempore : thou hadst fire and fword on thy fide, and yet thou ranst away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you fee these Meteors? doe you behold these Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend? Prin. Hot Livers, and cold Purses. Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaffe.

Heere comes leane Iacke, heere comes bare-bone. How now my fweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe,

Iacke, fince thou faw'ft thine owne Knee?

Falst. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waste, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of fighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder-There's villanous Newes abroad : heere was Sir Iohn Braby from your Father; you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and hee of Wales, that gaue Amamon the Bastinado, and made Lucifer Cuckold, and fwore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Croffe of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, Glendower.

Falft. Owen, Owen; the same, and his Sonne in Law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and the sprightly Scot of Scots, Dowglas, that runnes a Horse-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pistoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falft. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falft. Well, that Rascall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a Rascall art thou then, to prayse him fo for running?

Falft. A Horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes Iacke, vpon instinct.
Falft. I grant ye, vpon instinct: Well, hee is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blew-Cappes more. Worcester is stolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill bufferting hold, wee shall buy Maiden-heads as

they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.

Falst. By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like wee shall have good trading that way. But tell me Hal, art not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three fuch Enemyes againe, as that Fiend Domglas, that Spirit Percy, and that Deuill Glendower? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy instinct.

Falft. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou commest to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answere.

Prin. Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine mee

vpon the particulars of my Life.

Falst. Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Ioyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich

Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moued. Give me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King Cambyses vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falst. And heere is my speech : stand aside Nobilitie.

Hostesse. This is excellent sport, yfaith.

Falft. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hostesse. O the Father, how hee holdes his counte-

Falft. For Gods fake Lords, convey my truffull Queen, For teares doe stop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hostesse. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players, as euer I fee.

Falft. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I have partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefely, a villanous tricke of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point : why, being Sonne to me, art thou fo poynted at? Shall the bleffed Sonne of Heaven proue a Micher, and eate Black-berryes? a question not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the companie thou keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Pasfion; not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Ma-

iestie ?

A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a chearefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or (byrlady) inclining to threescore; and now I remember mee, his Name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lewdly given, hee deceiues mee; for Harry, I fee Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that Falstaffe: him keepe with, the rest banish. And tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where haft thou beene this moneth?

Prin. Do'ft thou speake like a King? doe thou stand

for mee, and Ile play my Father.

Falst. Depose me: if thou do'ft it halfe so grauely, so maiestically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-fucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.
Falst. And heere I stand: iudge my Masters.

Prin. Now Harry, whence come you? Falf. My Noble Lord, from East-cheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, Ile tickle

ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'ft thou converse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beaftlinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuft Cloakebagge of Guts, that rosted Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reversed that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you:

whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abhominable mis-leader of Youth, Falstaffe, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou do'ft.

Falst. But to fay, I know more harme in him then in my felfe, were to fay more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it: but that hee is (fauing your reuerence) a Whore-master, that I vtterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a finne, then many an olde Hoste that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then Pharaohs leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poines: but for sweete Iacke Falstaffe, kinde Iacke Falstaffe, true Iacke Falstaffe, valiant Iacke Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde Iack Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harryes companie, banish not him thy Harryes companie; banish plumpe Iacke, and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most most monstrous Watch, is at the doore.

Falft. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to fay in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the HostesTe.

Hostesse. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falft. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddlesticke: what's the matter?

Hostesse. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to fearch the House, shall I let

Falft. Do'ft thou heare Hal, neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art effentially made, without feeming fo.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without in-

Falst. I deny your Maior: if you will deny the Sherife, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp : I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter, as ano-

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falft. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sherife, what is your will with

She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince. What men?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groffe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe affure you, is not heere, For I my felfe at this time haue imploy'd him: And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinner time, Send him to answere thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall: And fo let me entreat you, leave the house.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Haue in this Robberie lost three hundred Markes,

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke.

Prince. This oyly Rascall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto. Falstaffe? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and fnorting like a Horfe.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: fearch his Pockets.

He fearcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what be they? reade them.

Peto. Item, a Capon.

Item, Sawce.

Item, Sacke, two Gallons.

Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper.

Item, Bread.

ii.s.ii.d.

v.s.viii.d.

ii.s.vi.d.

ob.

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is else, keepe close, wee'le reade it at more advantage: there let him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning: Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelve-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotfp. Lord Mortimer, and Coufin Glendower,

Will you fit downe?

And Vnckle Worcester; a plague vpon it,

I have forgot the Mappe. Glend. No, here it is:

Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hot spurre:

For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising figh,

He wisheth you in Heauen.

Hotfp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Omen Glen-

dower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie, The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes, Of burning Cresses: and at my Birth, The frame and foundation of the Earth

Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot p. Why so it would have done at the same season, if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe had never beene borne.

Glend. I fay the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glend. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did

tremble.

Hoth. Oh, then the Earth shooke
To see the Heauens on fire,
And not in seare of your Nativitie.
Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of varuly Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe

Steeples, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth, Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperature, In passion shooke.

Glend. Coufin: of many men

1 doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heauen was sull of serie shapes,
The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted sields:
These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courses of my Life doe shew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,
Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot fp. I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh: Ile to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Coufin Percy, you will make him mad. Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe. Hotsp. Why so can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Coufin, to command the

Devill.

Hath And I can teach thee Coulin to theme the De

Hots. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuil, By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Deuill. If thou have power to rayse him, bring him hither, And Ile be sworne, I have power to shame him hence. Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye, And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hotsp. Home without Bootes,
And in foule Weather too,
How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name?
Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:
Shall were divide our Picht.

Shall wee divide our Right,
According to our three-fold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath divided it
Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto, By South and East, is to my part assign'd: All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore, And all the fertile Land within that bound, To Omen Glendomer: And deare Couze, to you The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent. And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:

Which being fealed enterchangeably,
(A Businesse that this Night may execute)
To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I,

And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth, To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power, As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury. My Father Glendomer is not readie yet,

Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteene dayes: Within that space, you may have drawne together Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords: And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come, From whom you now must steale, and take no leave, For there will be a World of Water shed,

Vpon

Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.

Hot p. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this Riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cantle out.
Ile haue the Currant in this place damn'd vp,
And here the smug and Siluer Trent shall runne,
In a new Channell, faire and euenly:
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a Bottome here.

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his course,
And runnes me vp, with like advantage on the other side,
Gelding the opposed Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here, And on this North fide winne this Cape of Land, And then he runnes straight and euen.

Hotfp. Ile haue it so, a little Charge will doe it.

Glend: Ile not haue it alter'd.

Hot/p. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not..

Hot/p. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hotsp. Let me not understand you then, speake it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you: For I was trayn'd vp in the English Court; Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe Many an English Dittie, louely well, And gaue the Tongue a helpefull Ornament; A Vertue that was neuer seene in you.

Hotf. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart, I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers:
I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;
'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot f. I doe not care: Ile give thrice so much Land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,

Ile cavill on the ninth part of a hayre.

Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moone shines faire, You may away by Night: Ile haste the Writer; and withall,

Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you crosse my Father.

Hotf. I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me, With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant, Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies; And of a Dragon, and a finne-leffe Fish, A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Rauen, A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat, And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuffe, As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what, He held me last Night, at least, nine howres, In reckning vp the seuerall Deuils Names, That were his Lacqueyes:

I cry'd hum, and well, goe too, But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife, Worse then a smoakie House. I had rather liue With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre, Then seede on Cates, and have him talke to me, In any Summer-House in Christendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman, Exceeding well read, and profited, In strange Concealements:
Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable, And as bountifull, as Mynes of India. Shall I tell you, Cousin, He holds your temper in a high respect, And curbes himselfe, euen of his naturall scope, When you doe crosse his humor: faith he does. I warrant you, that man is not aliue, Might so have tempted him, as you have done, Without the taste of danger, and reproofe: But doe not wie it oft, let me entreat you.

Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame, And fince your comming hither, have done enough, To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood, And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
Desect of Manners, want of Gouernment,
Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Dissaine:
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaves behinde a stayne
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot/p. Well, I am school'd: Good-manners be your speede; Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly fpight, that angers me,
My Wife can fpeake no English, I no Welsh.
Glend.My Daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you,
Shee'le be a Souldier too, shee'le to the Warres.
Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answeres him in the same.

Glend. Shee is desperate heere: A peeuish selfe-will'd Harlotry, One that no perswasion can doe good vpon.

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh Which thou powr'st down from these swelling Heauens, I am too perfect in: and but for shame, In such a parley should I answere thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thou mine, And that's a feeling disputation: But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue, Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Makes

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With rauishing Division to her Lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne madde.

The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this. Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heauinesse;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.

Mort. With all my heart he sit and heare her sit

Mort. With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing: By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.

Glend. Doe so:
And those Mustians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hotsp. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe: Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.

Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musicke playes.

Hot. D. Now I perceive the Deuill vnderstands Welsh, And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous: Byrlady hee's a good Musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Muficall, For you are altogether governed by humors: Lye still ye Theese, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hotfp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Irish.

Lady. Would'st have thy Head broken?

Hot B. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hoth. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.

Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Hotfp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hotfp. Peace, shee sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hotf. Come, Ile haue your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good footh.

Hotf. Not yours, in good footh?

You fweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:

Not you, in good footh; and, as true as I liue;
And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
And giuest such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'st surther then Finsbury.

Sweare me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in footh,
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Veluet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.

Come, fing.

Lady. I will not fing.

Hoth. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Redbrest teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away within these two howres: and so come in, when yee will.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as flow, As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe.

By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but feale,
And then to Horfe immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

Execunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must haue some private conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall presently have neede of you.

Execunt Lords.

I know not whether Heauen will haue it fo,
For fome displeasing service I haue done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'le breede Revengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,
Make me beleeve, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heaven
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their levell with thy Princely heart?

Prince. So please your Maiesty, I would I could Quit all offences with as cleare excuse, As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge My selfe of many I am charg'd withall: Yet such extenuation let me begge, As in reproofe of many Tales deuis'd, Which oft the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare, By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers; I may for some things true, wherein my youth Hath saultie wandred, and irregular, Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. Heauen pardon thee: Yet let me wonder, Harry, At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors. Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost, Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de; And art almost an alien to the hearts Of all the Court and Princes of my blood. The hope and expectation of thy time Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall. Had I so lauish of my presence beene, So common hackney'd in the eyes of men, So stale and cheape to vulgar Company; Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne, Had still kept loyall to possession, And left me in reputelesse banishment, A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood. By being feldome feene, I could not stirre, But like a Comet, I was wondred at,

That

That men would tell their Children, This is hee: Others would fay; Where, Which is Bullingbrooke. And then I stole all Courtesie from Heauen, And drest my selfe in such Humilitie, That I did plucke Allegeance from mens hearts, Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes, Euen in the presence of the Crowned King. Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new, My Presence like a Robe Pontificall, Ne're seene, but wondred at: and so my State, Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast, And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie. The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe, With shallow Iesters, and rash Bauin Wits, Soone kindled, and foone burnt, carded his State, Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles, Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes, And gaue his Countenance, against his Name, To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push Of euery Beardlesse vaine Comparative; Grew a Companion to the common Streetes, Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularitie: That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes, They furfeted with Honey, and began to loathe The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little More then a little, is by much too much. So when he had occasion to be seene, He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune, Heard, not regarded: feene but with fuch Eyes, As ficke and blunted with Communitie, Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze, Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie, When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes: But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe, Slept in his Face, and rendred fuch aspect As Cloudie men vse to doe to their aduersaries, Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full. And in that very Line, Harry, standest thou: For thou hast lost thy Princely Priviledge, With vile participation. Not an Eye But is awearie of thy common fight, Saue mine, which hath defir'd to fee thee more: Which now doth that I would not have it doe, Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesse.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,

Be more my felfe.

King. For all the World, As thou art to this houre, was Richard then, When I from France fet foot at Rauenspurgh; And euen as I was then, is Percy now: Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot, He hath more worthy interest to the State Then thou, the shadow of Succession; For of no Right, nor colour like to Right. He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme, Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iawes; And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou, Leades ancient Lords, and reverent Bishops on To bloody Battailes, and to brufing Armes. What neuer-dying Honor hath he got, Against renowned Domglas? whose high Deedes, Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes, Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie, And Militarie Title Capitali. Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ, Thrice hath the Hotspur Mars, in swathing Clothes,

This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises, Discomfited great Donglas, ta'ne him once, Enlarged him, and made a friend of him, To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp, And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne. And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland, The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, Donglas, Mortimer, Capitulate against vs, and are vp. But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee? Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my Foes, Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemie? Thou, that art like enough, through vaffall Feare, Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene, To fight against me vnder Percies pay, To dogge his heeles, and curtie at his frownes, To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Doe not thinke fo, you shall not finde it so: And Heauen forgive them, that so much have sway'd Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me: I will redeeme all this on Percies head, And in the closing of some glorious day, Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne, When I will weare a Garment all of Blood, And staine my fauours in a bloody Maske: Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it. And that shall be the day, when ere it lights, That this same Child of Honor and Renowne, This gallant Hotspur, this all-praysed Knight, And your vnthought-of Harry chance to meet: For every Honor fitting on his Helme, Would they were multitudes, and on my head My shames redoubled. For the time will come, That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange His glorious Deedes for my Indignities: Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord, To engroffe vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe: And I will call him to fo strict account, That he shall render every Glory vp. Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time, Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart. This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here: The which, if I performe, and doe furuiue, I doe beseech your Maiestie, may salue The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature: If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands, And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths, Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this: Thou shalt have Charge, and soueraigne trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good Blunt? thy Lookes are full of speed. Blunt. So hath the Bufinesse that I come to speake of. Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath fent word, That Donglas and the English Rebels met The eleventh of this moneth, at Shrewsbury: A mightie and a fearefull Head they are, (If Promifes be kept on every hand) As euer offered foule play in a State. King. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day: With him my fonne, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, For this aduertisement is fine dayes old. On Wednesday next, Harry thou shalt set forward: On Thursday, wee our felues will march. Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and Harry, you shall march

Through

Through Glocestershire: by which account, Our Bufineffe valued fome twelue dayes hence, Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete. Our Hands are full of Businesse: let's away, Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, am I not falne away vilely, fince this last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loofe Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple Iohn. Ile repent, and that fuddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-fide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath beene the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot live

Falft. Why there is it: Come, fing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good compasse: and now I live out of all order, out of compasse.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir Iohn, that you must needes bee out of all compasse; out of all reasonable

compasse, Sir Iohn.

Falf. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir Iohn, my Face does you no harme.

Falft. No, Ile be fworne: I make as good vie of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memento Mori. I neuer see thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and Diues that lived in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to vertue, I would fweare by thy Face; my Oath should bee, By this Fire: But thou art altogether given ouer; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darkenesse. When thou ran'st vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst beene an Ignis fatuus, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlasting Bone-fire-Light: thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I have maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly. Falst. So should I be fure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostesse. How now, Dame Partlet the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hostesse. Why Sir Iohn, what doe you thinke, Sir Iohn? doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my House? I have fearch'd, I have enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tight of a hayre was neuer lost in my house before.

Falft. Ye lye Hostesse: Bardolph was shau'd, and lost many a hayre; and Ile be fworne my Pocket was pick'd:

goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hostesse. Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd so in mine owne house before.

Falft. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hostesse. No, Sir Iohn, you doe not know me, Sir Iohn: I know you, Sir Iohn: you owe me Money, Sir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falst. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I have given them away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of

Hostesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir Iohn, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falst. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hostesse. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath no-

Falft. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd? I have lost a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marke.

Hostesse. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not

how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falft. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would fay fo.

> Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets bim, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Falst. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion. Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What fay'ft thou, Mistresse Quickly? How does thy Husband? I love him well, hee is an honest

Hostesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Falft. Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.

Prince. What fay'ft thou, Iacke?
Falft. The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Tacke?

Falft. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hoft. So I told him, my Lord; and I faid, I heard your Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and faid, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not?

Hoft. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Falft. There's

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then a stu'de Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go, you nothing: go.

Hoft. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falf. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on. Hoft. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Falft. Setting thy woman-hood afide, thou art a beaft

to fay otherwise.

Hoft. Say, what beaft, thou knaue thou? Fal. What beaft? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, fir Iohn? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to have her.

Hoft . Thou art vniust man in saying so ; thou, or anie man knowes where to have me, thou knaue thou.

Prince. Thou fay'ft true Hostesse, and he slanders thee most grossely.

Hoft. So he doth you, my Lord, and fayde this other day, You ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falft. A thousand pound Hal? A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million : thou ow'ft me thy loue.

Hoft. Nay my Lord, he call'd you lacke, and faid hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bar. Indeed Sir Iohn, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he faid my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I fay 'tis Copper. Dar'ft thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why Hal? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare : but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'ft thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father?nay

if I do, let my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should. how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But firra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd vppe with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent imbost Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Recknings, Memorandums of Bawdie-houses, and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other iniuries but these, I am a Villaine : And yet you will fland to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not

Fal. Do'ft thou heare Hal? Thou know'ft in the state of Innocency, Adam fell: and what should poore Iacke Falstaffe do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou seess, I have more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appeares fo by the Story.

Fal. Hostesse, I forgive thee : Go make ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband, Looke to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guests: Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: Thou feest, I am pacified still. Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.

Now Hal, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answered?

Prin. O my sweet Beefe: I must still be good Angell to thee. The Monie is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'ft, and do it with vnwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee Iacke, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of Horse. Where shal I finde one that can steale well? O, for a fine theefe of two and twentie, or thereabout : I am heynously vnprouided. Wel God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prin. Bardolph. Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster To my Brother Iohn. This to my Lord of Westmerland, Go Peto, to horse : for thou, and I,

Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time. Iacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive Money and Order for their Furniture.

The Land is burning, Percie stands on hye, And either they, or we must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. Hostesse, my breakfast, come :

Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Harrie Hotspurre, Worcester, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well faid, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie, Such attribution should the Domglas haue, As not a Souldiour of this feafons stampe, Should go fo generall currant through the world. By heaven I cannot flatter : I defie The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe. Nay, taske me to my word : approue me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honor: No man fo potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will Beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast there? I can but thanke you.

Meff. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him? Why comes he not himfelfe?

Mes. He cannot come, my Lord,

He is greeuous ficke.

Hot. How? haz he the leyfure to be ficke new In fuch a juftling time? Who leades his power? Vnder whose Gonernment come they along?

f 2

Mes

Meff. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?
Meff. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I fet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first beene whole, Ere he by ficknesse had beene visited:

His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot fp. Sicke 'now? droope now? this ficknes doth infect The very Life-blood of our Enterprife,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Campe.

He writes me here, that inward fickneffe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not fo foone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay fo dangerous and deare a truft
On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.
Yet doth he give vs bold advertifement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainely possest
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your Fathers ficknesse is a mayme to vs.

Hotsp. A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off:
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
Seemes more then we shall finde it.

Were it good, to set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good: for therein should we reade
The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope,
The very List, the very vtmost Bound

Of all our fortunes.

Dong. Faith, and fo wee should,
Where now remaines a sweet reuersion.
We may boldly spend, vpon the hope
Of what is to come in:

A comfort of retyrement liues in this.

Hots. A Randeuous, a Home to flye vnto, If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here: The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt Brookes no division: It will be thought By fome, that know not why he is away That wisedome, loyaltie, and meere dislike Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence. And thinke, how fuch an apprehension May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction, And breede a kinde of question in our cause: For well you know, wee of the offring fide, Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement, And stop all fight-holes, every loope, from whence The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs: This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine, That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare, Before not dreamt of.

Hoth. You strayne too farre.

I rather of his absence make this vse:
It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To push against the Kingdome; with his helpe,
We shall o're-turne it topsie-turny downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole.

Dong. As heart can thinke: There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland, At this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotsp. My Cousin Vernon, welcome by my Soule.
Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Westmerland, seuen thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince Iohn.

Hot fp. No harme: what more?

Vern. And further, I have learn'd,

The King himselse in person hath set forth,

Or hither-wards intended speedily,

With frong and mightic preparation.

With strong and mightie preparation.

Hotsp. He shall be welcome too.

Where is his Sonne, The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales, And his Cumrades, that daft the World afide,

And bid it passe?

Vern. All furnisht, all in Armes,
All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.
I saw young Harry with his Beuer on,
His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered estercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie Pegasus,
And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.

Hotfp. No more, no more,
Worse then the Sunne in March:
This prayse doth nourish Agues: let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:
The mayled Mars shall on his Altar sit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse?
Oh, that Glendower were come.

Ver. There is more newes:
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this foureteene dayes.

Dong. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

Hotsp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be, My Father and Glendomer being both away, The powres of vs, may ferue so great a day. Come, let vs take a muster speedily: Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.

Dow. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scena

Scana Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falft. Bardolph, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: wee'le to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you give me Money, Captaine? Falst. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falft. And if it doe, take it for thy labour : and if it make twentie, take them all, Ile answere the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell.

Falft. If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a fowc't-Gurnet: I haue mif-vs'd the Kings Preffe damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me none but good House-holders, Yeomens Sonnes:enquire me out contracted Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: fuch a Commoditie of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; fuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worse then a struck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they have bought out their services: And now, my whole Charge confifts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but dis-carded vniust Seruingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, revolted Tapsters and Oftlers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and fuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them that have bought out their services: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead bodyes. No eye hath feene fuch skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without seeues: and the Shirt, to say the truth, stolne from my Host of S. Albones, or the Red-Nose Inne-keeper of Dauintry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now blowne Iack? how now Quilt? Falst. What Hal? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill do'ft thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir Iohn,' tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we must away

all to Night.

Falft. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to

Prince. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, Iack, whose fellowes are these that come after?

Falft. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did neuer see such pittifull Rascals.

Falft. Tut, tut, good enough to toffe: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

Westm. I, but Sir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding

poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falft. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be fworne, vnlesse you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But firra, make hafte, Percy is already

Falft. What, is the King encamp'd?

Westm. Hee is, Sir Iohn, I feare wee shall stay too

Falft. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Dowglas, and

Hotsp. Wee'le fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Dowg. You give him then advantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hot/p. Why fay you so? lookes he not for supply?

Vern. So doe wee.

Hot fp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Cousin be aduis'd, stirre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Dowg. You doe not counfaile well: You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no flander, Domglas: by my Life, And I dare well maintaine it with my Life, If well-respected Honor bid me on, I hold as little counsaile with weake feare, As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day lines. Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell, Which of vs feares.

Dong. Yea, or to night. Vern. Content.

Hotsp. To night, say I. Vern. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being me of such great leading as you are That you fore-fee not what impediments Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse Of my Coufin Vernons are not yet come vp, Your Vnckle Worcesters Horse came but to day, And now their pride and mettall is asleepe, Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hotfp. So are the Horses of the Enemie In generall iourney bated, and brought low: The better part of ours are full of rest.

f 3

Wor. The

Wore. The number of the King exceedeth ours: For Gods fake, Coufin, stay till all come in.

> The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt .

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King, If you vouchfafe me hearing, and respect. Hotfp. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt :

And would to God you were of our determination. Some of vs loue you well: and even those some Enuie your great deseruings, and good name, Because you are not of our qualitie,

But stand against vs like an Enemie.

Blunt. And Heaven defend, but still I should stand so, So long as out of Limit, and true Rule, You stand against anounted Maiestie. But to my Charge. The King hath fent to know

The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon You coniure from the Brest of Civill Peace, Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land Audacious Crueltie. If that the King Haue any way your good Deferts forgot, Which he confesseth to be manifold, He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed You shall have your desires, with interest;

And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,

Herein mis-led, by your fuggestion.

Hot fp. The King is kinde: And well wee know, the King Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay. My Father, my Vnckle, and my felfe, Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares: And when he was not fixe and twentie strong, Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low, A poore vnminded Out-law, fneaking home, My Father gaue him welcome to the shore: And when he heard him fweare, and vow to God, He came but to be Duke of Lancaster, To fue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace, With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale; My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mou'd, Swore him affiftance, and perform'd it too. Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him. The more and leffe came in with Cap and Knee, Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages, Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes, Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes, Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him, Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes. He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe, Steps me a little higher then his Vow Made to my Father, while his blood was poore, Vpon the naked fhore at Rauenspurgh: And now (forfooth) takes on him to reforme Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees, That lay too heavie on the Common-wealth; Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face, This feeming Brow of Iustice, did he winne The hearts of all that hee did angle for. Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads Of all the Fauorites, that the absent King In deputation left behinde him heere,

When hee was personall in the Irish Warre. Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this. Hot f. Then to the point. In short time after, hee depos'd the King. Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life: And in the neck of that, task't the whole State. To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman March, Who is, if every Owner were plac'd, Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales, There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited: Difgrac'd me in my happie Victories, Sought to intrap me by intelligence, Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord, In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court, Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong, And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out This Head of safetie; and withall, to prie Into his Title: the which wee finde Too indirect, for long continuance. Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King? Hotsp. Not so, Sir Walter. Wee'le with-draw a while: Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd Some suretie for a safe returne againe, And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle Bring him our purpose: and so farewell. Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue. Hotsp. And't may be, so wee shall. Blunt. Pray Heaven you doe. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michell, beare this fealed Briefe With winged hafte to the Lord Marshall, This to my Coufin Scroope, and all the reft To whom they are directed. If you knew how much they doe import, You would make hafte. Sir Mich. My good Lord, I gueffe their tenor. Arch. Like enough you doe. To morrow, good Sir Michell, is a day, Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury, As I am truly given to vnderstand, The King, with mightie and quick-rayled Power, Meetes with Lord Harry: and I feare, Sir Michell, What with the ficknesse of Northumberland, Whose Power was in the first proportion; And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence, Who with them was rated firmely too, And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies, I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake, To wage an instant tryall with the King. Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare, There is Doroglas, and Lord Mortimer. Arch. No, Mortimer is not there. Sir Mic. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy, And there is my Lord of Worcester, And a Head of gallant Warriors, Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And

Arcb. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne The special head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt;
And many moe Corrivals, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in Armes.

Of estimation, and command in Armes.

Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well opposed Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull tis to seare,

And to preuent the worst, Sir Michell speed;

For if Lord Percy thriue not, ere the King

Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs:

For he hath heard of our Consederacie,

And, tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:

Therefore make hast, I must go write againe

To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir Michell. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstasse.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere Aboue you busky hill: the day lookes pale At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues,
Fortels a Tempest, and a blust'ring day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize, For nothing can seeme soule to those that win.

The Trumpet Sounds.

Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes, As now we meet. You have deceiu'd our trust, And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace, To crush our old limbes in vngentle Steele: This is not well, my Lord, this is not well. What fay you to it? Will you againe vnknit This churlish knot of all-abhorred Warre? And moue in that obedient Orbe againe, Where you did give a faire and naturall light, And be no more an exhall'd Meteor, A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent Of broached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times? Wor. Heare me, my Liege: For mine owne part, I could be well content To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life With quiet houres: For I do protest, I have not fought the day of this dislike. King. You have not fought it: how comes it then? Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it. Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace. Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your lookes Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our House; And yet I must remember you my Lord, We were the first, and dearest of your Friends : For you, my staffe of Office did I breake In Richards time, and poasted day and night

To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I; It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne, That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare The danger of the time. You fwore to vs, And you did fweare that Oath at Doncaster, That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State, Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right, The feate of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster, To this, we fware our aide: But in short space, It rain'd downe Fortune showring on your head, And fuch a floud of Greatnesse fell on you, What with our helpe, what with the absent King, What with the injuries of wanton time, The feeming fufferances that you had borne, And the contrarious Windes that held the King So long in the valucky Irish Warres, That all in England did repute him dead: And from this swarme of faire aduantages, You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd, To gripe the generall fway into your hand, Forgot your Oath to us at Doncaster, And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs fo, As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird, Vieth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest, Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke, That even our Loue durst not come neere your fight For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing We were inforc'd for safety sake, to flye Out of your fight, and raise this present Head, Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe, By vnkinde vsage, dangerous countenance, And violation of all faith and troth Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.

Kin. These things indeede you have articulated, Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches, To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly Innovation:
And neuer yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:
Nor moody Beggars, starving for a time
Of pell mell beyonke and confusion

Of pell-mell hauocke, and confusion. Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a foule Shall pay full dearely for this encounter, If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew, The Prince of Wales doth loyne with all the world In praise of Henry Percie: By my Hopes, This present enterprize set off his head, I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman, More active, valiant, or more valiant yong, More daring, or more bold, is now aliue, To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds. For my part, I may speake it to my shame, I have a Truant beene to Chiualry, And fo I heare, he doth account me too: Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty, I am content that he shall take the oddes Of his great name and estimation, And will, to faue the blood on either fide, Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, fo dare we venter thee,

Albeit, confiderations infinite

Do make against it: No good Worster, no, We love our people well; even those we love That are misled vpon your Cousins part: And will they take the offer of our Grace: Both he, and they, and you; yea, every man Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his. So tell your Cousin, and bring me word, What he will do. But if he will not yeeld, Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs, And they shall do their Office. So bee gone, We will not now be troubled with reply, We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life, The Domglas and the Hotspurre both together, Are confident against the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,
For on their answer will we set on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cause is suft.

Exeunt.

Manet Prince and Falfaffe.
Fal. Hal, if thou fee me downe in the battell,
And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.
Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that frendship
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time Hal, and all well. Prin. Why, thou ow'ft heaven a death.

Falft. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him before his day. What neede I bee so forward with him, that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an arme? No: Or take away the greese of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wednesday. Doth he seele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it insensible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not liue with the liuing? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therfore Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechisine.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard, The liberall kinde offer of the King. Ver. 'Twere best he did. Wor. Then we are all vndone. It is not possible, it cannot be, The King would keepe his word in louing vs, He will suspect vs still, and finde a time To punish this offence in others faults: Supposition, all our lives, shall be stucke full of eyes; For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe, Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and lock'd vp, Will have a wilde tricke of his Ancestors: Looke how he can, or fad or merrily, Interpretation will misquote our lookes, And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall, The better cherisht, still the nearer death. My Nephewes trespasse may be well forgot,

It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,

And an adopted name of Ptiuiledge,
A haire-brain'd Hotspure, govern'd by a Spleene:
All his offences live vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know
In any case, the offer of the King.
Ver. Deliver what you will, Ile say 'tis so.
Heere comes your Cosin.

Enter Hotspurre.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd, Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland. Vnkle, what newe-?

Wor. The King will bid you battell prefently.

Down Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hot. Lord Dowglas: Go you and tell him so.

Down Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

Exit Dowglas.

Wor. There is no feeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our greeuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forfwearing that he is forfworne,
He cals vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Donglas.

Don. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I have thrown A brave defiance in King Henries teeth:

And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,

Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king, And Nephew, challeng'd you to fingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads, And that no man might draw short breath to day, But I and Harry Monmouth. Tell me, tell mee, How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modeftly, Vnlesse a Brother should a Brother dare To gentle exercise, and proofe of Armes. He gaue you all the Duties of a Man, Trimm'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue, Spoke your deservings like a Chronicle, Making you euer better then his praise, By still dispraising praise, valew'd with you: And which became him like a Prince indeed, He made a blushing citall of himselse, And chid his Trewant youth with fuch a Grace, As if he mastred there a double spirit Of teaching, and of learning instantly: There did he pause. But let me tell the World, If he out-live the envie of this day, England did neuer owe so sweet a hope, So much misconstrued in his Wantonnesse.

Hot. Coufin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my curtese.
Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
That I that have not well the gift of Tongue,

Can

Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My Lord, heere are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot reade them now.

OGentlemen, the time of life is short; To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.

If life did ride vpon a Dials point, Still ending at the arrivall of an houre,

And if we liue, we liue to treade on Kings: If dye; braue death, when Princes dye with vs. Now for our Consciences, the Armes is faire,

When the intent for bearing them is iust.

Enter another Messenger.

Messenses My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace. Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:

For I professe not talking: Onely this, Let each man do his best. And heere I draw a Sword,

Whose worthy temper I intend to staine With the best blood that I can meete withall,

In the aduenture of this perillous day.

Now Esperance Percy, and set on: Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre, And by that Musicke, let vs all imbrace:

For heaven to earth, some of vs neuer shall,

A fecond time do fuch a curtefie.

They embrace, the Trumpets found, the King entereth with his power, alarum unto the battell. Then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus y croffest me?

What honor dost thou seeke vpon my head? Dow. Know then my name is Dowglas,

And I do haunt thee in the battell thus, Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought Thy likenesse: for insted of thee King Harry, This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,

Vnleffe thou yeeld thee as a Prisoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot, And thou shalt finde a King that will revenge Lords Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is flaine, then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O Dowglas, hadft thou fought at Holmedon thus I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king Hot. Where?

Dow. Heere.

Hot. This Domglas? No, I know this face full well: A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt,

Semblably furnish'd like the King himselfe.

Dow. Ah foole: go with thy foule whether it goes, A borrowed Title hast thou bought too deere.

Why didst thou tell me, that thou wer't a King? Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats. Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,

Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,

Vntill I meet the King.

Hot. Vp, and away, Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day. Alarum, and enter Falstaffe, solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot heere: here's no scoring, but vpon the pate. Soft who are you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I have led my rag of Mussians where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy fword, Many a Nobleman likes starke and stiffe

Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are vnreueng'd. Prethy lend me thy sword Fal. O Hal, I prethee give me leave to breath awhile: Turke Gregory neuer did fuch deeds in Armes, as I haue done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him fure.

Prin. He is indeed, and living to kill thee:

I prethee lend me thy fword.

Falf. Nay Hal, if Percy bee aliue, thou getst not my Sword; but take my Pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: What, is it in the Case?

Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke. Prin. What, is it a time to left and dally now. Throwes it at him.

Fal. If Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him: if he do come in my way, so : if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Giue mee life, which if I can faue, so: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.

King. I prethee Harry withdraw thy felfe, thou bleedest too much: Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. Iob. Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiesty make vp, Least you retirement do amaze your friends. King. I will do fo:

My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his Tent.

West. Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent. Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe: And heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, Where stain'd Nobility lyes troden on, And Rebels Armes triumph in maffacres.

Ioh. We breath too long: Come cosin Westmerland, Our duty this way lies, for heavens fake come.

Prin. By heaven thou hast deceiu'd me Lancaster, I did not thinke thee Lord of fuch a spirit: Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, Iohn; But now, I do respect thee as my Soule.

King. I faw him hold Lord Percy at the point, With lustier maintenance then I did looke for Of such an vngrowne Warriour.

Exit. Prin. O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all.

Enter Dowglas. Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads: I am the Domglas, fatall to all those That weare those colours on them. What art thou

That counterfeit'st the person of a King? King. The King himselfe: who Donglas grieues at hart

So many of his shadowes thou hast met, And not the very King. I have two Boyes Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the Field: But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily, I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.

Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet infaith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am fure thou art, who ere thou be,
And thus I win thee. They fight, the K.being in danger,
Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my Armes; It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee, Who neuer promifeth, but he meanes to pay.

They Fight, Douglas flyeth. Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace? Sir Nicholas Gawfey hath for fuccour fent,

And so hath Cliston: Ile to Cliston straight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,

And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life

In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.

Prim. O heaven, they did me too much injury.

Prin. O heaven, they did me too much iniury,
That ever faid I hearkned to your death.

If it were fo, I might have let alone
The infulting hand of Dowglas over you,
Which would have bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And fau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to Clifton, Ile to Sir Nicholas Gausey. Exit Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth. Prin. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name. Hot. My name is Harrie Percie.

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name. I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,

Nor can one England brooke a double reigne, Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it Harry, for the houre is come To end the one of vs; and would to heaven, Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee, And all the budding Honors on thy Crest, Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head. Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities.

Enter Fallsaffe.
Fal. Well said Hal, to it Hal. Nay you shall finde no

Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Domglas, be fights with Falftaffe, who fals down as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.

Hos. Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:

I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,
They wound my thoghts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the slaue of Life, and Life, Times soole;
And Time, that takes suruey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could Prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No Percy, thou art dust
And food for———

Prin. For Wormes, braue Percy. Farewell great heart: Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke? When that this bodie did containe a spirit,

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound: But now two paces of the vilest Earth Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead, Beares not aliue fo ftout a Gentleman. If thou wer't sensible of curtesie, I should not make so great a shew of Zeale. But let my fauours hide thy mangled face, And even in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my felfe For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse. Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen, Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue, But not remembred in thy Epitaph. What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell: I could have better spar'd a better man. O, I should have a heavy misse of thee, If I were much in loue with Vanity. Death hath not strucke so fat a Deere to day, Though many dearer in this bloody Fray: Imbowell'd will I fee thee by and by, Till then, in blood, by Noble Pereie lye. Exit.

Falstaffe riseth up.
Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morow. Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot, had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the which better part, I have faued my life. I am affraide of this Gun-powder Percy though he be dead. How if hee should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him fure: yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie fees me. Therefore firra, with a new wound in your thigh come you along me. Takes Hotspurre on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother Iohn, full brauely hast thou flesht thy Maiden sword.

Iohn. But foft, who have we heere? Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead, Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliue? Or is it santasie that playes vpon our eye-sight? I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem's.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but if I be not Iacke Falfaffe, then am I a Iacke: There is Percy, if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him kill the next Percie himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, Percy I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead. Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and sought a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee beleeued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man vvere alive, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece of my sword.

Iohn. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard. Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother Iohn.

Come

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe: For my part, if a lye may do thee grace, Ile gil'd it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

A Retreat is founded.

The Trumpets found Retreat, the day is ours: Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To fee what Friends are liuing, who are dead. Exeunt Fal. Ile follow as they fay, for Reward. Hee that rewards me, heaven reward him. If I do grow great again, Ile grow leffe? For Ile purge, and leave Sacke, and live cleanly, as a Nobleman should do.

Exit

Scæna Quarta.

The Trumpets found.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,

Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester &

Uernon Prisoners.

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?
Missus tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?
Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had beene alive this houre,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne
Betwixt out Armies, true Intelligence.
Wor. What I have done, my fasety vrg'd me to,

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on mee.

King. Beare Worcester to death, and Vernon too:
Other Offenders we will pause vpon.

Exit Worcester and Vernon.

How goes the Field?

Prin. The Noble Scot Lord Donglas, when hee faw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble Percy slaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The Donglas is, and I beseech your Grace.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then Brother Iohn of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Donglas, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:
His Valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Euen in the bosome of our Adversaries.

I may dispose of him.

King. Then this remaines: that we divide our Power. You Sonne Iohn, and my Coufin Westmerland Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deerest speed To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroope, Who(as we heare) are busily in Armes.

My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales, To sight with Glendower, and the Earle of March. Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way, Meeting the Checke of such another day: And since this Businesse so faire is done, Let vs not leave till all our owne be wonne.

Exeunt.

FINIS.





The Second Part of Henrythe Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation

of King Henry the Fift.

Actus Primus. Scana Prima.

INDVCTION.

Enter Rumour.

Pen your Eares: For which of you will stop The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumor speakes? I, from the Orient, to the drooping West (Making the winde my Post-horse) still vnfold The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth. Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride, The which, in euery Language, I pronounce, Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports: I fpeake of Peace, while couert Enmitie (Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World: And who but Rumour, who but onely I Make fearfull Mufters, and prepar'd Defence, Whil'st the bigge yeare, fwolne with some other griefes, Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre, And no fuch matter? Rumour, is a Pipe Blowne by Surmises, Ielousies, Coniectures; And of so easie, and so plaine a stop, That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads, The still discordant, wavering Multitude, Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus My well-knowne Body to Anathomize Among my houshold? Why is Rumour heere? I run before King Harries victory, Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie Hath beaten downe yong Hotspurre, and his Troopes, Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion, Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I To speake so true at first? My Office is To noyfe abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell Vnder the Wrath of Noble Hotspurres Sword: And that the King, before the Donglas Rage Stoop'd his Annointed head, as low as death. This haue I rumour'd through the peafant-Townes. Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie, And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone, Where Hotspurres Father, old Northumberland, Lyes crafty sicke. The Postes come tyring on, And not a man of them brings other newes Then they have learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues, They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then Truewrongs.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L. Bar. Who keepes the Gate heere hoa? Where is the Earle?

Por. What shall I say you are? Bar. Tell thou the Earle

That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard, Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate, And he himselse will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.

Nor. What newes Lord Bardolfe? Eu'ry minute now Should be the Father of some Stratagem; The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loofe, And beares downe all before him.

L. Bar. Noble Earle,

I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Nor. Good, and heaven will.

L.Bar. As good as heart can wish: The King is almost wounded to the death: And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne, Prince Harrie flaine out-right: and both the Blunts Kill'd by the hand of Donglas. Yong Prince John, And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field. And Harrie Monmouth's Brawne (the Hulke Sir Iohn) Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day, (So fought, fo follow'd, and fo fairely wonne) Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times Since Cæsars Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deriu'd?

Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury? L. Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came fro thence, A Gentleman well bred, and of good name, That freely render'd me these newes for true.

Nor. Heere comes my Seruant Trauers, whom I fent

On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes. Enter Trauers.

L. Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way, And he is furnish'd with no certainties, More then he (haply)may retaile from me. Nor. Now Trauers, what good tidings comes fro you?

Tra. My Lord, Sir Iohn Umfreuill turn'd me backe With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd) Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed) That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse. He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury: He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke, And that yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold. With that he gaue his able Horse the head, And bending forwards strooke his able heeles Against the panting sides of his poore Iade Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so, He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way, Staying no longer question.

North. Ha? Againe: Said he yong Harrie Percyes Spurre was cold? (Of Hot-Spurre, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion, Had met ill lucke?

L.Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, have not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a filken point
Ile give my Barony. Never talke of it.
Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by Travers
Give then such instances of Losse?
L.Bar. Who, he?

He was some hielding Fellow, that had stolne The Horse he rode-on: and vpon my life Speake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leafe, Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood Hath left a witnest Vsurpation.

Say Morton, did'ft thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)

Where hatefull death put on his vgliest Maske

To fright our party.

North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother? Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand. Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse, So dull, fo dead in looke, fo woe-be-gone, Drew Priams Curtaine, in the dead of night, And would have told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd. But Priam found the Fire, ere he his Tongue: And I, my Percies death, ere thou report'st it. This, thou would'ft fay: Your Sonne did thus, and thus: Your Brother, thus . So fought the Noble Donglas, Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds. But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed) Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise, Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead. Mor. Dowglas is living, and your Brother, yet:

Mor. Dowglas is living, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne,
North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Suspition hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (Morton)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Divination Lies,
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.
Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainsaid:

Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

North. Yet for all this, fay not that Percies dead.

I fee a strange Confession in thine Eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it Feare, or Sinne,
To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sinne that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which sayes the dead is not aliue:
Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome Newes
Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds euer after as a sullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L. Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your fon is dead. Mor. I am forry, I should force you to beleeue That, which I would to heaven, I had not feene. But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state, Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd) To Henrie Monmouth, whose swift wrath beate downe The neuer-daunted Percie to the earth, From whence (with life) he neuer more fprung vp. In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire, Euen to the dullest Peazant in his Campe) Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes. For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd; Which once, in him abated, all the rest Turn'd on themselues, like dull and heavy Lead: And as the Thing, that's heavy in it felfe, Vpon enforcement, flyes with greatest speede, So did our Men, heavy in Hot surres loffe, Lend to this weight, fuch lightnesse with their Feare, That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme, Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester Too soone ta'ne prisoner: and that furious Scot, (The bloody Domglas) whose well-labouring sword Had three times saine th'appearance of the King, Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame Of those that turn'd their backes : and in his flight, Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The fumme of all, Is, that the King hath wonne : and hath fent out A fpeedy power, to encounter you my Lord, Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaster And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.

North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourne. In Poyson, there is Physicke: and this newes (Hauing beene well)that would have made me ficke, Being ficke, haue in some measure, made me well. And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weakned ioynts, Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle under life, Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire Out of his keepers armes: Euen fo, my Limbes (Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe, Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch, A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele Must gloue this hand. And hence thou sickly Quoife, Thou art a guard too wanton for the head, Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit. Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach The ragged'st houre, that Time and Spight dare bring To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland. Let Heauen kiffe Earth: now let not Natures hand Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd : Let Order dye, And let the world no longer be a stage To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act: But let one spirit of the First-borne Caine

Reigne

Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being fet On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end, And darknesse be the burier of the dead. (Honor.

L. Bar. Sweet Earle, divorce not wisedom from your Mor. The liues of all your louing Complices Leane-on your health, the which if you give-o're To stormy Passion, must perforce decay. You cast th'euent of Warre (my Noble Lord) And fumm'd the accompt of Chance, before you faid Let vs make head : It was your presurmize, That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop. You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge More likely to fall in, then to get o're: You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd, Yet did you fay go forth: and none of this (Though strongly apprehended) could restraine The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befalne? Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth, More then that Being, which was like to be?

L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this loffe, Knew that we ventur'd on fuch dangerous Seas, That if we wrought out life, was ten to one: And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd, Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd, And fince we are o're-fet, venture againe. Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,

Mor.'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord) I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth: The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp With well appointed Powres: he is a man Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers. My Lord (your Sonne)had onely but the Corpes, But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight. For that same word (Rebellion) did divide The action of their bodies, from their foules, And they did fight with queafinesse, constrain'd As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only Seem'd on our fide: but for their Spirits and Soules, This word (Rebellion)it had froze them vp, As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop Turnes Infurrection to Religion, Suppos'd fincere, and holy in his Thoughts: He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde: And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood Of faire King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones, Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause: Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land, Gasping for life, vnder great Bullingbrooke, And more, and leffe, do flocke to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth, This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde. Go in with me, and councell euery man The aptest way for safety, and revenge: Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed. Neuer fo few, nor neuer yet more need. Excunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Page. Fal. Sirra, you giant, what faies the Doct to my water? Pag. He said fir, the water it selfe was a good healthy water:but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more diseases then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all forts take a pride to gird at mee: the

braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my felfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Service for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I haue no judgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now : but I will fette you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde apparell, and fend you backe againe to your Master, for a Iewell. The Iuuenall (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer earne fix pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can affure him. What faid M. Dombledon, about the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He said sir, you should procure him better Assurance, then Bardolfe: he wold not take his Bond & yours,

he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horson Achitophel; a Rascally-yeaforsooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then stand vpon Security? The horson smooth-pates doe now weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with them in honest Taking-vp, then they must stand vpon Securitie: I had as liefe they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should have fent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance : and the lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him. Where's Bardolfe?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship

a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horfe in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.

Enter Chiefe Iustice, and Seruant. Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about Bardolfe.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him. Ch. Iust. What's he that goes there? Ser. Falstaffe, and't please your Lordship.

Iust. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath fince done good feruice at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with fome Charge, to the Lord Iohn of Lancaster.

Iust. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.
Iust. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him. Ser. Sir Iohn.

Fal. What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is there not imployment? Doth not the K.lack fubiects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be

on any fide but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You mistake me Sir.

Fal. Why fir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had

lyed in my throat, if I had faid fo.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then fet your Knighthood and your Souldier-ship aside, and give mee leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you fay I am any other then an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me fo? I lay a-fide that which growes to me? If thou get'ft any leave of me, hang me: if thou tak'ft leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence : Auant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you. Iust. Sir Iobn Falstaffe, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: give your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to fee your Lordship abroad: I heard fay your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by aduise. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some rellish of the saltnesse of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Iust. Sir Iohn, I fent you before your Expedition, to

Shrewsburie.

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Iust. I talke not of his Maiesty: you would not come

when I fent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is salne into this fame whorfon Apoplexie.

Iust. Well, heaven mend him. I pray let me speak with Fal. This Apoplexie is(as I take it)a kind of Lethargie, a sleeping of the blood, a horson Tingling.

Iust. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe; from study and perturbation of the braine. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen. It is a kinde of deafenesse.

Iust. I thinke you are falne into the disease: For you

heare not what I fay to you.

Fal. Very well(my Lord) very well: rather an't please you) it is the disease of not Listning, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Iuft. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Physitian

Fal. I am as poore as Iob, my Lord; but not so Patient: your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of Pouertie: but how I should bee your Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wife may make some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple it selfe.

Iuft. I fent for you (when there were matters against

you for your life) to come speake with me.

Fal. As I was then adulfed by my learned Councel, in

the lawes of this Land-service, I did not come.

Iuft. Wel, the truth is (fir Iohn) you live in great infamy Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, canot live in leffe. Iuft. Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great. Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Iust. You have milled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath misled mee. I am the Fel-

low with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Iuft. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your daies feruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the vaquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Action.

Fal. My Lord?

Iuft. But fince all is wel, keep it so: wake not a sleeping Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Iu. What?you are as a candle, the better part burnt out Fal. A Waffell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did fay of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Iust. There is not a white haire on your face, but shold

haue his effect of grauity.

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

Iust You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like

his euill Angell.

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of so little regard in these Costormongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnancie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of vs that are yong : you measure the heat of our Liuers, with the bitternes of your gals: & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are wagges too.

Iust. Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charracters of age? Haue you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheeke?a white beard? a decreasing leg? an incresing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde fhort? your wit fingle? and euery part about you blasted with Antiquity? and wil you cal your felse yong? Fy, fy, fy, fir John.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & fomthing a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing and finging of Anthemes. To approue my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderstanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a fenfible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Iust. Wel, heaven send the Prince a better companion. Fal. Heauen fend the Companion a better Prince: I

cannot rid my hands of him.

Iuft. Well, the King hath seuer'd you and Prince Harry, I heare you are going with Lord Iohn of Lancaster, against the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it : but looke you pray, (all you that kiffe my Ladie Peace, at home)that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat extraordinarily : if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might neuer spit white againe: There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust vpon it. Well, I cannot last euer.

Iust. Well, be honest, be honest, and heaven blesse your

Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Iust. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Cosin Westmerland.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Couetousnesse, then he can part yong limbes and letchery: but the Gowt galles the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the Degrees prevent my curses. Boy?

Page. Sir. Fal. What money is in my purse? Page. Seuen groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incureable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris Ursula, whome I haue weekly sworne to marry, fince I perceiu'd the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I have the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vie of any thing: I will turne difeases to commodity.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mombray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus have you heard our causes, & kno our Means: And my most noble Friends, I pray you all Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes, And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied, How (in our Meanes) we should advance our selves To looke with forhead bold and big enough

Vpon the Power and pullance of the King. Haft. Our present Musters grow vpon the File To fine and twenty thousand men of choice:

And our Supplies, live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes

With an incenfed Fire of Iniuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord Hastings) standeth thus Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold-vp-head, without Northumberland:

Hast. With him, we may.

L.Bar. I marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought to feeble, My judgement is, we should not step too farre Till we had his Assistance by the hand. For in a Theame fo bloody fac'd, as this, Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord Bardolfe, for indeed It was yong Hotspurres case, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope, Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply, Flatt'ring himselfe with Proiect of a power, Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts, And fo with great imagination (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,

And (winking) leap'd into destruction. Haft. But (by your leave)it neuer yet did hurt,

To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope. L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre, Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot, Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring, We see th'appearing buds, which to proue fruite, Hope gives not so much warrant, as Dispaire That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build, We first survey the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we see the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cost of the Erection, Which if we finde out-weighes Ability, What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell In fewer offices? Or at least, desist To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke, (Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe, And fet another vp)should we survey The plot of Situation, and the Modell; Confent vpon a fure Foundation: Question Surueyors, know our owne estate, How able fuch a Worke to vndergo, To weigh against his Opposite? Or else, We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures, Vfing the Names of men, instead of men: Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house Beyond his power to builde it; who(halfe through) Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Cost A naked subject to the Weeping Clouds, And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth) Should be still-borne : and that we now possest The vtmost man of expectation: I thinke we are a Body strong enough (Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but five & twenty thousand? Hast. To vs no more: nay not so much Lord Bardolf. For his divisions (as the Times do braul) Are in three Heads: one Power against the French, And one against Glendomer: Perforce a third Must take vp vs : So is the vnfirme King In three divided: and his Coffers found With hollow Pouerty, and Emptinesse. Ar. That he should draw his severall strengths togither And come against vs in full puissance

Need not be dreaded. Haft. If he should do so,

He leaves his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch Baying him at the heeles : neuer feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither? Haft. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland: Against the Welsh himselse, and Harrie Monmouth. But who is substituted 'gainst the French, I have no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on:

And publish the occasion of our Armes. The Common-wealth is ficke of their owne Choice, Their ouer-greedy loue hath furfetted: An habitation giddy, and vnfure Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. O thou fond Many, with what loud applause Did'ft thou beate heaven with bleffing Bulling brooke, Before he was, what thou would'st have him be? And being now trimm'd in thine owne defires, Thou (beastly Feeder)art so full of him, That thou prouok'ft thy felfe to cast him vp. So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'ft thou disgorge Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall Richard, And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp,
And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times? They, that when Richard liu'd, would have him dye, Are now become enamour'd on his graue. Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head When through proud London he came fighing on, After th'admired heeles of Bullingbrooke, Cri'ft now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agine,

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd) "Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present, worst. Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on? Hast. We are Times subjects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare. Hostesse. Mr. Fang, have you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hostesse. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?

Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare? Hosteffe. I, I, good M. Snare ..

Snare. Heere, heere.

Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Hoft. I good M. Snare, I have enter'd him, and all. Sn. It may chance cost some of vs our lives: he wil stab Hostesse. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischeese he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will foyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman,

nor childe.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust. Hostesse. No, nor I neither: He be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fift him once: if he come but within my Vice.

Hoft. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitive thing vpon my score. Good M. Fang hold him fure:good M. Snare let him not scape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corner(fauing your manhoods) to buy a faddle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombardstreet, to M. Smoothes the Silkman. I pra'ye, fince my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I have borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'doff, and fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in fuch dealing, vales a woman should be made an Asse and a Beast, to beare euery Knaues wrong. Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe. Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose Bardolfe with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. Fang,

& M. Snare, do me, do me your Offices. Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter? Fang. Sir Iohn, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. Quickly. Falft. Away Varlets, draw Bardolfe: Cut me off the

Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.

Hoft. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-feed Rogue, thou art a honyfeed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fang. A rescu, a rescu. Falst. Keep them off, Bardolfe. Hoft. Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not?thou

wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.

Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustillirian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe. Enter. Ch. Iustice. Iust. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.

Hoft. Good my Lord be good to mee. I befeech you

Ch. Iuft. How now fir Iohn? What are you brauling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should have bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'ft vpon him?

Host. Ohmy most worshipfull Lord, and't please your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arre-Ch. Iust. For what summe? sted at my suit.

Host. It is more then for some(my Lord)it is for all: all I have, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights, like the Mare.

Falft. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I have

any vantage of ground, to get vp.

Ch: Iust. How comes this, Sir Iohn? Fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to so rough a course, to come by her owne?

Falft. What is the groffe fumme that I owe thee?

Hoft. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man)thy selfe, & the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell gilt Goblet, fitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a fea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week, when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a finging man of Windsor; Thou didst sweare to me then(as I was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my Lady thy wife. Canst y deny it? Did not goodwife Keech the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me goffip Quickly? comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling vs, she had a good dish of Prawnes:whereby y didst desire to eat fome: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didft not thou (when she was gone downe staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, faying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And did'st y not kisse me, and bid mee setch thee 30.8? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad foule: and she sayes vp & downe the town, that her eldest fon is like you. She hath bin in good case, & the truth is, pouerty hath distra-Eted her : but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I

may have redreffe against them.

Iust. Sir Iohn, fir Iohn, I am well acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with fuch (more then impudent) fawcines from you, can thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' practis'd vpon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman.

Hoft. Yes in troth my Lord. Iuft. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you have done her:the one you may do with sterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this fneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse: If a man wil curt'fie, and fay nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remebred) I will not be your futor. I fay to you, I defire deliu'rance from these Officers being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.

Iuft. You speake, as having power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the

poore woman.

Enter M. Gower Falft. Come hither Hostesse. Ch. Iust. Now Master Gomer; What newes?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper telles.

Falft. As I am a Gentleman. Host. Nay, you faid so before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it Hoft. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dyning Chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking: and for thy walles a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worih a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Flybitten Tapistries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't set on to this.

Hoft. Prethee (Sir Iohn) let it be but twenty Nobles,

I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, He make other shift: you'l be a fool

Hoft. Well, you shall have it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live? Go with her, with her : hooke-on,

hooke-on.

Hoft. Will you have Doll Teare-spect meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. Iust. I have heard bitter newes.

Fal What's the newes (my good Lord?) Cb.Iu. Where lay the King last night?

Mef. At Basingstoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. Iuft. Come all his Forces backe?

Mef. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, fine hundred Horse Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster,

Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L? Ch. Iuft. You shall have Letters of me presently. Come, go along with me, good M. Gowre.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Iuft. What's the matter?

Fal. Mafter Gowre, shall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.

I thanke you, good Sir Iohn.

Ch. Iust. Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long, being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gowre?

Ch. Iuft. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir Iohn?

Fal. Master Gomer, if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

Cb. Luft. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Execute

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Prin. It doth me: though it discolours the complexion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vildely in me, to desire small Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied,

as to remember fo weake a Composition.

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede these humble considerations make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings y hast? (Viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept's not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, have made a shift to eate vp thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you have labour'd fo hard, you should talke so idlely? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sicke, as

ours is f

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to: I stand the push of your one thing, that

you'l tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is sicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly, vpon fuch a fubiect.

Prin. Thou think'st me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as thou, and Falsaffe, for obduracie and persistencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sicke: and keeping such vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all oftentation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

Prin. What would'st thou think of me, if I shold weep? Poin. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be euery mans thought: and thou art a bleffed Fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes: neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better then thine: euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you have beene so lewde, and so much ingraffed to Falfaffe.

Prin. And to thee.

Pointz. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and those two things I confesse I canot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes Bardolse.

Prince. And the Boy that I gaue Falftaffe, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain haue not trans

form'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saue your Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble Bardolfe.

Poin. Come you pernitious Asse, you bashfull Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me euen now (my Lord)through a red Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the

window:

window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wines new Petticoat, & peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away. Page. Away, you rascally Altheas dreame, away. Prin. Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

Page. Marry (my Lord) Althea dream'd, she was deliuer'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream. Prince. A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation:

There it is, Boy.

Poin. O that this good Blossome could bee kept from Cankers: Well, there is fix pence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallowes shall be wrong'd.

Prince. And how doth thy Master, Bardolph?

Bar. Well, my good Lord : he heard of your Graces comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Poin. Deliuer'd with good respect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Master?

Bard. In bodily health Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needes a Physitian: but that moues not him: though that bee ficke, it dyes

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Poin.Letter. Iohn Falstaffe Knight: (Euery man must know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe:) Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer pricke their finger, but they fay, there is fom of the kings blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpon him not to conceive? the answer is as ready as a borrow-

ed cap: I am the Kings poore Cosin, Sir.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil fetch it from Iaphet. But to the Letter: - Sir Iohn Falstaffe, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neerest his Father, Harrie

Prince of Wales, greeting.

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie.

Poin. Sure he meanes breuity in breath: short-winded. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Bee not too familiar with Pointz, for hee misuses thy Fauours so much, that he sweares thou art to marrie his Sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou vsest him. Iacke Falstaffe with my Familiars: Iohn with my Brothers and Sister: & Sir

Iohn, with all Europe. My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you vse me thus Ned? Must I marry your Sister?

Poin. May the Wench haue no worse Fortune. But I neuer faid fo.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs : Is

your Master heere in London? Bard. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where suppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistris Quickly, and M. Doll Teare-sheet.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinfwoman of my Masters.

Prin. Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale vpon them (Ned) at Supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord, He follow you. Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your Master that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your filence.

Bar. I have no tongue, fir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This Doll Teare-sheet should be some Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we see Falstaffe bestow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our felues be feene?

Poin. Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heavie declenfion: It was Ioues case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low transformation, that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me Ned. Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie.

North. I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter, Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires: Put not you on the visage of the Times, And be like them to Percie, troublesome.

Wife. I have given over, I will speak no more, Do what you will: your Wisedome, be your guide.

North. Alas (fweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,

And but my going, nothing can redeeme it. La. Oh yet, for heavens sake, go not to these Warrs; The Time was (Father) when you broke your word, When you were more endeer'd to it, then now, When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere-Harry, Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine. Who then perswaded you to stay at home? There were two Honors loft; Yours, and your Sonnes. For Yours, may heavenly glory brighten it: For His, it stucke vpon him, as the Sunne In the gray vault of Heauen : and by his Light Did all the Cheualrie of England moue To do braue Acts. He was (indeed)the Glasse Wherein the Noble-Youth did dreffe themselues. He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate: And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish) Became the Accents of the Valiant. For those that could speake low, and tardily, Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse, To feeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate, In Diet, in Affections of delight,

In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

 H_e

He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke, That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him, O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue (Second to none) vn-feconded by you, To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre, In dif-aduantage, to abide a field, Where nothing but the found of Hot fours Name Did seeme defensible: so you lest him. Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong, To hold your Honor more precise and nice With others, then with him. Let them alone: The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong. Had my fweet Harry had but halfe their Numbers, To day might I (hanging on Hotspurs Necke) Haue talk'd of Monmouth's Graue.

North. Beshrew your heart, (Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me, With new lamenting ancient Ouer-fights. But I must goe, and meet with Danger there, Or it will feeke me in another place, And finde me worse prouided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland, Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons, Haue of their Puissance made a little taste.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King, Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele, To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues, First let them trye themselues. So did your Sonne, He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow: And neuer shall have length of Life enough, To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes, That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen, For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me:'tis with my Minde As with the Tyde, fwell'd vp vnto his height, That makes a still-stand, running neyther way. Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop, But many thousand Reasons hold me backe. I will refolue for Scotland: there am I, Till Time and Vantage craue my company.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. Drawer. What hast thou brought there? Apple-Iohns? Thou know'st Sir Iohn cannot endure an Apple-Iohn .

2. Draw. Thou fay'ft true: the Prince once fet a Dish of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were fiue more Sir Iohns: and, putting off his Hat, faid, I will now take my leaue of these sixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. Dram. Why then couer, and fet them downe: and fee if thou canst finde out Sneakes Noyse; Mistris Tearesheet would faine have fome Musique.

2. Draw. Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master Points, anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, and Aprons, and Sir Iohn must not know of it : Bardolph hath brought word.

1. Draw. Then here will be old Vtis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2. Draw. He fee if I can finde out Sneake.

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

Hoft. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie: your Pulfidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would defire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you have drunke too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous fearching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can fay what's this. How doe you now?

Exit.

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Hoft. Why that was well faid: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir Iohn.

Enter Falstaffe.

Falst. When Arthur first in Court-(emptie the Iordan) and was a worthy King: How now Mistris Dol?

Host. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-sooth.

Falst. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme,

Dol. You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falft. You make fat Rascalls, Mistris Dol.

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make them, I make them not.

Falft. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diseases (Dol) we catch of you (Dol) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Iewels.

Falst. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to ferue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgerie brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd-Chambers

Hoft. Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you: you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier Vessell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you have not seene a Hulke better stufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee Iacke: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient Pistoll is below, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, fwaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dft Rogue in Eng-

Hoft. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must live amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I have not liu'd all this while, to have fwaggering now: shut the doore, I pray you.

Falst. Do'ft thou heare, Hostesse?

Hoft.'Pray you pacifie your felfe(Sir Iohn)there comes no Swaggerers heere.

Falft. Do'ft

Falst. Do'ft thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally(Sir Iohn)neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master Tisick the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour Quickly (sayes hee;) Master Dombe, our Minister, was by then: Neighbour Quickly (sayes hee) receive those that are Civill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Guests you receive: Receive (sayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would blesse you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no Swaggerers

Falf. Hee's no Swaggerer (Hostesse:) a tame Cheater, hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call

him vp (Drawer.)

Hoft. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest man my house, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue swaggering; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Feele Masters, how I shake: looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hostesse.

Hof. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Afpen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pift. 'Saue you, Sir Iohn.

Falft. Welcome Ancient Piftol. Here(Piftol) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine Hostesse.

Pift. I will discharge vpon her (Sir Iohn) with two

Bullets.

Falft. She is Pistoll-proofe (Sir) you shall hardly of-

Hoft. Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you (Mistris Dorothie) I will charge

you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorne you (scurule Companion) what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Master.

Pist. I know you, Mistris Dorothie.

Dol. Away you Cut-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale Jugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder? much.

Pift. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

Hoft. No, good Captaine Pistol: not heere, sweete

Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names vpon you, before you have earn'd them. You a Captaine? you slave, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee lives vpon mouldie stew'd-Pruines, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falft. Hearke thee hither, Mistris Dol.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall Bardolph, I could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Piff. Ile see her damn'd first: to Pluto's damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where Erebus and Tortures vilde also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: have wee not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captaine Peesel be quiet, it is very late:

I beseeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

Pist. These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Asia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with Cosar, and with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare: shall wee fall soule for Toyes?

Host. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter

word

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Pift. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes:

Haue we not Hiren here?

Hoft. On my word (Captaine) there's none fuch here. What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denye her?

I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire Calipolis.) Come, give me fome Sack, Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente. Feare wee broad-sides? No, let the Fiend give fire: Give me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are et cetera's nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kiffe thy Neaffe: what? wee haue feene the feuen Starres.

Dol. Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such a Fusian Rascall.

Pift. Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo-

way Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (Bardolph) like a shoue-groat shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe stayres.

Piß. What? shall wee haue Incision? shall wee embrew? then Death rocke me asseepe, abridge my dolefull dayes: why then let grieuous, gastly, gaping Wounds, vntwin'd the Sisters three: Come Atropos, I say.

Host. Here's good stuffe toward. Fal. Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee Iack, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe stayres.

Hoft. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forfweare keeping house, before Ile be in these tirrits, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee lack be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah,

you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'th'Groyne? me thought hee made a shrewd Thrust at your Belly.

Fal. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Rascall's drunke: you have hurt him (Sir) in the shoulder.

Fal. A Rascall to braue me.

Dol. Ah, you fweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou fweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorfon Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou

art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth fiue of Agamemnon, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A rascally Slaue, I will tosse the Rogue in a Blan-

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'ft for thy heart: if thou doo'ft, Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, Dol. A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-filuer.

Dol. And thou followd'st him like a Church: thou, whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leave fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heaven?

Enter the Prince and Poines disguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good Dol) doe not speake like a Deathshead: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: hee would have made a good Pantler, hee would have chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They fay Poines hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him fo then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioyn'd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no bate with telling of discreete stories: and such other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their Haber-de-pois.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his

Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not strange, that Defire should so many yeeres out-live performance?

Fal. Kiffe me Dol.

Prince. Saturne and Venus this yeere in Conjunction?

What sayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fiere Trigon, his Man, be not lifping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'ft give me flatt'ring Buffes.

Dol. Nay truely, I kiffe thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a scuruie young

Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou have a Kirtle of? I shall receive Money on Thursday: thou shalt have a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late,

wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am

Dol. Thou wilt fet me a weeping, if thou fay'ft so : proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, Francis. Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou Poines, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of finfull Continents, what

a Life do'ft thou lead ?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Host. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heaven blesse that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Maiestie: by this light Flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I scorne you,

Poin. My Lord, hee will drive you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorson Candle-myne you, how vildly did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, vertuous, civill Gentlewoman?

Hoft. 'Bleffing on your good heart, and so shee is by

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not fo: I did not thinke, thou wast

within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse (Hall) on mine Honor, no abuse.

Prince. Not to disprayse mer and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (Hal.) Poin. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse (Ned) in the World: honest Ned none. I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I have done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and thy Father is to give me thankes for it. No abuse (Hal:) none (Ned) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardife, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest Bardolph (whose Zeale burnes in his

Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin. Answere thou dead Elme, answere.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe Bardolph irrecouerable, and his Face is Lucifers Priuy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but rost Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, shee is in Hell alreadie, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether shee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoft. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No,

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indicament upon thee, for suffering slesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Host. All Victuallers doe so: What is a loynt of

Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman. Dol. What fayes your Grace?

Falft. His Grace fayes that, which his flesh rebells

against.

Host. Who knocks so lowd at doore? Looke to the doore there, Francis?

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now? what newes?
Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster,
And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes,
Come from the North: and as I came along,
I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes,
And asking euery one for Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Prince. By Heauen (Poines) I feele me much to blame,

So idly to prophane the precious time,

When Tempest of Commotion, like the South, Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads.

Giue me my Sword, and Cloake:

Falftaffe, good night.

Falst. Now comes in the fweetest Morsell of the night, and wee must hence, and leave it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the mat-

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently,

A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.

Falft. Pay the Musitians, Sirrha: farewell Hostesse, farewell Dol. You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after: the vndeseruer may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie to burst--- Well (sweete Iacke) have a care of thy

felfe.

Falst. Farewell, farewell. Exit.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come Pescod-time: but an honester, and truer-hearted man---- Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mistris Teare-sheet. Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistris Teare-sheet come to my Master.

Hoft. Oh runne Dol, runne: runne, good Dol.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick: But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters, And well consider of them: make good speed. Exit. How many thousand of my poorest Subjects Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe, Natures foft Nurse, how have I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe, And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse? Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in smoakie Cribs, Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee, And huisht with bussing Night, flyes to thy slumber, Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great? Vnder the Canopies of costly State, And lull'd with founds of fweetest Melodie? O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the vilde, In loathsome Beds, and leau'ft the Kingly Couch, A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell? Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast, Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines, In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge, And in the vifitation of the Windes, Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With deaff'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds, That with the hurley, Death it felfe awakes? Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) give thy Repose To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre fo rude: And in the calmest, and most stillest Night, With all appliances, and meanes to boote, Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe, Vneafie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords? War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)

Haue you read o're the Letters that I fent you?

War. We have (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdome, How foule it is: what ranke Difeases grow,

And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,

Which to his former strength may be restored, With good aduice, and little Medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soone be cooled.

King. Oh Heaven, that one might read the Book of Fate, And fee the revolution of the Times Make Mountaines levell, and the Continent (Wearie of folide firmenesse) melt it selfe Into the Sea: and other Times, to fee The beachie Girdle of the Ocean Too wide for Neptunes hippes; how Chances mocks And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration With divers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone, Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends, Did feast together; and in two yeeres after, Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres fince, This Percie was the man, neerest my Soule, Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires, And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot: Yea, for my fake, euen to the eyes of Richard Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by (You Cousin Neuil, as I may remember) When Richard, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares, (Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland) Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie:)

Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My Coufin Bullingbrooke afcends my Throne: (Though then, Heauen knowes, I had no fuch intent, But that necessitie so bow'd the State, That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kisse:) The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it) The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head, Shall breake into Corruption: fo went on, Fore-telling this same Times Condition, And the division of our Amitie.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Liues, Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd: The which obseru'd, a man may prophecie With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things, As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes And weake beginnings lye entreasured: Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time; And by the necessarie forme of this, King Richard might create a perfect gueffe, That great Northumberland, then false to him, Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse, Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon, Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities? Then let vs meete them like Necessities; And that same word, even now cryes out on vs: They say, the Bishop and Northumberland

Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord:) Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho, The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord) The Pow'rs that you alreadie haue fent forth, Shall bring this Prize in very eafily. To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd A certaine instance, that Glendour is dead. Your Maiestie hath beene this fort-night ill, And these vnseason'd howres perforce must adde Vnto your Sicknesse.

King. I will take your counfaile: And were these inward Warres once out of hand, Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on; giue mee your Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Coufin Silence?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Coufin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my Coufin, your Bed-fellow? and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter Ellen ?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin Shallow.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin William is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford still, is hee not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost.

Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I was once of Clements Inne; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie Shallow then (Coufin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would have done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little Iohn Doit of Staffordshire, and blacke George Bare, and Francis Pick-bone, and Will Squele a Cot-sal-man, you had not foure fuch Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe: And I may fay to you, wee knew where the Bona-Roba's were, and had the best of them all at commandement. Then was Iacke Falstaffe(now Sir Iohn) a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mombray, Duke of Nor-

Sil. This Sir Iohn (Coufin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?

Shal. The same Sir Iohn, the very same: I saw him breake Scoggan's Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stock-fish, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I have spent! and to see how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine: 'tis certaine: very fure, very fure: Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?

Sil. Truly Coufin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old Double of your Towne liuing yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, fee: hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee shot a fine shoote. Iohn of Gaunt loued him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would have clapt in the Clowt at Twelve-score, and carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foureteene and a halfe, that it would have done a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a fcore of good Ewes

may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir Iohn Falstaffes Men (as I thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I befeech you, which is Iustice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow(Sir)a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace: What is your good pleafure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: my Captaine, Sir John Falstaffe: a tall Gentleman, and a

most gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommoda-

ted, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well faid, Sir; and it is well faid, indeede, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it: good phrases are surely, and euery where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommodo:

very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase : but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is (as they fay) accommodated : or, when a man is, being whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Shal. It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir Iohn. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir Iohn.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. Robert Shal-

low: Master Sure-card as I thinke?

Shal. No fir Iohn, it is my Cofin Silence: in Commission with mee.

Fal. Good M. Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) have you provided me heere halfe a dozen of fufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we fir: Will you fit? Fal. Let me fee them, I befeech you.

Sbal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see; let me see: so, so, so; yea marry Sir. Raphe Mouldie: let them appeare as I call: let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is Mouldie?

Moul. Heere, if it please you.

Sbal. What thinke you (Sir Iohn) a good limb'd fellow: yong, ftrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldie? Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldie, lacke vse: very singular good. Well saide Sir Iohn, very well said.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace Mouldie, you shall goe. Mouldie,

it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallom. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other sir Iohn: Let me see: Simon Shadow.

Fal. I marry, let me have him to fit vnder: he's like to be a cold fouldier.

Shal. Where's Shadom?

Shad. Heere fir.

Fal. Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers fonne, Sir.

Falft. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fathers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers substance.

Shal. Do you like him, fir Iohn?

Falft. Shadow will serve for Summer: pricke him: For wee have a number of shadowes to fill vppe the Muster-

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Falft. Where's he?

Wart. Heere fir.

Falft. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe,

Falft. It were fuperfluous: for his apparrel is built vpon his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pins:prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, you can do it fir: you can doe it: I commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Heere fir.

Shal. What Trade art thou Feeble? Feeble. A Womans Taylor fir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, fir?

Fal. You may:

But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile, as thou hast done in a Womans petticote?

Feeble. I will doe my good will fir, you can have no

more

Falft. Well faid, good Womans Tailour: Well fayde Couragious Feeble: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull Doue, or most magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the womans Taylour well Master Shallow, deepe Maister Shallow.

Feeble. I would Wart might have gone fir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that y might'st mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a private fouldier, that is the Leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most Forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Falst. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bulcalfe of the Greene. Falft. Yea marry, let vs see Bulcalfe.

Bul. Heere fir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me Bnl-calfe till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What? do'ft thou roare before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh fir, I am a diseased man. Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold fir, a cough fir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation day, fir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: we will have away thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you must have but source heere sir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to fee you in good troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O fir Iohn, doe you remember fince wee lay all night in the Winde-mill, in S Georges Field.

Falstaffe. No more of that good Master Shallow: No

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is Iane Nightworke aliue?

Fal. She lives, M. Shallow.

Shal. She neuer could away with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: fhe would alwayes fay fhee could not abide M. Shallow.

Sbal. I could anger her to the heart: fhee was then a Bona-Roba. Doth fhe hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old:

old : certaine shee's old : and had Robin Night-worke, by old Night-worke, before I came to Clements Inne. Sil. That's fiftie flue yeeres agoe.

Shal. Hah, Coufin Silence, that thou hadft feene that, that this Knight and I have seene: hah, Sir Iohn, said I

Falft. Wee have heard the Chymes at mid-night, Master Shallow.

Shal. That wee have, that wee have; in faith, Sir Iohn, wee haue : our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that

wee haue feene. Come, come.

Bul. Good Mafter Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and heere is foure Harry tenne shillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, fir, I had as lief be hang'd fir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, fir, I do not care; but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a defire to stay with my friends: else, fir, I did not care, for mine owne part, fo much.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Mould. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames fake, stand my friend : shee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot helpe her selfe : you shall have fortie, fir.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a base minde : if it be my destinie, so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serue his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow. Feeble. Nay, I will beare no base minde. Falft. Come fir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Foure of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound, to free Mouldie and Bull-calfe.

Falst. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, fir Iohn, which foure will you have?

Falst. Doe you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then , Mouldie, Bull-calfe, Feeble, and Shadow.

Falst. Mouldie, and Bull-calfe: for you Mouldie, stay at home, till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalfe, grow till you come vnto it : I will none of you.

Shal. Sir Iohn, Sir Iohn, doe not your felfe wrong, they are your likelyest men, and I would have you seru'd with

the best.

Falft. Will you tell me (Mafter Shallow) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature, bulke, and bigge affemblance of a man? give mee the spirit (Master Shallow.) Where's Wart? you see what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow, Shadow, give me this man: hee prefents no marke to the Enemie, the foe-man may with as great ayme levell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly will this Feeble, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into Warts hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold Wart, Trauerse : thus, thus, thus.

Falft. Come, manage me your Calyuer: fo: very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well faid Wart, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tester for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthurs Show: there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee fay, Bownce would hee fay, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I shall neuer see such a fellow.

Falft. These fellowes will doe well, Master Shallow. Farewell Master Silence, I will not vse many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you: I must a dozen mile to night. Bardelph, give the Souldiers

Coates.

Shal. Sir Iohn, Heauen bleffe you, and prosper your Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peraduenture I will with you to the Court.

Falft. I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go-too: I have spoke at a word. Exit.

Falft. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bardolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iustices: I doe see the bottome of Iustice Shallow. How subject wee old men are to this vice of Lying? This same staru'd Iustice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and euery third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheefe-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically caru'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to any thicke fight) were inuincible. Hee was the very Genius of Famine: hee came ever in the rere-ward of the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of Iohn of Gaunt, as if hee had beene fworne Brother to him: and Ile be fworne hee neuer faw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men. I faw it, and told Iohn of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might have truss'd him and all his Apparrell into an Eele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoeboy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I fee no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mombray, Hastings, Westmerland, Coleuile.

Bish. What is this Forrest call'd?

Haft. 'Tis Gualtree Forrest, and't shall please your

Bish. Here stand (my Lords) and fend discouerers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hast. Wee

Hast. Wee have fent forth alreadie.

Bifb. 'Tis well done.

My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)

I must acquaint you, that I have received

New-dated Letters from Northumberland:

Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.

Here doth hee wish his Person, with such Powers

As might hold fortance with his Qualitie,

The which hee could not levie: whereupon

Hee is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,

To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,

That your Attempts may over-live the hazard,

And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now? what newes?

Mess. West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie:
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.

Mom. The iust proportion that we gaue them out.
Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bish. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here? Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland. West. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall, The Prince, Lord Iohn, and Duke of Lancaster. Bish. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace: What doth concerne your comming? West. Then (my Lord) Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion Came like it felfe, in base and abiect Routs, Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage, And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie: I fay, if damn'd Commotion so appeare, In his true, natiue, and most proper shape, You (Reverend Father, and these Noble Lords) Had not beene here, to dreffe the ougly forme Of base, and bloodie Insurrection, With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop, Whose Sea is by a Civill Peace maintain'd, Whose Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd, Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd, Whose white Investments figure Innocence, The Doue, and very bleffed Spirit of Peace. Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe, Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares fuch grace, Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre? Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood, Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue divine To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre. Bish. Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands. Briefely to this end : Wee are all diseas'd,

Bish. Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd, And with our surfetting, and wanton howres, Haue brought our selues into a burning Feuer, And wee must bleede for it: of which Disease, Our late King Richard (being insected) dy'd. But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland) I take not on me here as a Physician, Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,

Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men: But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre, To dyet ranke Mindes, ficke of happinesse, And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely. I have in equall ballance justly weigh'd, What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we fuffer, And finde our Griefes heavier then our Offences. Wee fee which way the streame of Time doth runne, And are enforc'd from our most quiet there, By the rough Torrent of Occasion, And have the summarie of all our Griefes When time shall serue) to shew in Articles; Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King, And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience: When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes, Wee are deny'd accesse vnto his Person, Euen by those men, that most have done vs wrong. The dangers of the dayes but newly gone, Whose memorie is written on the Earth With yet appearing blood; and the examples Of every Minutes instance (present now) Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming Armes: Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it, But to establish here a Peace indeede, Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.

Weft. When ever yet was your Appeale deny'd? Wherein have you beene galled by the King? What Peere hath beene fuborn'd, to grate on you, That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale divine?

Bish. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth, I make my Quarrell, in particular.

West. There is no neede of any such redresse: Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mow. Why not to him in part, and to vs all, That feele the bruizes of the dayes before, And fuffer the Condition of these Times To lay a heavie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?

West. O my good Lord Mombray,
Construe the Times to their Necessities,
And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you iniuries.
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
Either from the King, or in the present Time,
That you should have an ynch of any ground
To build a Griese on: were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norsolkes Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers?

Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father loft, That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me? The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then, Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him: And then, that Henry Bullingbrooke and hee Being mounted, and both rowfed in their Seates, Their neighing Courfers daring of the Spurre, Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe, Their eyes of fire, sparkling through fights of Steele, And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together: Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd My Father from the Breast of Bullingbrooke; O, when the King did throw his Warder downe, (His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee threw) Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues, That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword, Haue fince mif-carryed vnder Bullingbrooke.

g g 2 West. You

West. You speak (Lord Mombray) now you know not what. The Earle of Hereford was reputed then In England the most valiant Gentleman. Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then have smil'd? But if your Father had beene Victor there, Hee ne're had borne it out of Couentry. For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce, Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue, Were fet on Herford, whom they doted on, And bless'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King. But this is meere digression from my purpose. Here come I from our Princely Generall, To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace, That hee will give you Audience: and wherein It shall appeare, that your demands are just, You shall enioy them, every thing set off, That might fo much as thinke you Enemies. Mow. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer, And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Loue.

West. Mombray, you ouer-weene to take it so: This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare. For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes, Vpon mine Honor, all too confident To give admittance to a thought of feare. Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours, Our Men more perfect in the vie of Armes, Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best; Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good. Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley. West. That argues but the shame of your offence:

A rotten Case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince Iohn a full Commission, In very ample vertue of his Father, To heare, and absolutely to determine

Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon?

West. That is intended in the Generals Name:

I muse you make so slight a Question.

Bish. Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule, For this containes our generall Grievances:

Each seuerall Article herein redress'd, All members of our Cause, both here, and hence, That are infinewed to this Action, Acquitted by a true fubftantiall forme,

And present execution of our wills, To vs, and to our purposes confin'd,

Wee come within our awfull Banks againe, And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

West. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords, In fight of both our Battailes, wee may meete At either end in peace: which Heauen fo frame, Or to the place of difference call the Swords, Which must decide it.

Bish. My Lord, wee will doe fo.

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me, That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

Hast. Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace Vpon fuch large termes, and fo absolute, As our Conditions shall confist vpon,

Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines. Mom. I, but our valuation shall be fuch, That every flight, and false-derived Cause, Yea, euery idle, nice, and wanton Reason, Shall, to the King, taste of this Action: That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue, Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,

That even our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe, And good from bad finde no partition.

Bish. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie Of daintie, and fuch picking Grieuances: For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death, Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life. And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane, And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie, That may repeat, and Historie his losse, To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes, Hee cannot fo precifely weede this Land, As his mif-doubts present occasion: His foes are fo en-rooted with his friends, That plucking to vnfixe an Enemie, Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend. So that this Land, like an offensive wife, That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes, As he is striking, holds his Infant vp, And hangs refolu'd Correction in the Arme, That was vprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods, On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke The very Instruments of Chasticement: So that his power, like to a Fanglesse Lion

May offer, but not hold. Bish. 'Tis very true:

And therefore be affur'd (my good Lord Marshal) If we do now make our attonement well, Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited) Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so:

Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland. Enter Westmerland.

West. The Prince is here at hand:pleaseth your Lordship To meet his Grace, iust distance tweene our Armies? Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heaven's name then forward.

Bish. Before, and greet his Grace(my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince Ichn.

Iohn. You are wel encountred here(my cofin Mombray) Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop, And fo to you Lord Hastings, and to all. My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you, When that your Flocke (affembled by the Bell) Encircled you, to heare with reverence Your exposition on the holy Text, Then now to fee you heere an Iron man Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme, Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death: That man that fits within a Monarches heart, And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his fauor, Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King, Alack, what Mischiefes might hee set abroach, In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop, It is even fo. Who hath not heard it spoken, How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen? To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament; To vs, th'imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe: The very Opener, and Intelligencer, Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen, And our dull workings. O, who shall beleeue, But you mif-vse the reverence of your Place, Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen, As a false Fauorite doth his Princes Name, In deedes dis-honorable? You have taken vp,

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Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen, The Subjects of Heauens Substitute, my Father, And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him, Haue here vp-swarmed them.

Bish. Good my Lord of Lancaster, I am not here against your Fathers Peace: But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland) The Time (mif-order'd) doth in common sence Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme, To hold our fafetie vp. I fent your Grace The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe, The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court: Whereon this Hydra-Sonne of Warre is borne, Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe, With graunt of our most just and right desires; And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd, Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestie. Mom. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,

To the last man.

Haft. And though wee here fall downe, Wee haue Supplyes, to second our Attempt: If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them. And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne, And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp, Whiles England shall have generation.

Iohn. You are too shallow (Hastings)

Much too shallow,

To found the bottome of the after-Times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answere them directly, How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.

Iohn. I like them all, and doe allow them well: And fweare here, by the honor of my blood, My Fathers purposes have beene mistooke, And fome, about him, have too lauishly Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie. My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest: Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you, Discharge your Powers vnto their seuerall Counties, As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies, Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace, That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home, Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.

Bish. I take your Princely word, for these redresses. Ichn. I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:

And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

Haft. Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie This newes of Peace: let them have pay, and part: I know, it will well please them.

High thee Captaine. Exit.

Bish. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland. West. I pledge your Grace:

And if you knew what paines I have bestow'd,

To breede this present Peace, You would drinke freely : but my loue to ye,

Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

Bish. I doe not doubt you. West. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin Mombray. Mow. You wish me health in very happy season, For I am, on the fodaine, fomething ill.

Bish. Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,

But heavinesse fore-runnes the good event. West. Therefore be merry (Cooze) since sodaine sorrow Serues to fay thus: some good thing comes to morrow.

Bish. Beleeue me, I am passing light in spirit. Mow. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

Iohn. The word of Peace is render'd: hearke how they showt.

Mow. This had been chearefull, after Victorie. Bish. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:

For then both parties nobly are fubdu'd,

And neither partie looser. Iohn. Goe (my Lord)

And let our Army be discharged too:

And good my Lord (fo please you) let our Traines March by vs, that wee may peruse the men Exit.

Wee should have coap'd withall.

Bish. Goe, good Lord Hastings: And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. Exit. Iohn. I trust(Lords) wee shall lye to night together.

Enter Westmerland. Now Coufin, wherefore stands our Army still? West. The Leaders having charge from you to stand,

Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.

Iohn. They know their duties. Enter Hastings. Haft. Our Army is dispers'd:

Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their course East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp, Each hurryes towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings (my Lord Hastings) for the which, I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:

And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord Membray,

Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both. Mow. Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?

West. Is your Affembly so?

Bish. Will you thus breake your faith?

Iohn. I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redresse of these same Grievances Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor, I will performe, with a most Christian care. But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due Meet for Rebellion, and fuch Acts as yours. Most shallowly did you these Armes commence, Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence. Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray, Heauen, and not wee, have fafely fought to day Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death, Treasons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath. Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Colleuile. Falft. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are

you? and of what place, I pray? Col. I am a Knight. Sir:

And my Name is Colleuile of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, Colleuile is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. Colleuile shall still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be still Colleuile of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir Iohn Falstaffe?

Falft. As good a man as he fir, who ere I am: doe yee yeelde fir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obseruance to my mercy.

Col. I thinke you are Sir Iohn Falstaffe, & in that thought

yeeld me.

Fal. I have a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were fimply the most active fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere comes our Generall.

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Enter

Enter Prince Iohn, and Westmerland.

Iohn. The heat is past, follow no farther now: Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westmerland.

Now Falstaffe, where have you beene all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come. These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life) One time, or other, breake some Gallowes back.

Falf. I would bee forry (my Lord) but it should bee thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with the very extremest ynch of possibilitie. I haue fowndred nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell-tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir Iohn Colleuile of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee saw mee, and yeelded: that I may justly say with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came.

Iohn. It was more of his Courtesie, then your deser-

uing.

Falf. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld him: and I befeech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the rest of this dayes deedes; or I sweare, I will haue it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (Colleuile kissing my soot:) To the which course, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleeue not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right, and let desert mount.

Iohn. Thine's too heavie to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

Iohn. Thine's too thick to shine.

Falft. Let it doe fomething (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

Iohn. Is thy Name Collevile?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

Iohn. A famous Rebell art thou, Colleuile. Falst. And a famous true Subject tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are, That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me, You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

Falft. I know not how they fold themselues, but thou like a kinde sellow, gau'st thy selfe away; and I thanke thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

Iohn. Haue you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

Iohn. Send Colleuile, with his Confederates,

To Yorke, to present Execution.

Blunt, leade him hence, and fee you guard him fure.

Exit with Colleuile.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords) I heare the King, my Father, is fore sicke.

Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,
Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:
And wee with sober speede will follow you.

Falft. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to goe through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court, stand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

lohn. Fare you well, Falstaffe: I, in my condition, Shall better speake of you, then you deserve. Exit.

Falft. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinkes no Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come to any proofe: for thinne Drinke doth fo ouer-coole their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-ficknesse: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards; which fome of vs should be too, but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehensiue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapes; which deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The fecond propertie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and fetled) left the Liuer white, and pale; which is the Badge of Pufillanimitie, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) gives warning to all the rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and pufft vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that fets it a-worke:) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till Sack commences it, and fets it in act, and vse. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle I would teach them, should be to forsweare thinne Potations, and to addict themselues to Sack. Enter Bardolph. How now Bardolph?

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

Falft. Let them goe: Ile through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I have him alreadie tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warmicke, Clarence, Gloucester.
King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue successefull end
To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are fanctify'd.
Our Nauie is addressed, our Power collected,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested,
And euery thing lyes leuell to our wish;
Onely wee want a little personall Strength:
And pawse vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoake of Gouernment.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie

Shall foone enjoy.

King. Hum-

King. Humpbrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind-

King. And how accompanied? Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence. How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother? Hee loues thee, and thou do'ft neglect him (Thomas.) Thou hast a better place in his Affection, Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy) And Noble Offices thou may'st effect

Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,
Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace,
By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.
For her is gracious if her he observed.

For hee is gracious, if hee be observ'd: Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand Open (as Day) for melting Charitie:

Yet notwith standing, being incens'd, hee's Flint, As humorous as Winter, and as sudden, As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well observed: Chide him for faults, and doe it reverently, When you perceive his blood enclined to mirth: But being moodie, give him Line, and scope,

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)
Confound themselues with working. Learne this Thomas,

And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends, A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in: That the vnited Vessell of their Blood

That the vnited Veffell of their Blood (Mingled with Venome of Suggestion, As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)

As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as frong
As Aconitum, or rash Gun-powder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care, and love. King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Thomas?)

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London.

King. And how accompanyed? Canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Pointz, and other his continuall followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:
And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)
Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my griese
Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.
The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape
(In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes,
And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,
When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.
For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,
When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsailors,
When Meanes and lauish Manners meete together;
Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections saye
Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite: The Prince but studies his Companions, Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,

'Tis needfull, that the most immodest word

Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd, Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse, But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes, The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time, Cast off his followers: and their memorie Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue, By which his Grace must mete the liues of others, Turning past-euills to aduantages.

King. Tis feldome, when the Bee doth leave her Combe

In the dead Carrion.

Enter Westmerland.

Who's heere ? Westmerland?

West. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse Added to that, that I am to deliver.

Prince Iohn, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand:

Mombray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings, and all,

Are brought to the Correction of your Law.

There is not now a Rebels Sword vnsheath'd,

But Peace puts forth her Olive every where:

The manner how this Action hath beene borne,

Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,

With every course, in his particular.

King. O'Westmerland, thou art a Summer Bird, Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings

The lifting vp of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes.

Harc. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie: And when they stand against you, may they fall, As those that I am come to tell you of. The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe, With a great Power of English, and of Scots, Are by the Sherise of Yorkeshire ouerthrowne: The manner, and true order of the fight, This Packet (please it you) containes at large.

King. And wherefore should these good newes

Make me ficke?

Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full, But write her faire words still in foulest Letters? Shee eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode, (Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast, And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich, That haue aboundance, and enioy it not.) I should reioyce now, at this happy newes, And now my Sight sayles, and my Braine is giddie. O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maiestie. Cla. Oh, my Royall Father.

West. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.

Stand from him, giue him ayre:

Hee'le straight be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,
Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde,
Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,

So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe observe

Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:

The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere

Had found some Moneths asseep, and leap'd them over.

Clar. The River hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:
And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)
Say it did fo, a little time before
That our great Grand-fire Edward fick'd, and dy'de.

gg 4

War. Speake

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King recouers.

Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.
King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence
Into fome other Chamber: foftly 'pray.
Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)
Vnleffe some dull and fauourable hand
Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.
War. Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.
King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.
Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

Enter Prince Henry.

War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

P.Hen. Who faw the Duke of Clarence? Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heavinesse. P.Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King? Glo. Exceeding ill. P.Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet? Glo. Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it. P.Hen. If hee be ficke with Ioy, Hee'le recouer without Physicke. War. Not so much noyse (my Lords) Sweet Prince speake lowe, The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe. Clar. Let vs with-draw into the other Roome, War. Wil't please your Grace to goe along with vs? P. Hen. No: I will fit, and watch here, by the King. Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow, Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow? O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care! That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide, To many a watchfull Night: fleepe with it now, Yet not fo found, and halfe fo deepely fweete, As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound) Snores out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie! When thou do'ft pinch thy Bearer, thou do'ft fit Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day, That scald'st with safetie: by his Gates of breath, There lyes a dowlney feather, which stirres not: Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father, This sleepe is found indeede: this is a sleepe, That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'd So many English Kings. Thy due, from me, Is Teares, and heavie Sorrowes of the Blood, Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tenderneffe, Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteously. My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne, Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood) Deriues it selfe to me. Loe, heere it sits, Which Heauen shall guard: And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme, It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me. This, from thee, will I to mine leave, As 'tis left to me.

Enter Warmicke, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warmicke, Gloucester, Clarence. Clar. Doth the King call? War. What would your Maiestie? how fares your Grace? Cla. We left the Prince(my Brother)here(my Liege)
Who vndertooke to fit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee fee him.

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee ftayd.

King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it

King. Why did you leave me here alone(my Lords?)

King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence: Goe seeke him out. Is hee so hastie, that hee doth suppose My sleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick) Chide him hither: this part of his conjoynes With my disease, and helpes to end me. See Sonnes, what things you are: How quickly Nature falls into reuolt, When Gold becomes her Obiect? For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts, Their braines with care, their bones with industry. For this, they have ingroffed and pyl'd vp The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieued Gold: For this, they have beene thoughtfull, to inuest Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises: When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax, Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue; And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines. This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements,

To the ending Father.

Enter Warwicke.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,
Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,
Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,
With such a deepe demeanure, in great forrow,
That Tyranny, which neuer quasts but blood,
Would by beholding him) have wash'd his Knise
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me(Harry.)
Depart the Chamber, leave vs heere alone.

Exit.

P.Hen. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe. King. Thy wish was Father (Harry) to that thought: I flay too long by thee, I wearie thee. Do'ft thou so hunger for my emptie Chayre, That thou wilt needes inuest thee with mine Honors, Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth! Thou feek'ft the Greatnesse, that will ouer-whelme thee. Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie Is held from falling, with fo weake a winde, That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme. Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres Were thine, without offence : and at my death Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation. Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'dst me not, And thou wilt have me dye affur'd of it. Thou hid'ft a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts, Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart, To stab at halfe an howre of my Life. What? canst thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?

Then

And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead. Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head: Onely compound me with forgotten dust. Giue that, which gave thee life, vnto the Wormes: Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees; For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme. Henry the fift is Crown'd : Vp Vanity, Downe Royall State: All you fage Counsailors, hence: And to the English Court, assemble now From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idlenesse. Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum: Haue you a Ruffian that swill sweare? drinke? dance? Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes? Be happy, he will trouble you no more: England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt. England, shall give him Office, Honor, Might: For the Fift Harry, from curb'd License pluckes The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge Shall flesh his tooth in every Innocent. O my poore Kingdome (ficke, with civill blowes) When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots, What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care? O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe, Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants. Prince. O pardon me (my Liege) But for my Teares, The most Impediments vnto my Speech, I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke, Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne, And he that weares the Crowne immortally, Long guard it yours. If I affect it more, Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne, Let me no more from this Obedience rife, Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit Teacheth this proftrate, and exteriour bending. Heauen witnesse with me, when I heere came in, And found no course of breath within your Maiestie, How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine, O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye, And neuer liue, to shew th'incredulous World, The Noble change that I have purposed. Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead, (And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were) I spake vnto the Crowne (as having sense) And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending, Hath fed vpon the body of my Father, Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold. Other, lesse fine in Charract, is more precious, Preserving life, in Med'cine potable: But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd, Hast eate the Bearer vp. Thus (my Royall Liege) Accusing it, I put it on my Head, To try with it (as with an Enemie, That had before my face murdred my Father) The Quarrell of a true Inheritor. But if it did infect my blood with Ioy, Or fwell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride, If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine, Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome, Giue entertainment to the might of it,

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy felfe,

Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head, And make me, as the poorest Vassaile is, That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it. King. O my Sonne! Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence, That thou might'st ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue, Pleading fo wifely, in excuse of it. Come hither Harrie, sit thou by my bedde, And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell That euer I shall breath: Heaven knowes, my Sonne) By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes I met this Crowne: and I my felfe know well How troublesome it sate vpon my head. To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet, Better Opinion, better Confirmation: For all the foyle of the Atchieuement goes With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee, But as an Honour fnatch'd with boyst'rous hand, And I had many living, to vpbraide My gaine of it, by their Affistances, Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed, Wounding supposed Peace. All these bold Feares, Thou feest (with perill) I have answered: For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene Acting that argument. And now my death Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd, Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer fort. So thou, the Garland wear'ft fucceffinely. Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do, Thou art not firme enough, fince greefes are greene: And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends Haue but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out, By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd, And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare To be againe displac'd. Which to auoyd, I cut them off: and had a purpose now To leade out many to the Holy Land; Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke Too neere vnto my State. Therefore (my Harrie) Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes With Forraigne Quarrels : that Action hence borne out, May waste the memory of the former dayes. More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so, That strength of Speech is vtterly deni'de mee. How I came by the Crowne, O heaven forgive: And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue. Prince. My gracious Liege: You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gaue it me, Then plaine and right must my possession be; Which I, with more, then with a Common paine, 'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Warwicke.

King. Looke, looke,

Heere comes my Iohn of Lancaster:

Iohn. Health, Peace, and Happinesse,

To my Royall Father.

King. Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace

(Sonne Iohn:

But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is slowne

From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy sight

My worldly businesse makes a period.

Where

Where is my Lord of Warwicke?
Prin. My Lord of Warwicke.

King. Doth any name particular, belong Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd? War. 'Tis call'd Ierusalem, my Noble Lord.

King. Laud be to heauen: Euen there my life must end.

It hath beene prophefi'de to me many yeares, I fhould not dye, but in *Ierufalem*:

Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land. But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye: In that Ierusalem, shall Harry dye.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Davie.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night. What Dauy, I fay.

Fal. You must excuse me, M. Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall ferue: you shall not be excused. Why Dauie.

Dauie. Heere fir.

Shal. Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, let me see (Dauy) let me see: William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir Iohn, you shal not be excus'd.

Dauy. Marry fir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee feru'd: and againe fir, shall we sowe the head-land with Wheate?

Shal. With red Wheate Dauy. But for William Cook: are there no yong Pigeons?

Dauy. Yes Sir.

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,

And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: Sir Iohn, you shall not be excus'd.

Dauy. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of Williams Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at Hinckley Fayre?

Shal. He shall answer it:

Some Pigeons Dauy, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes, tell William Cooke.

Dauy. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night fir? Shal. Yes Dauy:

I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a penny in purse. Vse his men well Dauy, for they are arrant Knaues, and will backe-bite.

Dauy. No worse then they are bitten, sir: For they have maruellous sowle linnen.

Shallow. Well conceited Dauy: about thy Businesse, Dauy.

Dauy. I befeech you fir,

To countenance William Vifor of Woncot, against Clement Perbos of the hill

ment Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints Dauy, against that Visor, that Visor is an arrant Knaue, on my knowledge.

Dauy. I graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue Sir:) But yet heaven forbid Sir, but a Knaue should have some Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I have feru'd your Worshippe truely sir, these eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue, against an honest man, I have but a very litle credite with your Worshippe. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Countenanc'd.

Shal. Go too,

I fay he shall have no wrong: Looke about Dauy. Where are you Sir Iohn? Come, off with your Boots. Give me your hand M. Bardolfe.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.

Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master Bardolfe: and welcome my tall Fellow: Come Sir Iohn.

Falstaffe. Ile follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. Bardolfe, looke to our Horsses. If I were saw'de into Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded Hermites staues, as Master Shallow. It is a wonderfull thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits, and his: They, by observing of him, do beare themselves like foolish Justices: Hee, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirits are fo married in Coniunction, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in consent, like so many Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Mayster Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of beeing neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with Maister Shallow, that no man could better command his Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heede of their Companie. I will deuise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe Prince Harry in continuall Laughter, the wearing out of fixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Actions, and he shall laugh with Internallums. O it is much that a Lye (with a flight Oath) and a left (with a fadde brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

Shal. Sir Iohn.

Falst. I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow, Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Warnicke. How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whether away?

Ch. Iuft. How doth the King?
Warm. Exceeding well: his Cares

Are now, all ended.

Ch. Iuf. I hope, not dead.

Warm. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purposes, he lives no more.

Cb. Iust. I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him, The service, that I truly did his life, Hath left me open to all injuries.

War.

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loves you not.
Ch. Iuft. I know he doth not, and do arme my felfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
Then I have drawne it in my fantasie.

Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heavy Issue of dead Harrie: O, that the living Harrie had the temper Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen: How many Nobles then, should hold their places, That must strike saile, to Spirits of vilde fort? Ch. Iuft. Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd. Iohn. Good morrow Cofin Warwick, good morrow. Glou. Cla. Good morrow, Cofin. Iohn. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake. War. We do remember: but our Argument Is all too heavy, to admit much talke. Iob. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heavy Ch. Iuft. Peace be with vs, least we be heavier. Glou. O, good my Lord, you have lost a friend indeed: And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face Of feeming forrow, it is fure your owne. Iohn. Though no man be affur'd what grace to finde, You stand in coldest expectation. I am the forrier, would 'twere otherwife. Cla. Wel, you must now speake Sir Iohn Falstaffe faire, Which swimmes against your streame of Quality. Ch. Iuft. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor, Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule, And neuer shall you see, that I will begge A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission. If Troth, and vpright Innocency fayle me, Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead, And tell him, who hath fent me after him. War. Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henrie.

Ch. Iuft. Good morrow: and heaven faue your Maiesty Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty, Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke. Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare: This is the English, not the Turkish Court: Not Amurah, an Amurah succeeds, But Harry, Harry: Yet be fad (good Brothers) For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you: Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares, That I will deeply put the Fashion on, And weare it in my heart. Why then be fad, But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers) Then a joynt burthen, laid vpon vs all. For me, by Heauen (I bid you be affur'd) Ile be your Father, and your Brother too: Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares; But weepe that Horrie's dead, and so will I. But Harry lives, that shall convert those Teares By number, into houres of Happinesse. Iohn, Gc. We hope no other from your Maiesty. Prin. You all looke strangely on me: and you most, You are (I thinke) affur'd, I loue you not. Ch. Iust. I am affur'd (if I be measur'd rightly) Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.

Pr.No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget

So great Indignities you laid vpon me?

What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly fend to Prison Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this easie? May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten? Ch. Iust. I then did vse the Person of your Father: The Image of his power, lay then in me, And in th'administration of his Law, Whiles I was bufie for the Commonwealth, Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place, The Maiesty, and power of Law, and Iustice, The Image of the King, whom I presented, And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement: Whereon (as an Offender to your Father) I gaue bold way to my Authority, And did commit you. If the deed were ill, Be you contented, wearing now the Garland, To have a Sonne, fet your Decrees at naught? To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench? To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword That guards the peace, and fafety of your Person? Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image, And mocke your workings, in a Second body? Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours: Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne: Heare your owne dignity fo much prophan'd, See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted; Behold your felfe, so by a Sonne disdained: And then imagine me, taking you part, And in your power, foft filencing your Sonne: After this cold confiderance, sentence me; And, as you are a King, speake in your State, What I have done, that misbecame my place, My person, or my Lieges Soueraigntie. Prin. You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well: Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword: And I do wish your Honors may encrease, Till you do liue, to fee a Sonne of mine Offend you, and obey you, as I did. So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words: Happy am I, that have a man so bold, That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne; And no leffe happy, having fuch a Sonne, That would deliver vp his Greatnesse so, Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me: For which, I do commit into your hand, Th'vnstained Sword that you have vs'd to beare: With this Remembrance; That you vie the same With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand, You shall be as a Father, to my Youth: My voice shall found, as you do prompt mine eare, And I will stoope, and humble my Intents, To your well-practis'd, wife Directions. And Princes all, beleeue me, I befeech you: My Father is gone wilde into his Graue, (For in his Tombe, lye my Affections) And with his Spirits, fadly I furniue, To mocke the expectation of the World; To frustrate Prophesies, and to race out Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe After my feeming. The Tide of Blood in me, Hath prowdly flow'd in Vanity, till now. Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea, Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods, And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty. Now call we our High Court of Parliament, And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,

That the great Body of our State may go In equall ranke, with the best gouern'd Nation, That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be As things acquainted and familiar to vs, In which you (Father) shall have formost hand. Our Coronation done, we will accite (As I before remembred) all our State, And heaven (configning to my good intents) No Prince, nor Peere, shall have just cause to say, Heauen shorten Harries happy life, one day. Exeunt.

Dau. I hope to fee London, once ere I die. Bar. If I might see you there, Dauie.

M. Bardolfe, and to all the Cauileroes about London.

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not M. Bardolfe?

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a

Shal. Honest Bardolfe, welcome: If thou want'st any

thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: He drinke to

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot. Sbal. I thanke thee: the knaue will slicke by thee, I can affure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, fir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal Why now you have done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, Samingo. Is't not fo?

Fal. 'Tis fo.

mile to the bottome.

Sil. Is't fo? Why then fay an old man can do fomwhat. Dau. If it please your Worshippe, there's one Pistoll come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Pistoll.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graffing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth (Come Cofin Silence, and then to bed.

Fal. You have heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich. Shal. Barren, barren; Beggers all, beggers all Sir Iohn: Marry, good ayre. Spread Dauy, spread Dauie: Well said Dauie.

Falft. This Dauie serues you for good vses: he is your

Seruingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir Iohn: I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now fit downe, now fit downe : Come Cofin.

Sil. Ah firra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and praise heaven for the merrie yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie Lads rome heere, and there : so merrily, and ever among fo merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good M. Silence, Ile giue

you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good M. Bardolfe: some wine, Dauie.

Da. Sweet fir, fit: Ile be with you anon: most sweete fir, sit. Master Page, good M.Page, sit: Proface. What you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry M. Bardolfe, and my little Souldiour

there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all. For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall: "Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all; And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke M. Silence had bin a man of this

Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have beene merry twice and once, ere

Dauy. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you. Shal. Davie.

Dau. Your Worship: He be with you straight. A cup of Wine, fir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well faid, M. Silence. Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, M. Silence.

Enter Piftoll.

How now Pistoll?

Pift. Sir Iohn, 'faue you fir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Pistoll?

Pift. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good, fweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman Puffe of Barfon.

Pist. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sir Iohn, I am thy Pistoll, and thy Friend: helter skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this

World.

Pift. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base, I speake of Affrica, and Golden loyes.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes? Let King Couitha know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Pift. Shall dunghill Curres confront the Hellicons? And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe:

Shal. Honest Gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pift. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon, Sir.

If fir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.

Pift. Vnder which King?

Bezonian, speake, or dye. Shal. Vnder King Harry. Pift. Harry the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pift. A footra for thine Office.

Sir John, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King, Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth. When Pistoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old King dead? Pift. As naile in doore.

The things I speake, are just.

Fal. Away Bardolfe, Sadle my Horse,

Master Robert Shallow, choose what Office thou wilt In the Land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double charge thee With Dignities.

Bard. O ioyfull day:

I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Pift. What? I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carrie Master Silence to bed : Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward. Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet Pistoll: Away Bardolfe: Come Pistoll, vtter more to mee: and withall deuise fomething to do thy selfe good . boote Master Shallow, I know the young King is fick for mee. Let vs take any mans Horsses: The Lawes of England are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe

Pift. Let Vultures vil'de feize on his Lungs also: Where is the life that late I led, fay they?

Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare-sheete, and Beadles.

Hostesse. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy, that I might have thee hang'd : Thou hast drawne my

shoulder out of ioynt.

Off. The Constables have deliver'd her over to mee: and shee shall have Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath beene a man or two (lately)kill'd about

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Vil-

Host. O that Sir Iohn were come, hee would make this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite

of her Wombe might miscarry.

Officer. If it do, you shall have a dozen of Cushions againe, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me : for the man is dead, that you and Pistoll beate among you.

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I will have you as foundly fwindg'd for this, you blew-

Bottel'd Rogue : you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you be not fwing'd, Ile forfweare halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come. Hoft. O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel of fufferance, comes ease.

Dol. Come you Rogue, come:

Bring me to a Iustice.

Host. Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Host. Thou Anatomy, thou. Dol. Come you thinne Thing:

Come you Rascall. Off. Very well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

I. Groo. More Rushes, more Rushes.

2. Groo. The Trumpets have founded twice.

I. Groo. It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falstaffe. Stand heere by me, M. Robert Shallow, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as he comes by : and do but marke the countenance that hee will give me.

Pistol. Bleffe thy Lungs, good Knight.

Falst. Come heere Pistol, stand behind me. O if I had had time to have made new Liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to fee him.

Shal. It doth fo.

Falft. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

Pift. It doth fo. Fal. My deuotion.

Pift. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night, And not to deliberate, not to remember, Not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certaine.

Fal. But to stand stained with Travaile, and sweating with defire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affayres in oblivion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to fee him.

Pist. 'Tis semper idem: for absque boc nibil est. 'Tis all

in every part.
Shal. 'Tis fo indeed.

Pift. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liver, and make thee rage. Thy Dol, and Helen of thy noble thoghts is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thither by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for Dol is in. Piftol, speakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliuer her.

Pistol. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour founds.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe

Falft. Saue thy Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall. Pift. The heavens thee guard, and keepe, most royall

Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Saue thee my fweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine

Ch. Iust. Haue you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falft. My King, my Ioue; I speake to thee, my heart. King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers: How ill white haires become a Foole, and Iester?

I haue

I have long dream'd of fuch a kinde of man, So furfeit-fwell'd, fo old, and fo prophane: But being awake, I do despise my dreame. Make leffe thy body (hence) and more thy Grace, Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape For thee, thrice wider then for other men. Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Iest, Presume not, that I am the thing I was, For heaven doth know (fo shall the world perceive) That I have turn'd away my former Selfe, So will I those that kept me Companie. When thou dost heare I am, as I have bin, Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots: Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death, As I have done the rest of my Misleaders, Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile. For competence of life, I will allow you, That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill : And as we heare you do reforme your felues, We will according to your strength, and qualities, Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord) To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound. Shal. I marry Sir Iohn, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. Shallow, do not you grieue at this: I shall be sent for in private to him: Looke you, he must seeme thus to the world: feare not your advancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, vnlesse you should give me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with Straw. I beseech you, good Sir Iohn, let mee have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you

heard, was but a colour.

Shall. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir Iohn. Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:

Come Lieutenant Pistol, come Bardolfe, I shall be sent for soone at night.

Ch. Iust. Go carry Sir Iohn Falstaffe to the Fleete,

Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.
Ch. Iuft. I cannot now fpeake, I will heare you foone:
Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.

Exit. Manet Lancaster and Chiefe lustice.

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:

He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall all be very well prouided for:
But all are banisht, till their conversations
Appeare more wise, and modest to the world.

Ch. Iust. And so they are.

Iobn. The King hath call'd his Parliament, My Lord.

Ch. Iust. He hath.

Iobn. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire, We beare our Civill Swords, and Native fire As farre as France. I heare a Bird fo fing, Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King. Come, will you hence?

Exeunt

FINIS.





EPILOGVE.



IRST, my Feare: then, my Curtsie: last, my Speech. My Feare, is your Displeasure: My Curtsie, my Dutie: And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good speech now, you undoe me: For what I have to say, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose, and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very

well) I was lately beere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come vuluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors lose. Heere I promist you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do) promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to vse my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, have for given me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewowen, which was never seene before, in such an As:

sembly.

One word more, I befeech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Fal-staffe shall dye of a sweat, vnlesse already he be kill d with your hard Opinions: For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.



THE

ACTORS NAMES.

VMOVR the Presentor.

King Henry the Fourth. Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henrie the Fift.

Prince Iohn of Lancaster. Thomas of Clarence.

Humphrey of Gloucester. Sonnes to Henry the Fourth, & brethren to Henry 5.

Opposites against King Henrie the

Northumberland.

The Arch Byshop of Yorke.

Mowbray.

Haftings.

Lord Bardolfe.

Trauers.

Morton.

Coleuile.

Warwicke.

Westmerland.

Surrey.

Gowre.

Harecourt.

Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Partie.

Of the Kings

Fourth.

Falstaffe. Bardolphe. Pistoll.

Peto.

Pointz.

Page.

Shallow. Both Country Silence. Iustices.

Dauie, Seruant to Shallow.

Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants

Mouldie. Shadow.

Wart.

Feeble. Bullcalfe. Country Soldiers

Drawers Beadles. Groomes Northumberlands Wife, Percies Widdow.

Irregular

Humorists.

Hostesse Quickly. Doll Teare-sheete.

Epilogue.





The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend The brightest Heauen of Invention: A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act, And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene. Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe, Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles (Leasht in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all: The flat unraysed Spirits, that hath dar'd, On this unmorthy Scaffold, to bring forth So great an Obiect. Can this Cock-Pit hold The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt? O pardon: since a crooked Figure may Attest in little place a Million, And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,

On your imaginarie Forces worke. Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies, Whose high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts, The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder. Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts: Into a thousand parts divide one Man, And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them.
Printing their prowd Hooses i'th' receiving & arth: For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings, Carry them here and there : Iumping o're Times ; Turning th'accomplishment of many yeeres Into an Homre-glaffe: for the which supplie, Admit me Chorus to this Historie; Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray, Gently to heare, kindly to judge our Play.

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scana Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant. Y Lord, Ile tell you, that felfe Bill is vrg'd, Which in th'eleueth yere of y last Kings reign Mas like, and had indeed against vs past, But that the scambling and vnquiet time Did push it out of farther question.

Bish. Ely. But how my Lord shall we resist it now? Bish. Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against vs, We loofe the better halfe of our Possession: For all the Temporall Lands, which men devout By Testament haue given to the Church, Would they strip from vs; being valu'd thus, As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor, Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights, Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires: And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle, A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd: And to the Coffers of the King beside, A thousand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill. Bish. Ely. This would drinke deepe. Bilb. Cant.'Twould drinke the Cup and all. Bish. Ely. But what prevention?

Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Bish. Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church. Bish. Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not. The breath no fooner left his Fathers body, But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him, Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment, Confideration like an Angell came, And whipt th'offending Adam out of him; Leauing his body as a Paradife, T'inuelop and containe Celestiall Spirits. Neuer was fuch a fodaine Scholler made: Neuer came Reformation in a Flood, With fuch a heady currance scowring faults: Nor neuer Hidra-headed Wilfulnesse So foone did loofe his Seat; and all at once; As in this King.

Bish. Ely: We are bleffed in the Change." Bish. Cant. Heare him but reason in Divinitie; And all-admiring, with an inward wish You would defire the King were made a Prelate: Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires; You would fay, it hath been all in all his study: List his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique.

Turne

Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Course vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any studie,
Any retyrement, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Ne

B.Ely. The Strawberry growes underneath the Nettle, And holesome Berryes thriue and ripen best, Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie: And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation Under the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt) Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night, Unseene, yet cressive in his facultie.

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
And therefore we must needes admit the meanes,

How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:

How now for mittigation of this Bill,

Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
Incline to it,or no?

B. Cant. He feemes indifferent:
Or rather fwaying more vpon our part,
Then cherishing th'exhibiters against vs:
For I have made an offer to his Maiestie,
Vpon our Spirituall Convocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater Summe,
Then ever at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer feeme receiv'd, my Lord?
B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie:
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would saine haue done,
The seueralls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great Grandsather.

B.Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?
B.Cant. The French Embaffador vpon that instant
Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?
B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie: Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Flu. He wait woon you and I long to heare it.

B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury? Exeter. Not here in presence.
King. Send for him, good Vnckle.

Westm. Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?
King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your facred Throne, And make you long become it. King. Sure we thanke you. My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed, And justly and religiously vnfold, Why the Law Salike, that they have in France, Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme: And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord, That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading, Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule, With opening Titles miscreate, whose right Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth: For God doth know, how many now in health, Shall drop their blood, in approbation Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to. Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person, How you awake our fleeping Sword of Warre; We charge you in the Name of God take heed: For neuer two fuch Kingdomes did contend, Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops Are euery one, a Woe, a fore Complaint, 'Gainst him, whose wrongs gives edge vnto the Swords, That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie. Vnder this Conjuration, speake my Lord: For we will heare, note, and beleeue in heart, That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt, As pure as finne with Baptisme. B. Can. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers, That owe your felues, your lives, and feruices, To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France, But this which they produce from Pharamond, In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedaul, No Woman shall succeed in Salike Land: Which Salike Land, the French vniuftly gloze To be the Realme of France, and Pharamond The founder of this Law, and Female Barre. Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme, That the Land Salike is in Germanie, Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue: Where Charles the Great having subdu'd the Saxons, There left behind and fettled certaine French: Who holding in disdaine the German Women, For some dishonest manners of their life, Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female Should be Inheritrix in Salike Land: Which Salike (as I faid) 'twixt Elue and Sala, Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Meisen. Then doth it well appeare, the Salike Law Was not deuised for the Realme of France: Nor did the French possesse the Salike Land, Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres After defunction of King Pharamond,

Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,

Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere

King Pepin, which deposed Childerike,

Did as Heire Generall, being descended

Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne

Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,

Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French

Eight hundred fine. Besides, their Writers say,

Foure hundred twentie fix : and Charles the Great

Of Blitbild, which was Daughter to King Clotbair,

Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.

Enter two Bishops.

Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, fole Heire male Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great: To find his Title with some shewes of truth, Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught, Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady Lingare, Daughter to Charlemaine, who was the Sonne To Lewes the Emperour, and Lewes the Sonne Of Charles the Great: also King Lewes the Tenth, Who was fole Heire to the Viurper Capet, Could not keepe quiet in his conscience, Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till fatisfied, That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother, Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*, Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Loraine: By the which Marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France. So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne, King Pepins Title, and Hugh Capets Clayme, King Lemes his fatisfaction, all appeare To hold in Right and Title of the Female: So doe the Kings of France vnto this day. Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law, To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female, And rather chuse to hide them in a Net, Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles, Vfurpt from you and your Progenitors. King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bish. Cant. The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne: For in the Booke of Numbers is it writ, When the man dyes, let the Inheritance Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord, Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge, Looke back into your mightie Ancestors: Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe, From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit, And your Great Vnckles, Edward the Black Prince, Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie, Making defeat on the full Power of France: Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie. O Noble English, that could entertaine With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France, And let another halfe stand laughing by, All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bifb. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead, And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats; You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne: The Blood and Courage that renowned them, Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth, Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe, As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might; West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subjects,

Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whose hearts have left their bodyes here in England,
And lye pavillion'd in the fields of France.

Bish. Can. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie
Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As never did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We must not onely arme t'inuade the French, But lay downe our proportions, to defend Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs, With all aduantages.

Bifb. Can. They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign, Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend

Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the courfing fnatchers onely, But feare the maine intendment of the Scot, Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs: For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather Neuer went with his forces into France, But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome, Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach, With ample and brim fulnesse of his force, Galling the gleaned Land with hot Affayes, Girding with grieuous fiege, Castles and Townes: That England being emptie of defence, Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood. B.Can. She hath bin the more fear'd the harm'd, my Liege: For heare her but exampl'd by her felfe, When all her Cheualrie hath been in France, And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles, Shee hath her felfe not onely well defended, But taken and impounded as a Stray, The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France, To fill King Edwards fame with prisoner Kings, And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse, As is the Owfe and bottome of the Sea With funken Wrack, and fum-leffe Treasuries. Bifb. Ely. But there's a faying very old and true, If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begia. For once the Eagle (England) being in prey, To her vnguarded Neft, the Weazell (Scot) Comes fneaking, and fo fucks her Princely Egges, Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat, To tame and hauocke more then she can eate. Exet. It followes theu, the Cat must stay at home,

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have lockes to safegard necessary,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeves.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'aduised head defends it selfe at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like Musicke.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide The state of man in divers functions, Setting endeuour in continual motion: To which is fixed as an ayme or butt, Obedience: for fo worke the Hony Bees, Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome. They have a King, and Officers of forts, Where some like Magistrates correct at home: Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad: Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings, Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes: Which pillage, they with merry march bring home To the Tent-royal of their Emperor: Who busied in his Maiesties surveyes The finging Masons building rooses of Gold, The civil Citizens kneading vp the hony; The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:

The

The fad-ey'd Iustice with his furly humme, Deliuering ore to Executors pale The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre, That many things having full reference To one confent, may worke contrariously, As many Arrowes loofed feuerall wayes Come to one marke : as many wayes meet in one towne, As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea; As many Lynes close in the Dials center: So may a thousand actions once a foote, And in one purpose, and be all well borne Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege, Divide your happy England into foure, Whereof, take you one quarter into France, And you withall shall make all Gallia shake. If we with thrice such powers left at home, Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge, Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose The name of hardineffe and policie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin. Now are we well refolu'd, and by Gods helpe And yours, the noble finewes of our power, France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe, Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l fit, (Ruling in large and ample Emperie, Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes) Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne, Tomblesse, with no remembrance ouer them: Either our History shall with full mouth Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue Like Turkish mute, shall have a tonguelesse mouth, Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France. Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure Of our faire Cofin Dolphin: for we heare, Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Maiestie to give vs leave Freely to render what we have in charge: Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off The Dolphins meaning, and our Embassie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King, Vnto whose grace our passion is as subject As is our wretches fettred in our prisons, Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse, Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Amb. Thus than in few: Your Highnesse lately sending into France, Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third. In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master Sayes, that you fauour too much of your youth, And bids you be aduis'd : There's nought in France, That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne: You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there. He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this, Defires you let the dukedomes that you claime Heare no more of you. This the Dolphin speakes.

King. What Treasure Vncle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

Kin, We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs, His Present, and your paines we thanke you for: When we have matcht our Rackets to these Balles, We will in France (by Gods grace) play a fet, Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard. Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd With Chaces. And we understand him well, How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes, Not measuring what vse we made of them. We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England, And therefore living hence, did give our felfe To barbarous license: As 'tis euer common, That men are merriest, when they are from home. But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State, Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse, When I do rowfe me in my Throne of France. For that I have layd by my Maiestie, And plodded like a man for working dayes: But I will rife there with fo full a glorie, That I will dazle all the eyes of France, Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs, And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his soule Shall stand fore charged, for the wastefull vengeance That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands; Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe: And some are yet vngotten and vnborne, That shal have cause to curse the Dolphins scorne. But this lyes all within the wil of God, To whom I do appeale, and in whose name Tel you the Dolphin, I am comming on, To venge me as I may, and to put forth My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause. So get you hence in peace : And tell the Dolphin, His left will fauour but of shallow wit, When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it. Convey them with fafe conduct. Fare you weil. Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Message. King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it : Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre, That may give furth'rance to our Expedition: For we have now no thought in vs but France, Saue those to God, that runne before our bufinesse. Therefore let our proportions for these Warres Be foone collected, and all things thought vpon, That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde More Feathers to our Wings: for God before, Wee'le chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore. Therefore let every man now taske his thought, That this faire Action may on foot be brought.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Chorus. Now all the Youth of England are on fire, And filken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes: Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought Reignes folely in the breast of every man. They fell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse; Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings, With winged heeles, as English Mercuries. For now fits Expectation in the Ayre, And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point, With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets, Promis'd to Harry, and his followers. The French aduis'd by good intelligence Of this most dreadfull preparation, Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy Seeke to divert the English purposes. O England: Modell to thy inward Greatneffe, Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do, Were all thy children kinde and naturall: But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out, A nest of hollow bosomes, which he filles With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men: One, Richard Earle of Cambridge, and the second Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, and the third Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland, Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed) Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France, And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye. If Hell and Treason hold their promises, Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton. Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest Th'abuse of distance; force a play: The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed, The King is fet from London, and the Scene Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton, There is the Play-house now, there must you sit, And thence to France shall we conuey you safe, And bring you backe: Charming the narrow feas To give you gentle Passe: for if we may, Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play. But till the King come forth, and not till then, Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene. Exit

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall Nym.

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. What, are Ancient Pistoll and you friends yet? Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will toste Cheese, and it will endure cold, as another mans fword will: and there's an end,

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes, and wee'l bee all three fworne brothers to France: Let't

be fo good Corporall Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live fo long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendeuous of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is marryed to Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you

were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may:men may sleepe, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say, kniues have edges: It must be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot

Enter Pistoll, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient Pistoll and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaste Pi-

Pift. Base Tyke, cal'st thou mee Hoste, now by this hand I fweare I fcorne the terme : nor shall my Nel keep

Host. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that live honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adultery and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing

Nym. Pish. heere.

Pist. Pish for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur of Island.

Host. Good Corporall Nym shew thy valor, and put

vp your fword.

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would have you solus. Pift. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The folus in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy nastie mouth. I do retort the folus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Pifols cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason, you cannot coniure mee: I haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scoure you with my Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as

I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pift. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight, The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere, Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes the first stroake, He run him up to the hilts, as I am a sol-

Pift. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate. Giue me thy fift, thy fore-foote to me giue: Thy spirites are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire

termes, that is the humor of it.

Pistoll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee againe. O hound of Creet, think'ft thou my spouse to get? No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of Cressids kinde, Doll Teare-sheete, she by name, and her espouse. I have, and I will hold the Quondam Quickely for the onely shee : and Pauca, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoast Pistoll, you must come to my Mayster, and your Hostesse: He is very sicke, & would to bed. Good Bardolfe, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Hoft. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Husband come home presently.

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must to France together: why the diuel should we keep kniues

to cut one anothers throats? Pift. Let floods ore-fwell, and fiends for food howle

Nym. You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you at Betting?

Pift. Base is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I wil haue: that's the humor of it.

Pift. As manhood shal compound: push home. Draw Bard. By this fword, hee that makes the first thrust, Ile kill him: By this fword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must have their course Bar. Coporall Nym, & thou wilt be friends be frends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to:pre-

Pist. A Noble shalt thou have, and present pay, and Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by Nymme, & Nymme shall live by me, is not this just? For I shal Sutler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee thy hand.

h 3

Nym.

Nym. I shall have my Noble? Pift. In cash, most justly payd. Nym. Well, then that the humor of't. Enter Hostesse.

Hoft. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to fir Iohn: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight,

that's the euen of it.

Pift. Nym, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passes some humors, and carreeres.

Pist. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we

will liue.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland. Bed Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by. West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves, As if allegeance in their bosomes fate Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,

By interception, which they dreame not of. Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours; That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray. King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboord. My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Masham, And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts: Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the execution, and the acte, For which we have in head affembled them.

Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best. King. I doubt not that, fince we are well perswaded We carry not a heart with vs from hence, That growes not in a faire consent with ours: Nor leave not one behinde, that doth not wish Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd, Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subject That fits in heart-greefe and vneafinesse Vnder the fweet shade of your government.

Kni. True: those that were your Fathers enemies, Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulnes, And shall forget the office of our hand Sooner then quittance of defert and merit,

According to the weight and worthinesse. Scro. So feruice shall with steeled finewes toyle,

And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope To do your Grace inceffant feruices.

King. We Iudge no leffe. Vnkle of Exeter, Inlarge the man committed yesterday, That rayl'd against our person: We consider It was excesse of Wine that set him on, And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

Scro. That's mercy, but too much fecurity: Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example Breed (by his fufferance) more of fuch a kind.

Kiug. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too. Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life, After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me, Are heavy Orisons'gainst this poore wretch: If little faults proceeding on distemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye When capitall crimes, chew'd, fwallow'd, and digested, Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man, Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care And tender preservation of our person Wold have him punish'd. And now to our French causes, Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one my Lord, Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Scro. So did you me my Liege. Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne. King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours: There yours Lord Scroope of Masham, and Sir Knight: Gray of Northumberland, this same is yours: Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.

My Lord of Westmerland, and Vnkle Exeter, We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen? What see you in those papers, that you loose So much complexion? Looke ye how they change: Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there, That have so cowarded and chac'd your blood

Out of apparance.

Cam. I do confesse my fault, And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy. Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late, By your owne counfaile is supprest and kill'd: You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy, For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes, As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you: See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres, These English monsters: My Lord of Cambridge heere, You know how apt our loue was, to accord To furnish with all appertinents Belonging to his Honour; and this man, Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd And sworne vnto the practises of France To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which, This Knight no leffe for bounty bound to Vs Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O, What shall I fay to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruell, Ingratefull, fauage, and inhumane Creature? Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes, That knew'st the very bottome of my foule, That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde, Would'st thou have practis'd on me, for thy vse? May it be possible, that forraigne hyer Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill That might annoy my finger? Tis so strange, That though the truth of it stands off as grosse As blacke and white, my eye will scarfely see it. Treason, and murther, ever kept together, As two yoake diuels fworne to eythers purpose, Working so grossely in an naturall cause, That admiration did not hoope at them. But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther: And whatfoeuer cunning fiend it was That wrought vpon thee fo preposterously, Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

Exit.

And other diuels that fuggest by treasons, Do botch and bungle vp damnation, With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht From glist'ring semblances of piety: But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp, Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason, Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor. If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus, Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world, He might returne to vastie Tartar backe, And tell the Legions, I can neuer win A foule so easie as that Englishmans. Oh, how hast thou with iealousie infected The fweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull, Why fo didst thou : seeme they grave and learned? Why fo didft thou. Come they of Noble Family? Why fo didst thou. Seeme they religious? Why fo didst thou. Or are they spare in diet, Free from groffe passion, or of mirth, or anger, Constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood, Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement, Not working with the eye, without the eare, And but in purged judgement trufting neither, Such and so finely boulted didst thou seeme: And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot, To make thee full fraught man, and best indued With some suspition, I will weepe for thee. For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like Another fall of Man. Their faults are open, Arrest them to the answer of the Law, And God acquit them of their practifes.

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of

Richard Earle of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas

Lord Scroope of Marsham.

I arrest thee of High Treason by the name of Thomas

Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scro. Our purposes, God justly hath discouer'd, And I repent my fault more then my death, Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgiue, Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce, Although I did admit it as a motiue,

The fooner to effect what I intended: But God be thanked for preuention, Which in fufferance heartily will reioyce, Befeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer did faithfull fubiect more reioyce At the discouery of most dangerous Treason, Then I do at this houre ioy ore my felfe, Preuented from a damned enterprize; My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence You have conspir'd against Our Royall person, Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers, Receyu'd the Golden Earnest of Our death : Wherein you would have fold your King to slaughter, His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude, His Subjects to oppression, and contempt, And his whole Kingdome into defolation: Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge, But we our Kingdomes safety wust so tender, Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence, (Poore miserable wretches) to your death: The taste whereof, God of his mercy give

You patience to indure, and true Repentance Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. Now Lords for France: the enterprise whereof

Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.

We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre, Since God fo graciously hath brought to light This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way, To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now, But every Rubbe is smoothed on our way. Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer

Our Puissance into the hand of God, Putting it straight in expedition.

Chearely to Sea, the fignes of Warre advance, No King of England, if not King of France. Flourish.

Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Host se. Hostesse. 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pistoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. Bardolph, be blythe: Nim, rowse thy vaunting Veines: Boy, brissle thy Courage vp : for Falftaffe hee is dead, and wee must erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wherefomere hee is,

eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arthurs Bosome, if ever man went to Arthurs Bosome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome Child: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th'Tyde: for after I faw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile wpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir Iohn (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: fo a cryed out, God, God, three or foure times : now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselse with any fuch thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and so vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They fay he cryed out of Sack.

Hostesse. I, that a did. Bard. And of Women. Hostesse. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and faid they were Deules incar-

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he neuer lik'd.

Boy. A faid once, the Deule would have him about Women.

Hostesse. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women: but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of

Boy. Doe you not remember a faw a Flea sticke vpon Bardolphs Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his feruice.

Nim. Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from

Southampton.

Pift. Come, let's away. My Loue, give me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Caueto bee thy Counfailor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yokefellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horse-

leeches my Boyes, to fucke, to fucke, the very blood to fucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

Pift. Touch her fost mouth, and march. Bard. Farwell Hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Pift. Let Huswiserie appeare: keepe close, I thee command.

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt

Flourish.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs, And more then carefully it vs concernes,
To answer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.
It fits vs then to be as prouident,
As feare may teach vs, out of late examples
Left by the fatall and neglected English,
Vpon our fields,

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father, It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe: For Peace it felfe should not so dull a Kingdome, (Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question) But that Defences, Musters, Preparations, Should be maintain'd, affembled, and collected, As were a Warre in expectation. Therefore I fay, 'tis meet we all goe forth, To view the fick and feeble parts of France: And let vs doe it with no shew of feare, No, with no more, then if we heard that England Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance: For, my good Liege, shee is so idly King'd, Her Scepter so phantastically borne, By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth. That feare attends her not.

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,
You are too much mistaken in this King:
Question your Grace the late Embassadors,
With what great State he heard their Embassie,
How well supply'd with Noble Councellors,
How modest in exception; and withall,
How terrible in constant resolution:
And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus,
Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable. But though we thinke it so, it is no matter: In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh The Enemie more mightie then he seemes, So the proportions of desence are fill'd: Which of a weake and niggardly proiection, Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King Harry strong: And Princes, looke you strongly arms to meet him. The Kindred of him hath beene slesht vpon vs: And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,
That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes:
Witnesse our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy Battell stally was strucke,
And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing
Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare
The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.
Mess. Embassadors from Harry King of England,
Doe crave admittance to your Maiestie.

King. Weele give them present audience. Goe, and bring them.

You fee this Chase is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursuit; for coward Dogs Most spend their mouths, whe what they seem to threaten Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne Take vp the English short, and let them know Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:
Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne, As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England? Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie: He wills you in the Name of God Almightie, That you deuest your felfe, and lay apart The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen, By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne, And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times, Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know 'Tis no finister, nor no awk-ward Clayme, Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanisht dayes, Nor from the dust of old Oblinion rakt, He fends you this most memorable Lyne, In euery Branch truly demonstrative; Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree: And when you find him euenly deriu'd From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors, Edward the third; he bids you then refigne Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held From him, the Natiue and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes? Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it. Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming, In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a Ioue: That if requiring faile, he will compell. And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord, Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre Opens his vastie Iawes: and on your head Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes, The dead-mens Blood, the privy Maidens Groanes, For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers, That shall be swallowed in this Controuersie. This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message: Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence here; To whom expressely I bring greeting to.

King. For

King. For vs, we will confider of this further:
To morrow shall you beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.
Dolph. For the Dolphin,

I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorne and desiance, sleight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not missed become
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiessie;
Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne, It is against my will: for I desire Nothing but Oddes with England.
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie, I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it, Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe: And be assured as we his Subiects haue in wonder found, Betweene the promise of his greener dayes, And these he masters now: now he weighes Time Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.

King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King Come here himselfe to question our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.

King. You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.

A Night is but small breathe, and little pawse,
To answer matters of this consequence.

Execunt.

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flyes, In motion of no leffe celeritie then that of Thought. Suppose, that you have seene The well-appointed King at Douer Peer, Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet, With filken Streamers, the young Phebus fayning; Play with your Fancies: and in them behold, Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing; Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order give To founds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles, Borne with th'inuifible and creeping Wind, Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea, Bresting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke You stand vpon the Riuage, and behold A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing: For so appeares this Fleet Maiesticall, Holding due course to Harslew. Follow, follow: Grapple your minds to sternage of this Nauie, And leave your England as dead Mid-night, still, Guarded with Grandsires, Babyes, and old Women, Eyther past, or not arriu'd to pyth and puissance: For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow These cull'd and choyse-drawne Caualiers to France? Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege: Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages, With satall mouthes gaping on girded Harssew. Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back: Tells Harry, That the King doth offer him Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie, Some petty and vnprositable Dukedomes. The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner With Lynstock now the diuellish Cannon touches, Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

And downe goes all before them. Still be kind, And eech out our performance with your mind.

Exit.

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.

Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harsten.

King. Once more vnto the Breach, Deare friends, once more ; Or close the Wall vp with our English dead: In Peace, there's nothing fo becomes a man, As modest stillnesse, and humilitie: But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares, Then imitate the action of the Tyger: Stiffen the finewes, commune vp the blood, Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage: Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect: Let it pry through the portage of the Head, Like the Braffe Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it, As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke O're-hang and jutty his confounded Base, Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean. Now fet the Teeth, and stretch the Nosthrill wide, Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English, Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proofe: Fathers, that like fo many Alexanders, Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought, And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument. Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest, That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you. Be Coppy now to me of groffer blood, And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen, Whose Lyms were made in England; shew vs here The mettell of your Pasture: let vs sweare, That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not: For there is none of you so meane and base, That hath not Noble luster in your eyes. I fee you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips, Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot: Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge, Cry, God for Harry, England, and S. George. Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistoll, and Boy.
Bard. On, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall flay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I have not a Case of Liues: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

Pift. The plaine-Song is most inst: for humors doe a-bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I would give all my same for a Pot of Ale, and safetie.

Pift. And

Pif. And I: If wishes would preuayle with me, my purpose should not sayle with me; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth fing on

bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auaunt you

Pift. Be merciful great Duke to men of Mould: a-bate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vse lenitie sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad

humors. Exit.

Boy. As young as I am, I have obseru'd these three Swashers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would ferue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: for Bardolph, hee is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for Piftoll, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons: for Nim, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. Bardolph stole a Lute-case, bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halfepence. Nim and Bardolph are fworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs. I must leave them, and seeke some better Service : their Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I must cast it vp.

Enter Gower.

Gomer. Captaine Fluellen, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with

you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the concauities of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athuersarie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by Cheshu, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directions.

- Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine Makmorrice, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By Cheshu he is an Asse, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gomer. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine Iany, with him.

Welch. Captaine Iamy is a maruellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

ledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Chespu he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine Fluellen.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine Iames.

Gower. How now Captaine Mackmorrice, have you

quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Irish. By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish giue over, the Trompet sound the Retreat. By my Hand I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: it ish give over: I would have blowed up the Towne, so Chrish save me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill done: by my Hand tish ill done.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorrice, I befeech you now, will you voutfafe me, looke you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion:

that fall I mary.

Irish. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish saue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for vs all: so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there is nothing done, so Christ sa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theife eyes of mine take themfelues to flomber, ayle de gud feruice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valorously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full saine heard some question

tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorrice, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Irifb. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What

ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine Mackmorrice, peraduenture I shall thinke you doe not vie me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vie me, looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the derivation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irifb. I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Chrish saue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault.

A Parley.

Gomer. The Towne founds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorrice, when there is more better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be fo bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end.

Exit.

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet resolues the Governour of the Towne?

This is the latest Parle we will admit:

There-

Therefore to our best mercy give your selves, Or like to men prowd of destruction, Defie vs to our worst : for as I am a Souldier, A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best; If I begin the batt'rie once againe, I will not leave the halfe-atchieued Harflew, Till in her ashes she lye buryed. The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp, And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart, In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Graffe Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants. What is it then to me, if impious Warre, Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends, Doe with his fmyrcht complexion all fell feats, Enlynckt to wast and desolation? What is't to me, when you your felues are cause, If your pure Maydens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing Violation? What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse, When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere? We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle, As fend Precepts to the Leuiathan, to come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harflew, Take pitty of your Towne and of your People, Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command, Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany. If not: why in a moment looke to fee The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand Defire the Locks of your shrill-shriking Daughters: Your Fathers taken by the filuer Beards, And their most reverend Heads dasht to the Walls: Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes, Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd, Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiues of Iewry, At Herods bloody-hunting flaughter-men. What fay you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd? Or guiltie in defence, be thus deftroy'd.

Enter Gouernour Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end : The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated, Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready, To rayle so great a Siege: Therefore great King, We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy foft Mercy: Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours, For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle Exeter, Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine, And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French: Vie mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle. The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis. To night in Harflew will we be your Guest, To morrow for the March are we addrest. Flourish, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman. Kathe. Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame. Kath. Ie te prie m'ensigniez, il faut que ie apprend a parlen: Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois? Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand.

Kath. De Hand. Alice. E le doyts.

Kat . Le doyts, ma foy Ie oublie, e doyt mays, ie me souemeray le doyts ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.

Alice. Le main de Hand, le doyts le Fingres, ie pense que ie suis le bon escholier.

Kath. I'ay gaynie diux mots d' Anglois vistement, coment appelle vous le ongles?

Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles escoute : dites moy, si ie parle bien : de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

Alice. C'est bien diet Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l' Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. E de coudee. Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Ie men fay le repiticio de touts les mots que vous maves, apprins des a present.

Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme Ie pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice escoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, coment appelle vous le col.

Alice. De Nick, Madame. Kath. De Nick, e le menton.

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre bonneur en verite vous pronouncies les mots aust droiet, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Alice. N'aue vos y desia oublie ce que ie vous a ensignie. Kath. Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sans vostre honeus d'Elbow.

Kath. Ainsi de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: coment appelle vous les pied & de roba.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count : O Seignieur Dieu, il sont le mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honeur d'vser: le ne voudray pronouncer ce mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, so le Foot & le Count, neant moys, Ie recitera un autrefoys ma lecon ensembe, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Kath. C'est asses pour une foyes, alons nous a diner.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France, and others.

King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the River Some. Conft. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord, Let vs not liue in France : let vs quit all,

And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People. Dolph. O Dieu viuant: Shall a few Sprayes of vs,

The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie, Our Syens, put in wilde and fauage Stock, Spirt vp fo fuddenly into the Clouds,

And ouer-looke their Grafters? Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards:

Mort du ma vie, if they march along Vnfought withall, but I will fell my Dukedome,

To

To buy a flobbry and a durtie Farme In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

Conft. Dieu de Battailes, where haue they this mettell? Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull? On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale, Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water, A Drench for sur-reyn'd lades, their Barly broth, Decost their cold blood to such valiant heat? And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine, Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land, Let vs not hang like roping Isyckles

Vpon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields: Poore we call them, in their Native Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor, Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely fay, Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue Their bodyes to the Lust of English Youth, To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.

Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles, And teach Lauolta's high, and swift Carranto's, Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles, And that we are most loftic Run-awayes.

King. Where is Montioy the Herald? speed him hence, Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance. Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged, More sharper then your Swords, high to the field: Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France, You Dukes of Orleance, Burbon, and of Berry, Alanson, Brabant, Bar, and Burgonie, Iaques Chattillion, Rambures, Vandemont, Beumont, Grand Pree, Roussi, and Faulconbridge, Loys, Lestrale, Bouciquall, and Charaloyes, High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings; For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames: Barre Harry England, that fweepes through our Land With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew: Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vasfall Seat, The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhewme vpon. Goe downe vpon him, you have Power enough, And in a Captine Chariot, into Roan Bring him our Prisoner.

Const. This becomes the Great.

Sorry am I his numbers are fo few,
His Souldiers fick, and famisht in their March:
For I am fure, when he shall fee our Army,
Hee'le drop his heart into the sinck of feare,
And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ransome.

King. Therefore Lord Constable, hast on Montioy, And let him say to England, that we fend, To know what willing Ransome he will giue. Prince Dolphin, you shall stay with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.

King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.

Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,

And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. Exeunt.

Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine Fluellen, come you from the Bridge?

Flu. I affure you, there is very excellent Seruices committed at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter fafe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Aga-

memnon, and a man that I love and honour with my foule, and my heart, and my dutie, and my live, and my living, and my vttermost power. He is not, God be prayfed and blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very conscience hee is as valiant a man as Marke Anthony, and hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see him doe as gallant service.

Gower. What doe you call him? Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient Pissoll.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Pistoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me fauours: the Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flu. I, I prayle God, and I have merited fome love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a Souldier firme and found of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddesse blind, that stands upon the rolling restlesse Stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient Piffoll: Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to fignific to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also with a Wheele, to fignific to you, which is the Morall of it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie, and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Pift. Fortune is Bardolphs foe, and frownes on him: for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free, and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but Exeter hath given the doome of death, for Pax of little price. Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce; and let not Bardolphs vitall thred bee cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Piscoll, I doe partly vnderstand your meaning.

Pift. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoyce at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would defire the Duke to vse his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be vsed.

Pift. Dye, and be dam'd, and Figo for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Figge of Spaine. Exit

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Flu. Ile affure you, a vtt'red as praue words at the Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is serue.

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such sellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done; at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Conuoy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who differac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they conne perfitly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be maruellously mistooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine Gower: I doe perceive hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

> Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Flu. God plesse your Maiestie.

King. How now Fluellen, cam'ft thou from the Bridge? Flu. I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most praue passages: marry, th'athuersarie was haue possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a praue man.

King. What men have you loft, Fluellen? Flu. The perdition of th'athuersarie hath beene very great, reasonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one Bardolph, if your Maieflie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and fometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's

King. Wee would have all fuch offendors fo cut off: and we give expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vpbrayded or abused in disdainefull Language; for when Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountiny. Mountiny. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of

Mountioy. My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mountioy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to Harry of England, Though we feem'd dead, we did but sleepe: Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him, wee could have rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruife an iniurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is imperiall: England shall repent his folly, see his weakenesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore confider of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we haue borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettinesse would bow under. For our losses, his Exchequer is too poore; for th'effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our difgrace, his owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worthlesse satisfaction. To this adde desiance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master; fo much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie. Mount. Mountiny.

King. Thou doo'ft thy Office fairely. Turne thee back, And tell thy King, I doe not feeke him now, But could be willing to march on to Callice, Without impeachment: for to fay the footh, Though 'tis no wisdome to confesse so much Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage, My people are with ficknesse much enseebled, My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue, Almost no better then so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald, I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God, That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent: Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am; My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke; My Army, but a weake and fickly Guard: Yet God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor Stand in our way. There's for thy labour Mountiny. Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe. If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred, We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood Discolour: and so Mountiey, fare you well. The fumme of all our Answer is but this: We would not feeke a Battaile as we are, Nor as we are, we fay we will not shun it: So tell your Mafter.

Mount. I shall deliver so: Thankes to your High-

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now. King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs: March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night, Beyond the Riuer wee'le encampe our felues, And on to morrow bid them march away.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs, Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Conft. Tut, I have the best Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orleance. You have an excellent Armour : but let my Horse haue his due.

Conft. It is the best Horse of Europe. Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Constable, you talke of Horse and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treades but on foure postures: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: le Cheual volante, the Pegasus, ches les narines de feu. When I bestryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth fings, when he touches it: the basest horne of his hoofe, is more Musicall then the Pipe of Hermes.

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for Perseus: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appeare in him, but only in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades you may call Beafts.

Const. In-

Conft. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dalph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rifing of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deserued prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse, and began thus, Wonder of Nature.

Orleance. I have heard a Sonnet begin fo to ones Mi-

streffe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courfer, for my Horse is my Mistresse.

Orleance. Your Mistresse beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the prescript prayse and perfection of a good and particular Mistresse.

Conft. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse shrewdly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours. Conft. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hose off, and in your strait Stroffers.

Const. You have good indgement in Horseman-

ship.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into soule Boggs: I had rather haue my Horse to my Mistresse.

Const. I had as live have my Mistresse a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Constable, my Mistresse weares his owne hayre.

Conft. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

Dolph. Le chien est retourne a son propre vemissement est la leuye lauee au bourbier: thou mak'st vse of any thing.

Conft. Yet doe I not vie my Horse for my Mistresse, or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes vpon it? Const. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conft. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

Conft. Eu'n as your Horse beares your prayses, who would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his defert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paued with English Faces.

Conft. I will not lay so, for feare I should be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Prisoners?

Conft. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you have them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my felfe. Exit. Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Const. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Conft. Sweare by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.

Orleance. He is fimply the most active Gentleman of France.

Conft. Doing is activitie, and he will still be doing. Orleance. He never did harme, that I heard of.

Conft. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name still.

Orleance. I know him to be valiant.

Conft. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleance. What's hee?

Conft. Marry hee told me fo himselfe, and hee sayd hee car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Const. By my faith Sir, but it is: never any body faw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orleance. Ill will neuer fayd well.

Conft. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendship.

Orleance. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill his due.

Conft. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Pox of the Deuill.

Orleance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is foone shot.

Const. You have shot over.

Orleance. 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Conft. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpree.

Conft. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore Harry of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleance. What a wretched and peeuish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so farre out of his knowledge.

Conft. If the English had any apprehension, they would runne away.

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectuall Armour, they could neuer weare fuch heavie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Mastisses are of vnmatchable courage

Orleance. Foolish Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Russian Beare, and haue their heads crussial like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Const. Iust, iust: and the men doe sympathize with the Mastisses, in robustious and rough comming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives: and then give them great Meales of Beese, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Orleance. I,

Orleance. I, but these English are shrowdly out of

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme : come, shall we about it?

Orleance. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten Wee shall have each a hundred English men.

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine coniecture of a time, When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniuerse. From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night The Humme of eyther Army stilly founds; That the fixt Centinels almost receive The fecret Whispers of each others Watch. Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames Each Battaile fees the others vmber'd face. Steed threatens Steed, in high and boaftfull Neighs Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents, The Armourers accomplishing the Knights, With busie Hammers closing Riuets vp, Giue dreadfull note of preparation. The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle: And the third howre of drowfie Morning nam'd, Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule, The confident and ouer-lustie French, Doe the low-rated English play at Dice; And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night, Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe So tediously away. The poore condemned English, Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires Sit patiently, and inly ruminate The Mornings danger : and their gesture sad, Inuesting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats, Presented them vnto the gazing Moone So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent; Let him cry, Prayse and Glory on his head : For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast, Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle, And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen. Vpon his Royall Face there is no note, How dread an Army hath enrounded him; Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night: But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint, With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie: That every Wretch, pining and pale before, Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes. A Largesse vniuerfall, like the Sunne, His liberall Eye doth give to every one, Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all Behold, as may vnworthinesse define. A little touch of Harry in the Night, And so our Scene must to the Battaile flye: Where, O for pitty, we shall much disgrace, With foure or fiue most vile and ragged foyles, (Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt: Yet fit and fee, Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster,'tis true that we are in great danger, The greater therefore should our Courage be. God morrow Brother Bedford: God Almightie, There is some soule of goodnesse in things euill, Would men obseruingly distill it out. For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers, Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry. Befides, they are our outward Confciences, And Preachers to vs all; admonishing, That we should dresse vs fairely for our end. Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed, And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

Enter Erpingham. Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham: A good foft Pillow for that good white Head, Were better then a churlish turfe of France. Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,

Since I may fay, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines, Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased: And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt The Organs, though defunct and dead before, Breake vp their drowfie Graue, and newly moue With casted slough, and fresh legeritie. Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both,

Commend me to the Princes in our Campe; Doe my good morrow to them, and anon Defire them all to my Pauillion.

Gloster. We shall, my Liege. Erping. Shall I attend your Grace? King. No, my good Knight:

Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England: I and my Bosome must debate a while,

And then I would no other company. Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleffe thee, Noble Harry. Exeunt.

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st cheare-Enter Piftoll.

Pift. Che vous la?

King. A friend.

Pift. Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou base, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company. Pist. Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?

King. Euen so: what are you?

Pift. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King. Pift. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fist most valiant: I kisse his durtie shooe, and from heartftring I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. Harry le Roy. Pift. Le Roy? a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman. Pift. Know'ft thou Fluellen?

King. Yes. Pift. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon S. Dauies day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, least he knock that about yours.

12

Pist. Art

Pift. Art thou his friend? King. And his Kinsman too. Pist. The Figo for thee then. King. I thanke you: God be with you. Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. Exit. King. It forts well with your fiercenesse. Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine Fluellen.

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Iefu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vniuersall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of Pompey the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in Pompeyes Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwise.

Gomer. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all

Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conscience now?

Gom. I will speake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and befeech you, that you will. Exit. King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother Iohn Bates, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee have no great cause to

defire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine serue you?

King. Vnder Sir Iohn Erpingham.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to

be washt off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King? King. No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences have but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of feare; least hee, by shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but I beleeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wish himfelfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and fo I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, fo we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the

King: I thinke hee would not wish himselfe any where, but where hee is,

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; fo should he be fure to be ranfomed, and a many poore mens lives faved.

King. I dare fay, you loue him not so ill, to wish him here alone: howfoeuer you speake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being iust, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subjects: if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes

the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King himfelfe hath a heavie Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile, shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgean; some vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them; some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaile: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if thefe men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all pro-

portion of subjection. King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father fent about Merchandize, doe finfully miscarry vpon the Sea; the imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be imposed vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, vnder his Masters command, transporting a summe of Money, be affayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the author of the Servants damnation: but this is not so: The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnfpotted Souldiers: some (peraduenture) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; some, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before gored the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and outrunne Natiue punishment; though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: fo that here men are punisht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would bee safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Euery Subjects Dutie is the Kings, but every Subjects Soule is his owne. Therefore should euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery ficke man in his Bed, wash every Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleffedly loft, wherein fuch preparation was gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not finne to thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him outliue that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I doe not defire hee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight luftily for him.

King. I my felfe heard the King fay he would not be

Will. I, hee faid fo, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ranfom'd, and wee ne're the wifer.

King. If I live to fee it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous fhot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a private displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'le neuer trust his word after; come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproofe is fomething too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs , if you

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'ft acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of

King. There.

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap: if euer thou come to me, and fay, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If ever I live to fee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ft as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to rec-Exit Souldiers.

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,

Our Debts, our carefull Wives,

Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:

We must beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse, Subject to the breath of every foole, whose sence No more can feele, but his owne wringing.

What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,

That private men enioy?

And what have Kings, that Privates have not too, Saue Ceremonie, faue generall Ceremonie? And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie? What kind of God art thou? that fuffer'ft more Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers. What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?

O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth. What? is thy Soule of Odoration?

Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,

Creating awe and feare in other men? Wherein thou art leffe happy, being fear'd,

Then they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet, But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse, And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure. Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out With Titles blowne from Adulation? Will it give place to flexure and low bending? Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee, Command the health of it? No, thou prowd Dreame, That play'ft fo fubtilly with a Kings Repose. I am a King that find thee : and I know, 'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball, The Sword, the Mase, the Crowne Imperiall, The enter-tiffued Robe of Gold and Pearle, The farfed Title running 'fore the King, The Throne he fits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe, That beates vpon the high shore of this World: No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie; Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiesticall, Can sleepe so foundly, as the wretched Slaue: Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind, Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread, Neuer fees horride Night, the Child of Hell: But like a Lacquey, from the Rife to Set, Sweates in the eye of Phebus; and all Night Sleepes in Elizium: next day after dawne, Doth rife and helpe Hiperio to his Horse, And followes so the euer-running yeere With profitable labour to his Graue: And but for Ceremonie, fuch a Wretch, Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe, Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King. The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace, Enioyes it; but in groffe braine little wots, What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace; Whose howres, the Pesant best aduantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles lealous of your absence, Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together

At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Erp. I shall doo't, my Lord. Exit. King. O God of Battailes, steele my Souldiers hearts, Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now The fence of reckning of th'opposed numbers: Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord, O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault My Father made, in compassing the Crowne. I Richards body have interred new, And on it have bestowed more contrite teares, Then from it iffued forced drops of blood. Fine hundred poore I have in yeerely pay, Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp Toward Heauen, to pardon blood: And I have built two Chauntries, Where the fad and folemne Priests sing still For Richards Soule. More will I doe: Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth; Since that my Penitence comes after all, Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother Gloucesters voyce? I: I know thy errand, I will goe with thee: The day, my friend, and all things stay for me. Exeunt.

1 3

Enter

Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Cheual: My Horse, Verlot Lacquay:

Orleance. Oh braue Spirit. Dolph. Via les ewes & terre. Orleance. Rien puis le air & feu. Dolph. Cein, Cousin Orleance.

Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable?

Conft. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Seruice neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides, That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And doubt them with fuperfluous courage: ha. Ram. What, wil you have them weep our Horses blood?

How shall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Messenger.

Messeng. The English are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Conft. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse. Doe but behold youd poore and starued Band, And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules, Leaving them but the shales and huskes of men. There is not worke enough for all our hands, Scarce blood enough in all their fickly Veines, To give each naked Curtleax a stayne, That our French Gallants shall to day draw out, And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them, The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them. 'Tis pofitiue against all exceptions, Lords, That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pesants, Who in vnnecessarie action swarme About our Squares of Battaile, were enow To purge this field of fuch a hilding Foe; Though we vpon this Mountaines Basis by, Tooke stand for idle speculation: But that our Honours must not. What's to say? A very little little let vs doe, And all is done: then let the Trumpets found The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount: For our approach shall so much dare the field, That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld. Enter Graundpree.

Grandpree. Why do you flay so long, my Lords of France? Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones, Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field: Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loofe, And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully. Bigge Mars seemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast, And faintly through a rustie Beuer peepes. The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks, With Torch-staues in their hand: and their poore Iades Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips: The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes, And in their pale dull mouthes the lymold Bitt Lyes foule with chaw'd-graffe, still and motionlesse. And their executors, the knauish Crowes, Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre. Description cannot sute it selfe in words, To demonstrate the Life of fuch a Battaile, In life so livelesse, as it shewes it selfe.

Const. They have faid their prayers, And they stay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe fend them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,

And give their fasting Horses Provender, And after fight with them?

Const. I stay but for my Guard : on To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take, And vse it for my haste. Come, come away, The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. Exeunt.

> Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all bis Hoast: Salisbury, and Westmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Bat-

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thoufand.

Exe. There's five to one, besides they all are fresh. Salisb. Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes. God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge: If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen; Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford, My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter, And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu. Bedf. Farwell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee: And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it, For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour. Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day. Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,

Princely in both. Enter the King. West. O that we now had here But one ten thousand of those men in England,

That doe no worke to day. King. What's he that wishes so? My Cousin Westmerland. No, my faire Cousin: If we are markt to dye, we are enow To doe our Countrey loffe: and if to liue, The fewer men, the greater share of honour. Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more. By Ioue, I am not couetous for Gold, Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost: It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare; Such outward things dwell not in my defires. But if it be a finne to couet Honor, I am the most offending Soule alive. No 'faith, my Couze, wish not a man from England: Gods peace, I would not loofe fo great an Honor, As one man more me thinkes would share from me, For the best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one more: Rather proclaime it (Westmerland) through my Hoast, That he which hath no stomack to this fight, Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made, And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse: We would not dye in that mans companie, That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs. This day is call'd the Feast of Crispian: He that out-lives this day, and comes fafe home, Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named, And rowse him at the Name of Crispian. He that shall see this day, and live old age, Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours, And fay, to morrow is Saint Crispian. Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his skarres: Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot: But hee'le remember, with aduantages, What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,

Harry

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester, Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred. This flory shall the good man teach his sonne: And Crispine Crispian shall ne're goe by, From this day to the ending of the World, But we in it shall be remembred; We few, we happy few, we band of brothers: For he to day that sheds his blood with me, Shall be my brother: be he ne're fo vile, This day shall gentle his Condition. And Gentlemen in England, now a bed, Shall thinke themselves accurst they were not here; And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes, That fought with vs vpon Saint Crispines day. Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed: The French are brauely in their battailes set, And will with all expedience charge on vs.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England,
Couze?

Weft. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone, Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.

King. Why now thou hast vnwisht five thousand men: Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.

You know your places: God be with you all.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry, If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound, Before thy most affured Ouerthrow:
For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe, Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies Must lye and sester.

King. Who hath fent thee now? Mont. The Constable of France.

Good argument(I hope) we will not flye:

King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back: Bid them atchieue me, and then fell my bones. Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus? The man that once did fell the Lyons skin While the beaft liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him. A many of our bodyes shall no doubt Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I trust Shall witnesse liue in Brasse of this dayes worke. And those that leave their valiant bones in France, Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills, They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them, And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen, Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme, The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France. Marke then abounding valour in our English: That being dead, like to the bullets crafing, Breake out into a fecond course of mischiefe, Killing in relapse of Mortalitie. Let me speake prowdly: Tell the Constable, We are but Warriors for the working day: Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besmyrcht With raynie Marching in the painefull field. There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast:

And time hath worne vs into flouenrie.
But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of service. If they doe this,
As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then
Will soone be leuyed.
Herauld, saue thou thy labour:

Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld, They shall have none, I sweare, but these my ioynts: Which if they have, as I will leave vm them, Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more.

Exit.

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ranfome.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, braue Yorke.

Now Souldiers march away,

And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Pift. Yeeld Curre.

French. Ie pense que vous estes le Gentilhome de bon qua-

Pift. Qualtitie calmie custure me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. O Seigneur Dieu.

Piß. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe give to me egregious Ransome.

French. O prennes miserecordie aye pitez de moy.

Pif. Moy shall not serue, I will have fortie Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimson blood.

French. Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras. Pist. Brasse, Currer thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer'st me Brasse?

French. O perdonne moy.

Pift. Say it thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this slaue in French what is his Name.

Boy. Escoute comment estes vous appelle?

French. Mounsieur le Fer.

Boy. He sayes his Name is M. Fer.

Pift. M. Fer: He fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: discusse the same in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit il Mounsieur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de couppes vostre gorge.

gorge.

Pift. Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy pefant, vnleffe thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled shalt

thou be by this my Sword.

French. O Ie vous supplie pour l'amour de Dicu: ma pardonner, Ie suis le Gentilhome de bon maison, garde ma vie, & Ie vous donneray deux cent escus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He

Boy. He prayes you to faue his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crownes.

Pift. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il et contra son Iurement, de pardonner aucune prisonner: neant-mons pour les escues que vous layt a promets, il est content a vous donnes le liberte le franchisement.

Fre. Sur mes genoux se vous donnes milles remercious, et Ie me estime beurex que le intombe, entre les main. d'un Cheualier Ie peuse le plus braue valiant et tres distinie signieur d'Angleterre.

Pift. Expound vnto me boy.

Boy. He gives you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath salne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most brave, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

Pift. As I fucke blood, I will fome mercy shew. Fol-

low mee.

Boy. Saane vous le grand Capitaine? I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so emptie a heart: but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound, Bardolfe and Nym had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie one may payre his nayles with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Exit.

Enter Constable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.

Con. O Diable.

Orl. O sigueur le iour et perdia, toute et perdie.
Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,

Reproach, and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our Plumes.

A short Alarum.

O meschante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Dol, O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues:

Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we fent too, for his ransome? Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,

Let vs dye in once more backe againe, And he that will not follow Burbon now, Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore, Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge, His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the Field, To smother vp the English in our throngs, If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The divell take Order now, Ile to the throng; Let life be short, else shame will be too long. Exit,

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne, with Prisoners.

King. Well have we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen, But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maiesty

King. Liues he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre I faw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting, From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye, Larding the plaine : and by his bloody fide, (Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds) The Noble Earle of Suffolke alfo lyes. Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped, And takes him by the Beard, kiffes the gashes That bloodily did yawne vpon his face. He cryes aloud; Tarry my Cosin Suffolke, My foule shall thine keepe company to heauen: Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-brest: As in this glorious and well-foughten field We kept together in our Chiualrie. Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp, He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand, And with a feeble gripe, fayes: Deere my Lord, Commend my feruice to my Soueraigne, So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes, And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd A Testament of Noble-ending-loue: The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd, But I had not so much of man in mee, And all my mother came into mine eyes, And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to.
But hearke, what new alarum is this same?
The French haue re-enforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then euery souldiour kill his Prisoners,
Giue the word through.

Exit

Alarum

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressely against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knauery marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience now, is it not?

Gom. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done this slaughter: besides they have burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd every soldiour to cut his prifoners throat. O'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was porne at Monmouth Captaine Gomer: What call you the Townes name where Alexander the pig was borne?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, saue the phrase is a little variations.

Gomer. I thinke Alexander the Great was borne in Macedon, his Father was called Phillip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in Macedon where Alexander is porne.

porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you fall finde in the comparisons betweene Macedon & Monmouth, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in Macedon, & there is also moreouer a Riuer at Monmouth, it is call'd Wye at Monmouth: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other Riuer: but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke Alexanders life well, Harry of Monmouthes life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend Clytus.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd

any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures, and comparisons of it: as Alexander kild his friend Clytus, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; so also Harry Monmouth being in his right wittes, and his good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of iests, and gypes, and knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.

Gow. Sir Iohn Falftaffe.

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at Monmonth.

Gow. Heere comes his Maiesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon with prisoners. Flourish.

King. I was not angry fince I came to France, Vntill this inftant. Take a Trumpet Herald, Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill: If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe, Or voyde the field: they do offend our fight. If they'l do neither, we will come to them, And make them sker away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Affyrian slings: Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue, And not a man of them that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montioy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege Glou. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowst

thou not,
That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ransome?

Com'ft thou againe for ransome?

Her. No great King:
I come to thee for charitable License,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To fort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald, I know not if the day be ours or no, For yet a many of your horsemen peere, And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praifed be God, and not our ftrength for it: What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

Her. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Maiesty) and your great Vncle Edward the Placke Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

Kin. They did Fluellen.

Flu. Your Maiefty fayes very true: If your Maiefties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good feruice in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their Monmouth caps, which your Maiefty know to this houre is an honourable badge of the feruice: And I do beleeue your Maiefty takes no fcorne to weare the Leeke vppon S. Tauies day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor: For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maiesties Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God plesse it, and preserue it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Maiesty too.

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen.

Flu. By Ieshu, I am your Maiesties Countreyman, I care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Maiesty, praised be God so long as your Maiesty is an honest man.

King. Good keepe me fo.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.
Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King.

Kin. Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy

Cappe?

Will. And't please your Maiesty, tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be aliue.

Kin. An Englishman?

Wil. And't please your Maiesty, a Rascall that swagger'd with me last night: who if aliue, and euer dare to challenge this Gloue, I have sworne to take him a boxe a'th ere: or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliue) I wil strike it out soundly.

Kin. What thinke you Captaine Fluellen, is it fit this

fouldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't please your Maiesty in my conscience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great

fort quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Ientleman as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himfelfe, it is necessary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee periur'd (fee you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a Iacke sawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law

King. Then keepe thy vow firrah, when thou meet'st

the fellow.

Wil. So, I wil my Liege, as I liue. King. Who feru'st thou vnder?

Wil.

Will. Vnder Captaine Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literatured in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier. Will. I will my Liege.

King. Here Fluellen, weare thou this fauour for me, and flicke it in thy Cappe : when Alanson and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to Alanson, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'ft me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be defir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreefd at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe feeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. Exit.

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Gloster, Follow Fluellen closely at the heeles.

The Gloue which I have given him for a fauour, May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare.

It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should

Weare it my felfe. Follow good Coufin Warnick:

If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;

Some fodaine mischiese may arise of it:

For I doe know Fluellen valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will returne an injurie.

Follow, and fee there be no harme betweene them. Exeunt.

Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.

Enter Gower and Williams. Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine. Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuerfall World, or in France or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forfworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine Gomer, I will give Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke Alanfons.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warm. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayfed be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall defire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maiestie. Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of Alan-

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe : I promis'd to strike him, if he did : I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Maiestie heare now, fauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowsie Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of Alanson, that your Maiestie is give me, in your Con-

science now. King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;

Looke, heere is the fellow of it:

'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike, And thou hast given me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestie.

King. It was our selse thou didst abuse.
Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selse: you appear'd to me but as a common man: witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse: and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine : for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I befeech your Highnesse pardon me.

King . Here Vnckle Exeter, fill this Gloue with Crownes,

And give it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow, And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,

Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes: And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's mettell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to ferue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and diffentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ferue you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herauld. King. Now Herauld, are the dead numbred? Herald. Heere is the number of the flaught'red French.

King. What Prisoners of good fort are taken,

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King, Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bouchiquald: Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead One hundred twentie fix : added to thefe, Of Knights, Efquires, and gallant Gentlemen, Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which, Fine hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights. So that in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but fixteene hundred Mercenaries:

The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie. The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead: Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France, Iaques of Chatilion, Admirall of France, The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord Rambures, Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin, Iohn Duke of Alanson, Anthonie Duke of Brabant, The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie, And Edward Duke of Barr : of luftie Earles, Grandpree and Roussie, Fauconbridge and Foyes, Beaumont and Marle, Vandemont and Lestrale. Here was a Royall fellowship of death. Where is the number of our English dead? Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke, Sir Richard Ketly, Dauy Gam Esquire; None else of name: and of all other men, But five and twentie.

O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,
But in plaine shock, and even play of Battaile,
Was ever knowne so great and little losse?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.

For it is none but thine.

Exet. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, goe me in procession to the Village: And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast, To boast of this, or take that prayse from God, Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell

how many is kill'd?

King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement, That God fought for vs.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights:

Let there be sung Non nobú, and Te Deum,

The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:

And then to Callice, and to England then,

Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.

Execunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchfafe to those that have not read the Story, That I may prompt them: and of fuch as have, I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse Of time, of numbers, and due course of things, Which cannot in their huge and proper life, Be here presented. Now we beare the King Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there ieene, Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts, Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach Pales in the flood; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes, Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea, Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King, Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land, And folemnly see him set on to London. So fwift a pace hath Thought, that even now You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath: Where, that his Lords defire him, to have borne His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,

Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride; Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Oftent, Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold, In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought, How London doth powre out her Citizens, The Maior and all his Brethren in best sort, Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome, With the Plebeians fwarming at their heeles, Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring Cæfar in: As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood, Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse, As in good time he may, from Ireland comming, Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword; How many would the peacefull Citie quit, To welcome him? much more, and much more cause, Did they this Harry. Now in London place him. As yet the lamentation of the French Inuites the King of Englands stay at home: The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France, To order peace betweene them: and omit All the occurrences, what ever chanc't, Till Harryes backe returne againe to France: There must we bring him; and my selfe have play'd The interim, by remembring you 'tis past. Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes advance, After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gomer. Nay, that's right : but why weare you your

Leeke to day? S. Dauies day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you assemply, lowsie, pragging Gower; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowsie, pragging Knaue Pisoll, which you and your selfe, and all the World, know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and sault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turky-

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his fwellings, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleffe you aunchient Pistoll: you scurule low-fie Knaue, God pleffe you.

Pift. Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, base Troian, to have me fold vp Parcas fatall Web? Hence;

I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scurule lowsie Knaue, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eate it.

Pift. Not for Cadwallader and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you.

Strikes bim.

Will you be fo good, feauld Knaue, as eate it?

Pift. Base Troian, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You say very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods will is: I will desire you to live in the meane time, and eate your Victuals: come, there is sawce for it. You call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make

you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gour. Enough Captaine, you have aftonisht him. Flu.I fay, I will make him eate fome part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxecombe.

Pift. Must I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pift. By this Leeke, I will most horribly revenge I eate and eate I sweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you have fome more fauce to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to sweare by.

Pift. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost fee I eate.

Flu. Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to see Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pift. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Pift. Me a groat?

Flu Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

Pift. I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale

Pift. All hell shall stirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vppon an honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophee of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds any of your words. I have seene you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell : you finde it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well.

Pift. Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now? Newes haue I that my Doll is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendeuous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and fomething leane to Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and

there Ile steale:

And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres, And fwore I got them in the Gallia warres. Exit.

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warmicke, and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel, the King, the Duke of Bourgongne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met; Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wishes To our most faire and Princely Cosine Katherine: And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great affembly is contriu'd, We do falute you Duke of Burgogne, And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, fairely met, So are you Princes (English) every one.

Quee. So happy be the Issue brother Ireland Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hitherto haue borne In them against the French that met them in their bent, The fatall Balls of murthering Bafiliskes: The venome of fuch Lookes we fairely hope Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue. Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare. Quee. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall loue. Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeuors, To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview; Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse. Since then my Office hath fo farre preuayl'd, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You have congrected: let it not difgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view, What Rub, or what Impediment there is, Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace, Deare Nourse of Arts, Plentyes, and joyfull Births, Should not in this best Garden of the World, Our fertile France, put vp her louely Vifage? Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd, And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes, Corrupting in it owne fertilitie. Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart, Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd, Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre, Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas, The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary, Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rusts, That should deracinate such Sauagery: The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clouer, Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke; Conceiues by idlenesse, and nothing teemes, But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keksyes, Burres, Loofing both beautie and vtilitie; And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges, Defective in their natures, grow to wildnesse. Euen fo our Houses, and our selues, and Children, Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time, The Sciences that should become our Countrey; But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will, That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood, To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre, And every thing that feemes vnnaturall. Which to reduce into our former fauour, You are affembled: and my speech entreats, That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace

And bleffe vs with her former qualities. Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace, Whose want gives growth to th'imperfections Which you have cited; you must buy that Peace With full accord to all our just demands, Whose Tenures and particular effects

You have enschedul'd briefely in your hands.

Should not expell these inconveniences,

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet There is no Answer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before fo vrg'd, Lyes in his Answer.

France. I

France. I have but with a curfelarie eye O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleafeth vour Grace To appoint some of your Councell presently To fit with vs once more, with better heed To re-furuey them; we will fuddenly Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer.

England. Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle Exeter, And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloucester, Warnick, and Huntington, goe with the King, And take with you free power, to ratifie, Augment, or alter, as your Wisdomes best Shall see aduantageable for our Dignitie, Any thing in or out of our Demands, And wee'le configne thereto. Will you, faire Sifter, Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them: Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good, When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on.

England. Yet leave our Coufin Katherine here with vs, She is our capitall Demand, compris'd Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leave. Exeunt omnes.

Manet King and Katherine. King. Faire Katherine, and most faire, Will you vouchfafe to teach a Souldier tearmes, Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare, And pleade his Loue-fuit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake

King. O faire Katherine, if you will loue me foundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me. King. An Angell is like you Kate, and you are like an

Kath. Que dit il que Ie suis semblable a les Anges? Lady. Ouy verayment (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.

King. I said so, deare Katherine, and I must not blush

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de

King. What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of de-

ceits: dat is de Princesse.

King. The Princesse is the better English-woman: yfaith Kate, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that thou wouldst thinke, I had fold my Farme to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly to fay, I loue you; then if you wrge me farther, then to fay, Doe you in faith? I weare out my fuite: Giue me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bargaine: how fay you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf vostre boneur, me vnderstand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to Dance for your fake, Kate, why you vndid me: for the one I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe; vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my

Loue, or bound my Horse for her fauours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and fit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off. But before God Kate, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; onely downe-right Oathes, which I never vse till vrg'd, nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-burning? that neuer lookes in his Glasse, for loue of any thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this, take me? if not? to fay to thee that I shall dye, is true; but for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And while thou liu'ft, deare Kate, take a fellow of plaine and vncoyned Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselues into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reason themselues out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it shines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his course truly. If thou would have fuch a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what fay'st thou then to my Loue? speake my faire, and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I fould loue de ennemie of

Fraunce?

King. No, it is not possible you should loue the Enemie of France, Kate; but in louing me, you should loue the Friend of France: for I loue France fo well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will have it all mine: and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am fure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; Ie quand sur le possession de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le posfession de moy. (Let mee see, what then? Saint Dennis bee my speede) Donc vostre est Fraunce, & vous estes mienne. It is as easie for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdome, as to speake so much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf vostre honeur, le Francois ques vous parleis, il & melieus que l'Anglois le quel le parle.

King. No faith is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, must needes be graunted to be much at one. But Kate, doo'ft thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue mee ?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? Ile aske them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night, when you come into your Closet, you'le question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her disprayse those parts in me, that you loue with your heart : but good Kate, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princesse, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving Faith within me tells me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,

that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what fay'ft thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No:'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise Kate, you will endeauour for your French part of fuch a Boy; and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you, La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuin

Kath. Your Maiestee aue fause Frenche enough to

deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor in true English, I loue thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and untempering effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stubborne out-fide, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire Katherine, will you have me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner bleffe mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantaginet is thine; who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your Anfwer in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, Katherine, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de Roy mon pere.

King. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it fall also content me.

King. Vpon that I kiffe your Hand, and I call you my

Kath. Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy: Ie ne veus point que vous abbaisse vostre grandeus, en baisant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indignie serviteur excuse moy. Ie vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, Kate. Kath. Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisee deuant leur nopcese il net pas le costume de Fraunce.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what fayes shee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buiffe en Anglish.

King. To kiffe.

Lady. Your Maiestee entendre bettre que moy.

King. It is not a fashion for the Maids in Fraunce to kiffe before they are married, would she say?

Lady. Ouy verayment.

King. O Kate, nice Customes cursie to great Kings. Deare Kate, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyst of a Countreyes fashion: wee are the makers of Manners, Kate; and the libertie that followes our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your

Countrey, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, You have Witch-craft in your Lippes, and yeelding. Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they should sooner perswade Harry of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English

Burg. God saue your Maiestie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princesse English?

King. I would have her learne, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is shee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that having neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so conjure vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle: if conjure vp Loue in her in his true likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer with the Virgin Crimfon of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they fee not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Coufin to

confent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they have their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in

the latter end, and shee must be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues. King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my

French King. Yes my Lord, you fee them perspectiuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath en-

England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, fo the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: fo the Maid that stood in the way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my

France. Wee haue confented to all tearmes of reafon.

England. Is't fo, my Lords of England? West. The King hath graunted euery Article: His Daughter first; and in sequele, all, According to their firme proposed natures.

Exet. Onely

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France having any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this addition, in French: Nostre trescher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre Heretere de Fraunce: and thus in Latine; Præclarissimus Filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.

France. Nor this I have not Brother so deny'd, But your request shall make me let it passe.

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance, Let that one Article ranke with the rest, And thereupon giue me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
With enuy of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred; and this deare Coniunction

May ceale their hatred; and this deare Coniunction Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre advance His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome Kate: and beare me witnesse all,
That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.
Flourish.

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one: As Man and Wise being two, are one in loue, So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousall, That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie, Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day, My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath And all the Peeres, for furetie of our Leagues. Then shall I sweare to Kate, and you to me, And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be.

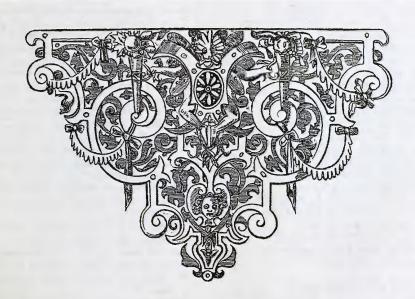
Senet.

Execunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purfu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly lived
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath showne; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.



The



The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scana Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protestor; the Duke of Exeter Warwicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

Vng be y heauens with black, yield day to night; Comets importing change of Times and States, Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Skie, And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars,

That have confented vnto Henries death: King Henry the Fift, too famous to liue long, England ne're lost a King of so much worth. Glost. England ne're had a King vntill his time:

Vertue he had, deserving to command, His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames, His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings: His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire, More dazled and droue back his Enemies, Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces. What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech: He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood? Henry is dead, and neuer shall reviue: Vpon a Woodden Coffin we attend;

And Deaths dishonourable Victorie, We with our flately presence glorifie, Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre. What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap, That plotted thus our Glories overthrow? Or shall we thinke the subtile-witted French, Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him, By Magick Verses have contriu'd his end.

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings. Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day So dreadfull will not be, as was his fight. The Battailes of the Lord of Hosts he fought: The Churches Prayers made him fo prosperous.

Glost. The Church? where is it? Had not Church-men pray'd, His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd. None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince, Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe. Winch. Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protector, And lookest to command the Prince and Realme. Thy Wife is prowd, she holdeth thee in awe, More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloft. Name not Religion, for thou lou'ft the Flesh, And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'ff, Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these Iarres, & rest your minds in peace: Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs; In stead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes, Since Armes auayle not, now that Henry's dead, Posteritie await for wretched yeeres, When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck, Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares, And none but Women left to wayle the dead. Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I inuocate: Profeer this Realme, keepe it from Civill Broyles, Combat with adverse Planets in the Heavens; A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make, Then Iulius Cæsar, or bright---

Enter a Messenger. Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all: Sad tidings bring I to you out of France, Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture: Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance, Paris, Guyfors, Poictiers, are all quite loft.

Bedf. What say'st thou man, before dead Henry's Coarse? Speake foftly, or the loffe of those great Townes Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Glost. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp? If Henry were recall'd to life againe, These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd? Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money. Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered, That here you maintaine seuerall Factions: And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought, You are disputing of your Generals. One would have lingring Warres, with little coft; Another would flye fwift, but wanteth Wings: A third thinkes, without expence at all, By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd. Awake, awake, English Nobilitie, Let not flouth dimme your Honors, new begot: Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes. Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall, These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides. Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France: Giue me my steeled Coat, Ile fight for France. Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes; Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes, To weepe their intermissive Miseries.

Enter

Enter to them another Messenger. Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance. France is revolted from the English quite, Except some petty Townes, of no import. The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheimes: The Bastard of Orleance with him is ioyn'd: Reynold, Duke of Aniou, doth take his part, The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his fide.

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him? O whither shall we flye from this reproach?

Gloft. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats. Bedford, if thou be flacke, Ile fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse? An Army haue I muster'd in my thoughts, Wherewith already France is ouer-run.

Enter another Messenger. Mef. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,

Wherewith you now bedew King Henries hearfe, I must informe you of a dismall fight, Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot, and the French.

Win. What? wherein Talbot ouercame, is't fo? 3. Mef. O no: wherein Lord Talbot was o'rethrown: The circumstance Ile tell you more at large. The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord, Retyring from the Siege of Orleance, Hauing full scarce fix thousand in his troupe, By three and twentie thousand of the French Was round incompassed, and set vpon: No leyfure had he to enranke his men. He wanted Pikes to fet before his Archers: Instead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges They pitched in the ground confusedly, To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in. More then three houres the fight continued: Where valiant Talbot, aboue humane thought, Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance. Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him: Here, there, and every where enrag'd, he flew. The French exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes, All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him. His Souldiers spying his vndaunted Spirit,

Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd vp, If Sir Iohn Falstaffe had not play'd the Coward. He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde, With purpose to relieve and follow them, Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroake.

And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaile.

A Talbot, a Talbot, cry'd out amaine,

Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre: Enclosed were they with their Enemies. A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,

Thrust Talbot with a Speare into the Back, Whom all France, with their chiefe affembled strength, Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is Talbot flaine then? I will flay my felfe, For living idly here, in pompe and eafe, Whil'st fuch a worthy Leader, wanting ayd, Vnto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3. Meff. O no, he lives, but is tooke Prisoner, And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford: Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay. Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne, His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend: Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.

Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I, Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make, To keepe our great Saint Georges Feast withall. Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take, Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake. 3. Mess. So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,

The English Army is growne weake and faint: The Earle of Salisbury craueth supply, And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,

Since they fo few, watch fuch a multitude. Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry Iworne: Eyther to quell the Dolphin vtterly,

Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.

Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leaue, To goe about my preparation. Exit B Gloft. Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can, Exit Bedford.

To view th'Artillerie and Munition,

And then I will proclayme young Henry King. Exit Gloster.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is, Being ordayn'd his speciall Gouernor, And for his safetie there Ile best deuise. Exit.

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend: I am left out; for me nothing remaines: But long I will not be Iack out of Office. The King from Eltam I intend to fend, And fit at chiefest Sterne of publique Weale.

Sound a Flourish.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir, marching with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. Mars his true moving, even as in the Heavens, So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne. Late did he shine vpon the English side: Now we are Victors, vpon vs he smiles. What Townes of any moment, but we have ? At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance: Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts, Faintly besiege vs one houre in a moneth. Alan. They want their Porredge, & their fat Bul Beeues: Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules, And have their Provender ty'd to their mouthes, Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice. Reigneir. Let's rayfe the Siege: why live we idly here? Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare: Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd Salisbury, And he may well in fretting spend his gall,

Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre. Charles. Sound, found Alarum, we will rush on them. Now for the honour of the forlorne French: Him I forgiue my death, that killeth me, When he fees me goe back one foot, or flye. Exeunt.

Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great losse.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir. Charles. Who ever faw the like? what men have I? Dogges, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're haue fled, But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.

Reigneir. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide, He fighteth as one weary of his life: The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode, Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey.

Alans. Froy-

Alanson. Froysard, a Countreyman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Romlands breed, During the time Edmard the third did raigne: More truly now may this be verified; For none but Samsons and Goliasses It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne? Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e're suppose, They had such courage and audacitie?

Charles. Let's leave this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'le teare downe, then forfake the Siege.

Reigneir. I thinke by fome odde Gimmors or Deuice Their Armes are fet, like Clocks, still to strike on; Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe: By my consent, wee'le even let them alone. Alanson. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleance.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I have newes for him.

Dolph. Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs. Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appal'd. Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence? Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,
Ordayned is to rayse this tedious Siege,
And driue the English forth the bounds of France:
The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in? beleeue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallible.

Dolph. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill, Reignier stand thou as Dolphin in my place; Question her prowdly, let thy Lookes be sterne, By this meanes shall we found what skill she hath.

Enter Ioane Puzel.

Reigneir. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous feats?

Puzel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me? Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde, I know thee well, though neuer seene before. Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me; In private will I talke with thee apart: Stand back you Lords, and give vs leave a while.

Reigneir. She takes vpon her brauely at first dash. Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter, My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art: Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd To shine on my contemptible estate. Loe, whilest I wayted on my tender Lambes, And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes, Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me, And in a Vision full of Maiestie, Will'd me to leave my base Vocation, And free my Countrey from Calamitie: Her ayde she promis'd, and affur'd successe. In compleat Glory shee reueal'd her selfe: And whereas I was black and fwart before, With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me, That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.

Aske me what question thou canst possible, And I will answer vnpremeditated: My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st, And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex. Resolue on this, thou shalt be fortunate, If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolph. Thou hast astonish me with thy high termes: Onely this proofe Ile of thy Valour make, In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me; And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true, Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puzel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword, Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each fide, The which at Touraine, in S. Katherines Church-yard, Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.

Puzel. And while I liue, Ile ne're flye from a man.

Here they fight, and Ioane de Puzel ouercomes.

Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon, And fightest with the Sword of Debora.

Puzel. Christs Mother helpes me, else I were too weake.

Dolph. Who e're helps thee,'tis thou that must help me: Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Puzel, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.

Puzel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Loue, For my Profession's facred from aboue: When I have chased all thy Foes from hence, Then will I thinke upon a recompense.

Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy proftrate Thrall.

Reigneir. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

Alanf. Doubtleffe he shrives this woman to her smock,
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.

Reigneir. Shall wee disturbe him, fince hee keepes no meane?

Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know, These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues. Reigneir. My Lord, where are you? what deuise you on?

Shall we give o're Orleance, or no?

Puzel. Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants, Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard.

Dolph. What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight it out.

Puzzel. Affign'd am I to be the English Scourge. This night the Siege affuredly Ile rayse: Expect Saint eMartins Summer, Halcyons dayes, Since I have entred into these Warres. Glory is like a Circle in the Water, Which never ceaseth to enlarge it selfe, Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught. With Henries death, the English Circle ends, Dispersed are the glories it included: Now am I like that prowd insulting Ship, Which Casar and his fortune bare at once.

Dolph. Was Mahomer inspired with a Doue? Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the Mother of Great Constantine,
Nor yet S. Philips daughters were like thee.

Bright Starre of Venus, falne downe on the Earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alanson. Leaue off delayes, and let vs rayle the Siege.

Reigneir. Wo-

Reigneir. Woman, do what thou canft to faue our honors, Drive them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd. Dolph. Presently wee'le try: come, let's away about it, No Prophet will I trust, if shee proue false.

Enter Gloster, with his Serving-men.

Gloft. I am come to furuey the Tower this day; Since Henries death, I feare there is Conueyance: Where be these Warders, that they wait not here? Open the Gates, 'tis Gloster that calls.

I. Warder. Who's there, that knocks so imperiously? Gloft. 1. Man. It is the Noble Duke of Glofter.

2. Warder. Who ere he be, you may not be let in. I. Man. Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector? 1. Warder. The Lord protect him, so we answer him,

We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd.

Glost. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine? There's none Protector of the Realme, but I: Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize; Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?

Glosters men rush at the Tower Gates, and Wooduile the Lieutenant speakes within.

Wooduile. What noyfe is this? what Traytors have

Glost. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare? Open the Gates, here's Gloster that would enter.

Wooduile. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open, The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:

From him I have expresse commandement, That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glost. Faint-hearted Wooduile, prizest him 'fore me? Arrogant Winchester, that haughtie Prelate, Whom Henry our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke? Thou art no friend to God, or to the King :

Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly. Seruingmen. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector, Or wee'le burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchester and his men in Tamney Coates.

Winchest. How now ambitious Vmpheir, what meanes this?

Glost. Piel'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be fhut out?

Winch. I doe, thou most vsurping Proditor, And not Protector of the King or Realme.

Gloft. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator, Thou that contriued'ft to murther our dead Lord, Thou that giu'ft Whores Indulgences to finne, Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat, If thou proceed in this thy infolence.

Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot: This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,

To flay thy Brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glost. I will not slay thee, but Ile drive thee back : Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth, Ile vie, to carry thee out of this place.

Winch. Doe what thou dar'ft, I beard thee to thy face.

Gloft. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face? Draw men, for all this priviledged place, Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard, I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you foundly. Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:

In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church, Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.

Winch. Gloster, thou wilt answere this before the

Glost. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope. Now beat them hence, why doe you let them flay? Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array. Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

> Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Maior of London, and his Officers .

Major. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates, Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.

Glost. Peace Maior, thou know'ft little of my wrongs: Here's Beauford, that regards nor God nor King, Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his vse.

Winch. Here's Gloster, a Foe to Citizens, One that still motions Warre, and neuer Peace, O're-charging your free Purses with large Fines; That feekes to ouerthrow Religion, Because he is Protector of the Realme; And would have Armour here out of the Tower, To Crowne himselfe King, and suppresse the Prince.

Glost. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes. Here they skirmish againe.

Maior. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife, But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canft, cry:

All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day, against Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command you, in his Highnesse Name, to repayre to your seuerall dwelling places, and not to weare, handle, or use any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger bence-forward, upon paine of death.

Gloft. Cardinall, He be no breaker of the Law: But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.

Winch. Gloster, wee'le meet to thy cost, be sure : Thy heart-blood I will have for this dayes worke. Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:

This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill. Gloft. Maior farewell: thou doo'ft but what thou may'ft.

Winch. Abhominable Gloster, guard thy Head, For I intend to have it ere long.

Maior. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart. Good God, these Nobles should such stomacks beare, I my felfe fight not once in fortie yeere. Exeunt.

> Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.

M.Gunner.Sirrha, thou know'ff how Orleance is befieg'd, And how the English haue the Suburbs wonne. Boy. Father I know, and oft have shot at them, How e're vnfortunate, I miss'd my ayme. M.Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me: Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne, Something I must doe to procure me grace: The Princes espyals have informed me, How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht, Went through a fecret Grate of Iron Barres, In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie, And thence discouer, how with most advantage They may vex vs with Shot or with Affault. To intercept this inconvenience, A Peece of Ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,

And

Exit.

Exit.

And even these three dayes have I watcht, If I could see them. Now doe thou watch, For I can stay no longer. If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,

And thou shalt finde me at the Gouernors.

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care Ile neuer trouble you, if I may fpye them.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets, with others.

Salisb. Talbot, my life, my loy, againe return'd? How wert thou handled, being Prisoner? Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd? Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner, Call'd the braue Lord Ponton de Santrayle, For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd. But with a baser man of Armes by farre, Once in contempt they would have barter'd me: Which I disdaining, scorn'd, and craued death, Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd: In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd. But O, the trecherous Falsaffe wounds my heart, Whom with my bare fists I would execute, If I now had him brought into my power.

Salisb. Yet tell'ft thou not, how thou wert enter-

tain'd.

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts, In open Market-place produc't they me, To be a publique spectacle to all: Here, fayd they, is the Terror of the French, The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children fo. Then broke I from the Officers that led me, And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground, To hurle at the beholders of my shame. My grifly countenance made others flye, None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death. In Iron Walls they deem'd me not fecure: So great feare of my Name'mongst them were spread, That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele, And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant. Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had, That walkt about me euery Minute while : And if I did but stirre out of my Bed, Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linftock.

Salish. I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reueng'd fufficiently.

Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs looke in, the fight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargraue, and Sir William Glanfdale,
Let me have your expects origining.

Let me haue your expresse opinions, Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gargraue. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands Lords.

Glansdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the Bridge.

Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enseebled. Here they shot, and
Salisbury falls downe.

Salisb. O Lord have mercy on vs, wretched finners. Gargrave. O Lord have mercy on me, wofull man. Talb. What chance is this, that fuddenly hath crost vs? Speake Salisbury; at least, if thou canst, speake:

How far'ft thou, Mirror of all Martiall men? One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes fide fruck off? Accurfed Tower, accurfed fatall Hand, That hath contriu'd this wofull Tragedie. In thirteene Battailes, Salisbury o'recame: Henry the Fift he first trayn'd to the Warres. Whil'st any Trumpe did found, or Drum struck vp, His Sword did ne're leave striking in the field. Yet liu'ft thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fayle, One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace. The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World. Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue, If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands. Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it. Sir Thomas Gargraue, hast thou any life? Speake vnto Talbot, nay, looke vp to him. Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort, Thou halt not dye whiles-He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me: As who should say, When I am dead and gone, Remember to avenge me on the French. Plantaginet I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne: Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens. What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens? Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.

The Dolphin, with one Ioane de Puzel ioyn'd,

A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,

Is come with a great Power, to rayle the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe up, and groanes.

Talb. Heare, heare, how dying Salisbury doth groane, It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.

Frenchmen, Ile be a Salisbury to you.

Puzel or Puffel, Dolphin or Dog fish,

Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,

And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.

Conuey me Salisbury into his Tent,

And then wee'le try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exeunt.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin, and driveth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force? Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them, A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here shee comes. Ile have a bowt with thee:
Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile coniure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straightway give thy Soule to him thou seru's.

Puzel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace thee. Here they fight.

Talb. Heauens, can you fuffer Hell so to preuayle? My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage, And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder, But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Puzel. Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe Victuall Orleance forthwith:

A short Alarum: then enter the Towne

with Souldiers.

O're-

O're-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength. Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry-starued men, Helpe Salisbury to make his Testament, This Day is ours, as many more shall be. Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele, I know not where I am, nor what I doe: A Witch by feare, not force, like Hannibal, Drives back our troupes, and conquers as she lists: So Bees with smoake, and Doues with noysome stench, Are from their Hyues and Houses driven away. They call'd vs, for our fierceneffe, English Dogges, Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.

A short Alarum. Hearke Countreymen, eyther renew the fight, Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat; Renounce your Soyle, give Sheepe in Lyons stead: Sheepe run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe, Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard, As you flye from your oft-subdued slaves.

Alarum. Here another Skirmish. It will not be, retyre into your Trenches: You all confented vnto Salisburies death, For none would strike a stroake in his reuenge. Puzel is entred into Orleance, In fpight of vs, or ought that we could doe. O would I were to dye with Salisbury, The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.

Exit Talbot.

Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir, Alanson, and Souldiers.

Puzel. Aduance our waving Colours on the Walls, Rescu'd is Orleance from the English. Thus Ioane de Puzel hath perform'd her word.

Dolph. Divinest Creature, Astrea's Daughter, How shall I honour thee for this successe? Thy promises are like Adonis Garden, That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next. France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse, Recouer'd is the Towne of Orleance, More bleffed hap did ne're befall our State. Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd, Throughout the Towne? Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires, And feast and banquet in the open streets, To celebrate the ioy that God hath given vs.

Alanf. All France will be repleat with mirth and ioy,

When they shall heare how we have play'd the men.

Dolph. 'Tis Ioane, not we, by whom the day is wonne: For which, I will divide my Crowne with her, And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme, Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse. A statelyer Pyramis to her Ile reare, Then Rhodophe's or Memphis euer was. In memorie of her, when she is dead, Her Ashes, in an Vrne more precious Then the rich-iewel'd Coffer of Darius, Transported, shall be at high Festivals Before the Kings and Queenes of France. No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry, But Ioane de Puzel shall be France's Saint. Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally, After this Golden Day of Victorie. Flourish. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant: If any noyse or Souldier you perceive Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard. Sent. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors (When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds) Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling Ladders: Their Drummes beating a Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy, By whose approach, the Regions of Arroys, Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to vs: This happy night, the Frenchmen are fecure, Hauing all day carows'd and banquetted, Embrace we then this opportunitie, As fitting best to quittance their deceite, Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie. Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,

Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude, To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell. Bur. Traitors have never other company.

But what's that Puzell whom they tearme so pure? Tal. A Maid, they fay.

Bed. A Maid? And be fo martiall?

Bur. Pray God she proue not masculine ere long: If vnderneath the Standard of the French She carry Armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practife and converse with spirits. God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name Let vs resolue to scale their flinty bulwarkes.

Bed. Ascend braue Talbot, we will follow thee. Tal. Not altogether : Better farre I gueffe, That we do make our entrance feuerall wayes: That if it chance the one of vs do faile,

The other yet may rife against their force. Bed. Agreed; He to youd corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And heere will Talbot mount, or make his graue. Now Salisbury, for thee and for the right Of English Henry, shall this night appeare How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make affault. Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter seuerall mayes, Bastard, Alanson, Reignier, balfe ready, and balfe unready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnreadie fo? Bast. Vnready? I and glad we scap'd so well. Reig.'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,

Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.

Alan. Of all exploits fince first I follow'd Armes, Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize

More

More venturous, or desperate then this. Bast. I thinke this Talbot be a Fiend of Hell. Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens fure favour him. Alanf. Here commeth Charles, I maruell how he sped?

Enter Charles and Ioane.

Bast. Tut, holy Ioane was his defensive Guard. Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame? Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall, Make vs partakers of a little gayne, That now our losse might be ten times so much?

Ioane. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend? At all times will you have my Power alike? Sleeping or waking, must I still prevayle, Or will you blame and lay the fault on me? Improvident Souldiors, had your Watch been good, This fudden Mischiefe neuer could have falne.

Charl. Duke of Alanson, this was your default, That being Captaine of the Watch to Night, Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.

Alans. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept, As that whereof I had the gouernment, We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my felfe, most part of all this Night Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct, I was imploy'd in passing to and fro, About relieuing of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first breake in? Ioane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case, How or which way; 'tis fure they found some place, But weakely guarded, where the breach was made: And now there rests no other shift but this, To gather our Souldiors, scatter'd and disperc't, And lay new Plat-formes to endammage them.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot: they flye, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sould. Ile be so bold to take what they have left: The Cry of Talbot serves me for a Sword, For I have loaden me with many Spoyles, Vfing no other Weapon but his Name. Exit.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie. Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled, Whose pitchy Mantle ouer-vayl'd the Earth. Here found Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. Retreat. Talb. Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury, And here advance it in the Market-Place, The middle Centure of this curfed Towne. Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:

For every drop of blood was drawne from him, There hath at least flue Frenchmen dyed to night. And that hereafter Ages may behold What ruine happened in reuenge of him, Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd: Vpon the which, that every one may reade, Shall be engrau'd the facke of Orleance, The trecherous manner of his mournefull death. And what a terror he had beene to France. But Lords, in all our bloudy Massacre, I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-come Champion, vertuous Ioane of Acre, Nor any of his false Confederates. Bedf.'Tis thought Lord Talbot, when the fight began, Rows'd on the fudden from their drowfie Beds,

They did amongst the troupes of armed men, Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My selse, as farre as I could well discerne, For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night, Am fure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull, When Arme in Arme they both came fwiftly running, Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doues, That could not live afunder day or night. After that things are fet in order here, Wee'le follow them with all the power we haue.

Enter a Messenger. Mess. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his Acts

So much applauded through the Realme of France? Talb. Here is the Talbot, who would speak with him? Meff. The vertuous Lady, Counteffe of Ouergne,

With modestie admiring thy Renowne, By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'ft vouchfafe To visit her poore Castle where she lyes, That she may boast she hath beheld the man, Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.

Burg. Is it even so? Nay, then I see our Warres Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport, When Ladyes craue to be encountred with. You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.

Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men Could not preuayle with all their Oratorie, Yet hath a Womans kindnesse ouer-rul'd: And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes, And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your Honors beare me company? Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will: And I have heard it fayd, Vnbidden Guests

Are often welcommest when they are gone. Talb. Well then, alone (fince there's no remedie) I meane to proue this Ladyes courtefie. Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.

Whifpers. Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly. Exeunt.

Enter Countesse. Count. Porter, remember what I gaue in charge, And when you have done so, bring the Keyes to me.

Port. Madame, I will. Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right, I shall as famous be by this exploit, As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus death. Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight, And his atchievements of no leffe account: Faine would mine eyes be witnesse with mine eares, To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot. Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd, By Message crau'd, so is Lord Talbot come. Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man? Mess. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France? Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad? That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes? I fee Report is fabulous and false.

I thought I should have seene some Hercules, A second Hector, for his grim aspect, And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes. Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfe: It cannot be, this weake and writhled shrimpe Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

Talb. Madame, I have beene bold to trouble you: But fince your Ladyship is not at leysure, Ile fort some other time to visit you.

Count. What meanes he now? Goe aske him, whither he goes?

Mess. Stay my Lord Talbot, for my Lady craues, To know the cause of your abrupt departure?

Talb. Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleese, I goe to certisse her Talbot's here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.

Talb. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord:
And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,
That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres
Wasted our Countrey, slaine our Citizens,
And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captivate.
Talb. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laughest thou Wretch? Thy mirth shall turne to moane.

Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond, To thinke, that you have ought but Talbots shadow, Whereon to practise your severitie.

Count. Why? art not thou the man? Talb. I am indeede.

Count. Then haue I substance too.
Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:

You are deceiu'd, my substance is not here; For what you see, is but the smallest part, And least proportion of Humanitie: I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here, It is of such a spacious lostie pitch,

Your Roofe were not sufficient to contayn't.

Your Roofe were not sufficient to contayn to Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce, He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarieties agree?

Talb. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his Horne, Drummes strike up, a Peale
of Ordenance: Enter Souldiors.

How fay you Madame? are you now perswaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himselfe?
These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subuerts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse, I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruited, And more then may be gathered by thy shape. Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath, For I am sorry, that with reuerence I did not entertaine thee as thou art.

Talb. Be not difmay'd, faire Lady, nor misconster The minde of Talbot, as you did mistake The outward composition of his body.

What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction doe I crave,

But onely with your patience, that we may
Tafte of your Wine, and fee what Cates you haue,
For Souldiers flomacks alwayes ferue them well.

Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feaft fo great a Warrior in my House.

Exeunt.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warmick, Somerset, Poole, and others.

Yorke. Great Lords and Gentlemen, What meanes this filence?

Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd, The Garden here is more convenient.

York. Then fay at once, if I maintain'd the Truth: Or elfe was wrangling Somerfet in th'error?

Suff. Faith I have beene a Truant in the Law, And never yet could frame my will to it,

And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.

Som. Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then be-

War. Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch, Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth, Between two Blades, which beares the better temper, Between two Horses, which doth beare him best, Between two Girles, which hath the merryest eye, I have perhaps some shallow spirit of Iudgement: But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law, Good saith I am no wiser then a Daw.

York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance: The truth appeares so naked on my side, That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my fide it is so well apparrell'd, So cleare, so shining, and so euident, That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.

York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake, In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts: Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman, And stands upon the honor of his birth, If he suppose that I have pleaded truth, From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer, But dare maintaine the partie of the truth, Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.

War. I loue no Colours: and without all colour

Of base infinuating flatterie, I pluck this white Rose with Plantagenet.

Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young Somerset, And say withall, I thinke he held the right.

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more Till you conclude, that he ypon whose side The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree, Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:

If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence. York. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case, I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here, Giuing my Verdict on the white Rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off, Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red, And fall on my side so against your will. Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,

Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt, And keepe me on the side where still I am. Som. Well, well, come on, who else?

Lawyer. Vn-

Lawyer. Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.
Yorke. Now Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.
York. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:
For pale they looke with searce, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No Plantagenet:

Som. No Plantagenet:

'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.

Touche Hath not the Posse Content Supplies

Yorke. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, Plantagenet?
Yorke. I, sharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eates his falsehood.
Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,

That shall maintaine what I have said is true, Where salse Plantagenet dare not be seene.

Yorke. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand, I scorne thee and thy fashion, pecuish Boy.

Suff. Turne not thy scornes this way, Plantagenet. Yorke. Prowd Poole, I will, and scorne both him and thee.

Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat. Som. Away, away, good William de la Poole, We grace the Yeoman, by conversing with him.

Warm. Now by Gods will thou wrong'ft him, Somerset: His Grandfather was Lyonel Duke of Clarence, Third Sonne to the third Edward King of England: Spring Crestlesse Yeomen from so deepe a Root?

Yorke. He beares him on the place's Priviledge,

Or durst not for his crauen heart say thus.

Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words On any Plot of Ground in Christendome.

Was not thy Father, Richard, Earle of Cambridge, For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?

And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted, Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?

His Trespas yet lives guiltie in thy blood,

And till thou be reftor'd, thou art a Yeoman. Yorke. My Father was attached, not attainted, Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor; And that Ile proue on better men then Somerset, Were growing time once ripened to my will. For your partaker Poole, and you your selfe, Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie, To scourge you for this apprehension:

Looke to it well, and fay you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee still:

And know vs by these Colours for thy Foes,

For these, my friends in spight of thee shall weare.

Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose, As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate, Will I for euer, and my Faction weare, Vntill it wither with me to my Grane, Or flourish to the height of my Degree.

Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And fo farwell, vntill I meet thee next.

Som. Haue with thee Poole: Farwell ambitious Ri-

chard. Exit.

Yorke. How I am brau'd, and must perforce endure

Warm. This blot that they obiect against your House, Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,

Call'd for the Truce of Winchester and Gloucester:
And if thou be not then created Yorke,
I will not live to be accounted Warwicke.
Meane time, in signall of my love to thee,
Against prowd Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.
And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send betweene the Red-Rose and the White,
A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.
Yorke. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalse would pluck a Flower.

That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.

Ver. In your behalfe still will I weare the same.

Lamyer. And so will I.

Yorke. Thankes gentle.

Torke. Thankes gentle.

Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare fay,

This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.

Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and Iaylors.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age, Let dying Mortimer here rest himselfe. Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack, So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment: And these gray Locks, the Pursuivants of death, Nestor-like aged, in an Age of Care, Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer. These Eyes, like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent, Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent. Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe, And pyth-leffe Armes, like to a withered Vine, That droupes his sappe-lesse Branches to the ground. Yet are these Feet, whose strength-lesse stay is numme, (Vnable to support this Lumpe of Clay) Swift-winged with defire to get a Graue, As witting I no other comfort haue. But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come: We fent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber, And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mort. Enough: my Soule shall then be fatisfied. Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine. Since Henry Monmouth first began to reigne, Before whose Glory I was great in Armes, This loathsome sequestration haue I had; And even since then, bath Richard beene obscur'd, Depriv'd of Honor and Inheritance. But now, the Arbitrator of Despaires, Iust Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miseries, With sweet enlargement doth dismisse me hence: I would his troubles likewise were expir'd, That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Rich. I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs'd,

Your Nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck, And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe. Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes, That I may kindly give one fainting Kiffe. And now declare sweet Stem from Yorkes great Stock, Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised?

Rich. First

Rich. First, leane thine aged Back against mine Arme, And in that ease, Ile tell thee my Disease. This day in argument vpon a Case, Some words there grew'twixt Somerset and me: Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lauish tongue, And did vpbrayd me with my Fathers death; Which obloquie set barres before my tongue, Eise with the like I had requited him. Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers sake, In honor of a true Plantagenet, And for Alliance sake, declare the cause My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head.

More That causes the cause of the property of the cause of the

Mort. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me, And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth, Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne, Was cursed Instrument of his decease.

Rich. Discouer more at large what cause that was,

For I am ignorant, and cannot gueffe.

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit, And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done. Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King, Depos'd his Nephew Richard, Edwards Sonne, The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire Of Edward King, the Third of that Descent. During whose Reigne, the Percies of the North, Finding his Vsurpation most vniust, Endeuour'd my aduancement to the Throne. The reason mou'd these Warlike Lords to this, Was, for that (young Richard thus remou'd, Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body) I was the next by Birth and Parentage: For by my Mother, I deriued am
From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne To King Edward the Third; whereas hee, From Iohn of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree, Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne. But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt, They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire, I lost my Libertie, and they their Liues. Long after this, when Henry the Fift (Succeeding his Father Bullingbrooke) did reigne; Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of Yorke, Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was; Againe, in pitty of my hard distresse, Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme, And haue install'd me in the Diademe: But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle, And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers, In whom the Title rested, were supprest. Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.

Mort. True; and thou seefs, that I no Issue haue,

And that my fainting words doe warrant death:

Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather:

But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Rich. Thy graue admonishments preuayle with me:

But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution

Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny.

Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,
Strong fixed is the House of Lancaster,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.
But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence,
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a setled place.

Rich.O Vnckle, would fome part of my young yeeres Might but redeeme the passage of your Age. Mort. Thou do'ft then wrong me, as y flaughterer doth, Which giveth many Wounds, when one will kill. Mourne not, except thou forrow for my good, Onely give order for my Funerall. And fo farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,

And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. Dyes.

Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.

In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite ouer-past thy dayes.

Well, I will locke his Councell in my Brest,
And what I doe imagine, let that rest.

Keepers conuey him hence, and I my selfe
Will see his Buryall better then his Life.

Here dyes the duskie Torch of Mortimer,
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner fort.

And for those Wrongs, those bitter Iniuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my House,
I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.

And therefore haste I to the Parliament,

Eyther to be restored to my Blood,

Or make my will th'aduantage of my good.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick. Somerfet, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet . Gloster offers to put wp a Bill: Winchester snatches it, teares it. Winch. Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines? With written Pamphlets, studiously deuis'd? Humfrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse, Or ought intend'ft to lay vnto my charge, Doe it without invention, suddenly, As I with fudden, and extemporall speech, Purpose to answer what thou canst object. Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place comands my patiece, Or thou should'st finde thou hast dis-honor'd me. Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd The manner of thy vile outragious Crymes, That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Penne. No Prelate, fuch is thy audacious wickednesse, Thy lewd, pestiferous, and diffentious prancks, As very Infants prattle of thy pride. Thou art a most pernitious Vsurer, Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace, Lasciuious, wanton, more then well beseemes A man of thy Profession, and Degree. And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifest? In that thou layd'st a Trap to take my Life, As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower. Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sisted, The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt From enuious mallice of thy fwelling heart. Winch. Gloster, I doe desie thee. Lords vouchsafe To give me hearing what I shall reply. If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerfe, As he will have me: how am I fo poore? Or how haps it, I feeke not to aduance

Or rayle my felfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.

And for Diffention, who preferreth Peace More then I doe? except I be prouok'd.

No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,

It is because no one should sway but hee,

It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:

No one, but hee, should be about the King;

And that engenders Thunder in his breaft,

And

And makes him rore these Accusations forth.

But he shall know I am as good. Glost. As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray, But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Glost. Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest? Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church? Glost. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,

And vieth it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Vnreuerent Glocester.

Glost. Thou art reverent,

Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remedie this. Warm. Roame thither then.

My Lord, it were your dutie to forbeare. Som. I, see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:

Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious, And know the Office that belongs to fuch.

Warm. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,

It fitteth not a Prelate fo to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere. Warm. State holy, or vnhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. Plantagenet I fee must hold his tongue, Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should: Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords? Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

King. Vnckles of Gloster, and of Winchester, The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale, I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle, To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie. Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne, That two fuch Noble Peeres as ye should iarre? Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell, Civill diffention is a viperous Worme, That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

A noyse within, Downe with the

Tawny-Coats. King. What tumult's this? Warm. An Vprore, I dare warrant, Begun through malice of the Bishops men. A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry, Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs: The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men, Forbidden late to carry any Weapon, Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones; And banding themselues in contrary parts, Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate, That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out: Our Windowes are broke downe in euery Street, And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates. King. We charge you, on allegeance to our felfe, To hold your slaughtring hands, and keepe the Peace: Pray' Vnckle Gloster mittigate this strife.

1. Seruing. Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall to it with our Teeth.

2. Serving. Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute. Skirmish againe.

Glost. You of my household, leave this pecuish broyle, And fet this vnaccustom'd fight aside.

3. Seru. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man Iust, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth, Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie: And ere that we will fuffer fuch a Prince, So kinde a Father of the Common-weale, To be difgraced by an Inke-horne Mate, Wee and our Wives and Children all will fight, And have our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes. 1. Seru. I, and the very parings of our Nayles

Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin againe.

Glost. Stay, stay, I fay:

And if you loue me, as you fay you doe, Let me perswade you to forbeare a while.

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule. Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold My fighes and teares, and will not once relent? Who should be pittifull, if you be not? Or who should study to preferre a Peace, If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warm. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld Winchester, Except you meane with obstinate repulse To flay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme. You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too, Hath beene enacted through your enmitie: Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will never yeeld. Gloft. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,

Or I would fee his heart out, ere the Priest Should euer get that priviledge of me.

Warm. Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke Hath banisht moodie discontented fury, As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare: Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?

Glost. Here Winchester, I offer thee my Hand. King. Fie Vnckle Beauford, I have heard you preach, That Mallice was a great and grieuous finne: And will not you maintaine the thing you teach? But proue a chiefe offendor in the same.

Warm. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd: For shame my Lord of Winchester relent; What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee

Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I give. Glost. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart. See here my Friends and louing Countreymen, This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce, Betwixt our felues, and all our followers: So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not. King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloster, How ioyfull am I made by this Contract. Away my Mafters, trouble vs no more, But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords have done.

1. Seru. Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

2. Seru. And fo will I.

3. Seru. And I will fee what Physick the Tauerne affords.

Warm. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne, Which in the Right of Richard Plantagenet, We doe exhibite to your Maiestie.

Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for fweet Prince, And if your Grace marke every circumstance, You have great reason to doe Richard right,

Especially for those occasions At Eltam Place I told your Maiestie.

King. And

King. And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force: Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is, That Richard be restored to his Blood.

Warw. Let Richard be restored to his Blood, So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompene't.

Winch As will the rest to willeth Winchestore

Winch. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

King. If Richard will be true, not that all alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I giue,
That doth belong vnto the House of Yorke,

From whence you fpring, by Lineall Descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vowes obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

King. Stoope then, and fet your Knee against my Foot, And in reguerdon of that dutie done, I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of Yorke: Rise Richard, like a true Plantagenet, And rise created Princely Duke of Yorke.

Rich. And so thriue Richard, as thy foes may fall, And as my dutie springs, so perish they, That grudge one thought against your Maiesty.

All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of Yorke.

Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of Yorke.

Glost. Now will it best auaile your Maiestie,

To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:

The presence of a King engenders love

Amongst his Subjects, and his loyall Friends.

Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends, As it dis-animates his Enemies.

King. When Gloster sayes the word, King Henry goes, For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.

Glost. Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse.

Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France, Not feeing what is likely to enfue: This late diffention growne betwixt the Peeres, Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue, And will at last breake out into a slame, As festred members rot but by degree, Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away, So will this base and enuious discord breed. And now I feare that fatall Prophecie, Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fift, Was in the mouth of every sucking Babe, That Henry borne at Monmouth should winne all, And Henry borne at Windsor, loose all: Which is fo plaine, that Exeter doth wish, Exit. His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiors with Sacks upon their backs.

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan, Through which our Pollicy must make a breach. Take heed, be wary how you place your words, Talke like the vulgar fort of Market men, That come to gather Money for their Corne. If we have entrance, as I hope we shall, And that we finde the southfull Watch but weake, Ile by a signe give notice to our friends, That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to fack the City, And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan, Therefore wee'le knock.

Knock.

Watch. Che la.

Pucell. Peasauns la pouure gens de Fraunce,
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.
Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.
Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the

ground. Exeunt.

Enter Charles, Baftard, Alanson.
Charles. Saint Dennis bleffe this happy Stratageme,
And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan.
Baftard. Here entred Pucell, and her Practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie?

Now she is there, how will she specifie? Here is the best and safest passage in.

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower, Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is, No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred.

Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch, That ioyneth Roan vnto her Countreymen, But burning fatall to the Talbonites.

Bafard. See Noble Charles the Beacon of our friend, The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Reuenge, A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Deferre no time, delayes have dangerous ends, Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently, And then doe execution on the Watch.

Alarum.

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares, If Talbot but survive thy Trecherie.

Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse, Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiese vnawares, That hardly we escap't the Pride of France.

An Alarum: Excursions Restord brought

An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford brought in sicke in a Chayre.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell,
Charles, Bastard, and Reigneir on the Walls.
Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,
Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.
'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?

Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan, I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne, And make thee curse the Haruest of that Corne.

Charles. Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that time.

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Treafon.

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard? Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death, Within a Chayre.

Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight, Incompass'd with thy lustfull Paramours, Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age, And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead? Damsell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe, Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet Pucell hold thy peace, If Talbot doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whifper together in counsell.

God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?

1 2 Talb.Dare

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field? Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles, To try if that our owne be ours, or no.

Talb. I speake not to that rayling Hecate, But vnto thee Alanfon, and the rest. Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?

Alans. Seignior no.

Talb. Seignior hang: base Muleters of France, Like Pefant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls, And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.

Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get vs from the Walls, For Talbot meanes no goodnesse by his Lookes. God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you That wee are here. Exeunt from the Walls.

Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long, Or else reproach be Talbots greatest fame. Vow Burgonie, by honor of thy House, Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France, Either to get the Towne againe, or dye. And I, as fure as English Henry lives, And as his Father here was Conqueror; As fure as in this late betrayed Towne, Great Cordelions Heart was buryed; So fure I fweare, to get the Towne, or dye.

Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy Vowes.

Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince, The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord, We will bestow you in some better place, Fitter for ficknesse, and for crasie age.

Bedf. Lord Talbot, doe not so dishonour me: Here will I fit, before the Walls of Roan, And will be partner of your weale or woe.

Burg. Couragious Bedford, let vs now perswade you. Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read, That stout Pendragon, in his Litter fick, Came to the field, and vanquished his foes. Me thinkes I should reviue the Souldiors hearts, Because I euer found them as my selfe.

Talb. Vndaunted spirit in a dying breast, Then be it so: Heavens keepe old Bedford safe. And now no more adoe, braue Burgonie, But gather we our Forces out of hand, And fet vpon our boafting Enemie.

> An Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and a Captaine.

Capt. Whither away Sir Iohn Falstaffe, in such haste? Falft. Whither away? to faue my felfe by flight, We are like to have the overthrow againe.

Capt. What? will you flye, and leave Lord Talbot? Falft. I, all the Talbots in the World, to faue my life.

Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.

Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alanson, and Charles flye.

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please, For I have feene our Enemies overthrow. What is the trust or strength of foolish man? They that of late were daring with their scoffes, Are glad and faine by flight to faue themselues. Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the rest.

Talb. Loft, and recourred in a day againe, This is a double Honor, Burgonie: Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie. Burg. Warlike and Martiall Talbot, Burgonie

Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.

Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is Pucel now? I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe. Now where's the Bastards braues, and Charles his glikes? What all amort? Roan hangs her head for griefe, That fuch a valiant Company are fled. Now will we take some order in the Towne, Placing therein some expert Officers, And then depart to Paris, to the King,

For there young Henry with his Nobles lye. Burg. What wills Lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgonie. Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd, But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan. A brauer Souldier neuer couched Launce, A gentler Heart did neuer fway in Court. But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die, For that's the end of humane miserie.

Exeunt.

Scana Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bustard, Alanson, Pucell. Pucell. Difmay not (Princes) at this accident, Nor grieue that Roan is fo recouered: Care is no cure, but rather corrofiue, For things that are not to be remedy'd. Let frantike Talbot triumph for a while, And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle, Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne, If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto, And of thy Cunning had no diffidence, One fudden Foyle shall never breed distrust.

Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies, And we will make thee famous through the World. Alans. Wee'le set thy Statue in some holy place, And have thee reverenc't like a bleffed Saint. Employ thee then, fweet Virgin, for our good.

Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth Ioane deuise: By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words, We will entice the Duke of Burgonie To leave the Talbot, and to follow vs.

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that, France were no place for Henryes Warriors, Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs, But be extirped from our Prouinces. Alans. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,

And not have Title of an Earledome here. Pucell. Your Honors shall perceive how I will worke,

To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drumme sounds a farre off. Hearke, by the found of Drumme you may perceive Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.

Here found an English March. There goes the Talbot, with his Colours spred, And all the Troupes of English after him.

French

French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his: Fortune in fauor makes him lagge behinde. Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets found a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.

Burg. Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucell. The Princely Charles of France, thy Countreyan.

Burg. What fay'ft thou Charles? for I am marching

Charles. Speake Pucell, and enchaunt him with thy words.

Pucell. Braue Burgonie, vndoubted hope of France, Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.

Burg. Speake on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And fee the Cities and the Townes defac't,
By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.
See, see the pining Maladie of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most vanaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe hast given her wosfull Brest.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieve thee more then streames of forraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a floud of Teares,
And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitcht me with her words,

Or Nature makes me fuddenly relent.

Pucell. Befides, all French and France exclaimes on thee,

Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.
Who ioyn'ft thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitiue?
Call we to minde, and marke but this for proofe:
Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
And was he not in England Prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemie,
They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,
In spight of Burgonie and all his friends.
See then, thou sight'st against thy Countreymen,
And ioyn'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,

Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:
These haughtie wordes of hers
Haue batt'red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.
Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell Talbot, Ile no longer trust thee.

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne a-

Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes

Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breafts.

Alans. Pucell hath brauely play'd her part in this, And doth deferue a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let vs on, my Lords, And ioyne our Powers, And feeke how we may prejudice the Foe.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiors, Talbot.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres, Hearing of your arrivall in this Realme, I have a while given Truce vnto my Warres, To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne. In figne whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses, Twelve Cities, and seven walled Townes of strength, Beside sive hundred Prisoners of esteeme; Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet: And with submissive loyaltie of heart Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got, First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, Vnckle Gloucester, That hath so long beene resident in France?

Glost. Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege. King. Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord: When I was young (as yet I am not old) I doe remember how my Father faid, A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword. Long fince we were resoluted of your truth, Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre: Yet neuer haue you tasted our Reward, Or beene reguerdon'd with fo much as Thanks, Because till now, we neuer saw your face. Therefore stand vp, and for these good deserts, We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury, And in our Coronation take your place. Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Vernon and Basset.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke
Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?

Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your sawcie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bass. Why what is he? as good a man as Yorke.

Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as Yorke.

Vern. Hearke ye: not so: in witnesse take ye that.

Strikes bim.

Baff. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, its present death,
Or essentially the such that such

Vern. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you, And after meete you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.

Enter

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Glocester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerfet, Warmicke, Talbot. and Gouernor Exeter. Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne vpon his head. Win. God faue King Henry of that name the fixt. Glo. Now Gouernour of Paris take your oath, That you elect no other King but him; Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends, And none your Foes, but fuch as shall pretend Malicious practifes against his State : This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God. Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice, To hafte vnto your Coronation:

A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands, Writ to your Grace, from th'Duke of Burgundy. Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee: I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next, To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge, Which I have done, because (vnworthily) Thou was't installed in that High Degree. Pardon me Princely Henry, and the rest: This Dastard, at the battell of Poictiers, When (but in all) I was fixe thousand strong, And that the French were almost ten to one, Before we met, or that a stroke was given, Like to a truffie Squire, did run away. In which affault, we lost twelue hundred men. My felfe, and divers Gentlemen befide, Were thete furpriz'd, and taken prisoners. Then iudge (great Lords) if I have done amisse: Or whether that fuch Cowards ought to weare

This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no? Glo. To fay the truth, this fact was infamous, And ill befeeming any common man; Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords, Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth; Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage, Such as were growne to credit by the warres: Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse, But alwayes resolute, in most extreames. He then, that is not furnish'd in this fort, Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight, Prophaning this most Honourable Order, And should (if I were worthy to be Judge) Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine, That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom: Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight: Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death. And now Lord Protector, view the Letter Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd his Stile?

No more but plaine and bluntly? (To the King.) Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne? Or doth this churlish Superscription Pretend fome alteration in good will? What's heere? I have upon especiall cause, Mou'd with compassion of my Countries wracke, Together with the pittifull complaints Of such as your oppression feedes upon,

For faken your pernitious Faction, And joyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France. O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so? That in alliance, amity, and oathes, There should be found such false diffembling guile? King. What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt? Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe. King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe? Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes. King. Why then Lord Talbot there shal talk with him, And give him chasticement for this abuse. How fay you (my Lord) are you not content? Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But y I am prevented, I should have begg'd I might have bene employd. King. Then gather strength, and march vnto him Araight: Let him perceive how ill we brooke his Treason, And what offence it is to flout his Friends. Tal. I go my Lord, in heart defiring still You may behold confusion of your foes. Enter Vernon and Bassit. Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne. Bas. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too. Yorke. This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince. Som. And this is mine (fweet Henry) fauour him. King. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to speak. Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime, And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom? Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong. Baf. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong. King. What is that wrong, wherof you both complain First let me know, and then Ile answer you. Baf. Croffing the Sea, from England into France, This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue, Vpbraided me about the Rose I weare, Saying, the fanguine colour of the Leaues Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes: When stubbornly he did repugne the truth, About a certaine question in the Law, Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him: With other vile and ignominious tearmes. In confutation of which rude reproach, And in defence of my Lords worthinesse, I craue the benefit of Law of Armes. Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:) For though he seeme with forged queint conceite To fet a gloffe vpon his bold intent, Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him, And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,

Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower, Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart. Yorke. Will not this malice Somerfet be left?

Som. Your private grudge my Lord of York, wil out, Though ne're fo cunningly you fmother it.

King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braineficke men,

When for so slight and friuolous a cause, Such factious æmulations shall arise? Good Cofins both of Yorke and Somerfet, Quiet your felues (I pray) and be at peace.

Yorke. Let this diffention first be tried by fight, And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace. Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,

Betwixt our felues let vs decide it then. Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset. Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Baff.

Baff. Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord. Glo. Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife, And perish ye with your audacious prate, Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd With this immodest clamorous outrage, To trouble and disturbe the King, and Vs? And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well To beare with their peruerse Objections: Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes, To raise a mutiny betwixt your selues. Let me perswade you take a better course.

Exet. It greeues his Highnesse, Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants: Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our fauour, Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause. And you my Lords: Remember where we are, In France, amongst a fickle wavering Nation: If they perceyue diffention in our lookes, And that within our felues we difagree; How will their grudging stomackes be prouok'd To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell? Beside, What infamy will there arise, When Forraigne Princes shall be certified, That for a toy, a thing of no regard, King Henries Peeres, and cheefe Nobility, Destroy'd themselves, and lost the Realme of France? Oh thinke vpon the Conquest of my Father, My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe That for a trifle, that was bought with blood. Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull strife: I see no reason if I weare this Rose, That any one should therefore be suspitious I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke: Both are my kinimen, and I loue them both. As well they may vpbray'd me with my Crowne, Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd. But your discretions better can perswade, Then I am able to instruct or teach: And therefore, as we hither came in peace, So let vs still continue peace, and loue. Cosin of Yorke, we institute your Grace To be our Regent in these parts of France: And good my Lord of Somerfet, vnite Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote, And like true Subjects, fonnes of your Progenitors, Go cheerefully together, and digest Your angry Choller on your Enemies. Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest, After some respit, will returne to Calice; From thence to England, where I hope ere long To be presented by your Victories, With Charles, Alanson, and that Traiterous rout.

Exeunt. Manet Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.
War. My Lord of Yorke, I promife you the King
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.)
Yorke. And so he did, but yet I like it not,

In that he weares the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,

I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.

York. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,
Other affayres must now be managed.

Execunt.

Flourish. Manet Exeter.

Exet. Well didst thou Richard to suppresse thy voice:

For had the passions of the heart burst out

For had the passions of thy heart burst out, I feare we should have seene decipher'd there More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:
But howsoere, no simple man that sees
This iarring discord of Nobilitie,
This shouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Fauourites,
But that it doth presage some ill euent.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuision,
There comes the ruine, there begins confusion.

Exit.

Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme, before Burdeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter, Summon their Generall vnto the Wall. Sounds.

Enter Generall aloft.

English Iohn Talbot (Captaines) call you forth,
Seruant in Armes to Harry King of England,
And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subiects,
And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, eeuen with the earth,
Shall lay your stately, and ayre-brauing Towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love

If you forfake the offer of their love.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death, Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge, The period of thy Tyranny approacheth, On vs thou canst not enter but by death: For I protest we are well fortified, And strong enough to iffue out and fight. If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed, Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee. On either hand thee, there are fquadrons pitcht, To wall thee from the liberty of Flight; And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse, But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle, And pale destruction meets thee in the face: Ten thousand French haue tane the Sacrament, To ryue their dangerous Artillerie Vpon no Christian soule but English Talbot: Loe, there thou standst a breathing valiant man Of an inuincible vnconquer'd spirit: This is the latest Glorie of thy praise, That I thy enemy dew thee withall: For ere the Glaffe that now begins to runne, Finish the processe of his sandy houre, Thefe eyes that fee thee now well coloured, Shall fee thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heavy Musicke to thy timorous soule,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

Exit

Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemie:
Out fome light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,

Turne

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele, And make the Cowards stand aloose at bay: Sell euery man his life as deere as mine, And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends. God, and S. George, Talbot and Englands right, Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.

Yorke. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe, That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin? Meff. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out, That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power To fight with Talbot as he march'd along. By your espyals were discouered Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led, Which ioyn'd with him, and made their march for (Burdeaux

Yorke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerfet, That thus delayes my promifed fupply Of horsemen, that were leuied for this siege. Renowned Talbot doth expect my ayde, And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine, And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier: God comfort him in this necessity: If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messenger. 2. Mef. Thou Princely Leader of our English strength, Neuer fo needfull on the earth of France, Spurre to the rescue of the Noble Talbot, Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron, And hem'd about with grim destruction: To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke, Else farwell Talbot, France, and Englands honor.

Yorke. O God, that Somerfet who in proud heart Doth stop my Cornets, were in Talbots place, So should wee faue a valiant Gentleman, By forfeyting a Traitor, and a Coward: Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe, That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe. Mef. O fend some succour to the distrest Lord.

Yorke. He dies, we loofe: I breake my warlike word: We mourne, France smiles: We loose, they dayly get, All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

Mef. Then God take mercy on brave Talbots foule, And on his Sonne yong Iohn, who two houres fince, I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father; This feuen yeeres did not Talbot fee his fonne, And now they meete where both their liues are done.

Yorke. Alas, what ioy shall noble Talbot have, To bid his yong fonne welcome to his Graue: Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath, That fundred friends greete in the houre of death. Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can, But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man. Maine, Bloys, Poytiers, and Toures, are wonne away, Long all of Somerfet, and his delay.

Exit

Mef. Thus while the Vulture of fedition, Feedes in the bosome of fuch great Commanders, Sleeping neglection doth betray to loffe: The Conquest of our scarse-cold Conqueror, That euer-liuing man of Memorie, Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other croffe, Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse.

Enter Somerset with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot fend them now: This expedition was by Yorke and Talbot, Too rashly plotted. All our generall force, Might with a fally of the very Towne Be buckled with : the ouer-daring Talbot Hath fullied all his gloffe of former Honor By this vnheedfull, desperate, wilde aduenture: Yorke fet him on to fight, and dye in shame, That Talbot dead, great Yorke might beare the name.

Cap. Heere is Sir William Lucie, who with me Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.

Som. How now Sir William, whether were you fent? Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & fold L. Talbot, Who ring'd about with bold advertitie, Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerfet, To beate affayling death from his weake Regions, And whiles the honourable Captaine there Drops bloody fwet from his warre-wearied limbes, And in advantage lingring lookes for rescue, You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor, Keepe off aloofe with worthleffe emulation: Let not your private discord keepe away The leuied fuccours that should lend him ayde, While he renowned Noble Gentleman Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of oddes. Orleance the Bastard, Charles, Burgundie, Alanson, Reignard, compasse him about, And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. Yorke fet him on, Yorke should have fent him

Luc. And Yorke as fast vpon your Grace exclaimes, Swearing that you with-hold his leuied hoaft, Collected for this expidition.

Som. York lyes: He might have fent, & had the Horse: I owe him little Dutie, and leffe Loue,

And take foule scorne to fawne on him by fending. Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France, Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded Talbot: Neuer to England shall he beare his life, But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait: Within fixe houres, they will be at his ayde.

Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine, For flye he could not, if he would have fled: And flye would Talbot neuer though he might. Som. If he be dead, braue Talbot then adieu.

Lu. His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you. Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and bis Sonne.

Tal. O yong Iohn Talbot, I did fend for thee To tutor thee in stratagems of Warre, That Talbots name might be in thee reuiu'd, When fapleffe Age, and weake vnable limbes Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire. But O malignant and ill-boading Starres, Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death, A terrible and vnauoyded danger: Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse, And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape By fodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone. Iohn. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?

Shall

And shall I flye? O, if you love my Mother, Dishonor not her Honorable Name, To make a Bastard, and a Slaue of me: The World will fay, he is not Talbots blood, That basely fled, when Noble Talbot stood. Talb. Flye, to revenge my death, if I be flaine. Iohn. He that flyes so, will ne're returne againe. Talb. If we both stay, we both are fure to dye. Iobn. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye: Your losse is great, so your regard should be; My worth vnknowne, no loffe is knowne in me. Vpon my death, the French can little boaft; In yours they will, in you all hopes are loft. Flight cannot stayne the Honor you have wonne, But mine it will, that no Exploit have done. You fled for Vantage, every one will sweare: But if I bow, they'le fay it was for feare. There is no hope that ever I will stay, If the first howre I shrinke and run away: Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie, Rather then Life, preseru'd with Infamie.

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe? Iohn. I, rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe. Talb. Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe. Iohn. To sight I will, but not to siye the Foe. Talb. Part of thy Father may be sau'd in thee. Iohn. No part of him, but will be shame in mee. Talb. Thou never hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it. Iohn. Yes, your renowned Name: shall slight abuse it? Talb. Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from y staine. Iohn. You cannot witnesse for me, being slaine.

If Death be so apparant, then both flye.

Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and dye?

My Age was neuer tainted with fuch shame.

Iohn. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?

No more can I be seuered from your side,

Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine divide:

Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;

For live I will not, if my Father dye.

Talb. Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne, Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:
Come, side by side, together liue and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. Exit.

Alarum: Excurfions, wherein Talbots Sonne
is hemm'd about, and Talbot
rescues him.

Talb. Saint George, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is Iohn Talbot? pawse, and take thy breath,
I gaue thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.
Iohn. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gau'st me first, was lost and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, despish of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gau'st new date.
Talb. When fro the Dolphins Crest thy Sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prowd desire
Of bold-sac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe Alanson, Orleance, Burgundie,
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.

The irefull Bastard Orleance, that drew blood

From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood

Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,

And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed

Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base, And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine, Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine, Which thou didst force from Talbot, my braue Boy. Here purposing the Bastard to destroy, Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care: Art thou not wearie, Iohn? How do'ft thou fare? Wilt thou yet leave the Battaile, Boy, and flie, Now thou art feal'd the Sonne of Chiualrie? Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead, The helpe of one stands me in little stead. Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot, To hazard all our liues in one small Boat. If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage, To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age. By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay, 'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day. In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name, My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame: All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay; All these are sau'd, if thou wilt flye away.

Iohn. The Sword of Orleance hath not made me smart, These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart. On that advantage, bought with such a shame, To save a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame, Before young Talbot from old Talbot slye, The Coward Horse that beares me, sall and dye: And like me to the pesant Boyes of France, To be Shames scorne, and subject of Mischance. Surely, by all the Glorie you have wonne, And if I slye, I am not Talbots Sonne. Then talke no more of slight, it is no boot, If Sonne to Talbot, dye at Talbots foot.

Talb. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creet, Thou Icarus, thy Life to me is sweet:

If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers fide,
And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride.

Exit.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone. O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant Iohn? Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie, Young Talbots Valour makes me smile at thee. When he perceiu'd me shrinke, and on my Knee, His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee, And like a hungry Lyon did commence Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience: But when my angry Guardant stood alone, Tendring my ruine, and affayl'd of none, Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart, Suddenly made him from my fide to start Into the clustring Battaile of the French: And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de My Icarus, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.

Seru. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.

Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'ft vs here to fcorn,
Anon from thy infulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two Talbots winged through the lither Skie,
In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie.

O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death, Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath, Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no: Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe. Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say, Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day. Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes, My spirit can no longer beare these harmes. Souldiers adieu : I have what I would have, Now my old armes are yong Iohn Talbots graue. Dyes

> Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard, and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerfet brought rescue in, We should have found a bloody day of this. Bast. How the yong whelpe of Talbots raging wood, Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood.

Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I faid: Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide. But with a proud Maiesticall high scorne He answer'd thus: Yong Talbot was not borne To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench: So rushing in the bowels of the French,

He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtleffe he would have made a noble Knight: See where he lyes inherced in the armes

Of the most bloody Nursser of his harmes. Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones assunder, Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. Oh no forbeare: For that which we have fled During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucie.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent, To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day. Char. On what submissive message art thou sent? Lucy. Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word: We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.

I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane, And to furuey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.

But tell me whom thou feek'ft?

Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field, Valiant Lord Talbot Earle of Shrewsbury? Created for his rare successe in Armes, Great Earle of Washford, Waterford, and Valence, Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Vrchinsield, Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdon of Alton, Lord Crommell of Wingefield, Lord Furniuall of Sheffeild, The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge, Knight of the Noble Order of S. George, Worthy S. Michael, and the Golden Fleece, Great Marshall to Henry the fixt, Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.

Puc. Heere's a filly stately stile indeede: The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath, Writes not so tedious a Stile as this. Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles, Stinking and fly_blowne lyes heere at our feete.

Lucy. Is Talbot flaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge, Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke Nemesis? Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd, That I in rage might shoot them at your faces. Oh, that I could but call these dead to life, It were enough to fright the Realme of France. Were but his Picture left amongst you here,

It would amaze the prowdest of you all. Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence, And give them Buriall, as beseemes their worth. Pucel. I thinke this vpstart is old Talbots Ghost, He fpeakes with fuch a proud commanding spirit: For Gods fake let him have him, to keepe them here, They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre. Char. Go take their bodies hence.

Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shal

A Phonix that shall make all France affear'd. Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what y wilt. And now to Paris in this conquering vaine, All will be ours, now bloody Talbots Slaine. Exit.

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Glocester, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope, The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack? Glo. I have my Lord, and their intent is this, They humbly fue vnto your Excellence, To have a godly peace concluded of, Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France. King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes To stop effusion of our Christian blood, And stablish quietnesse on every side.

King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought It was both impious and vnnaturall, That fuch immanity and bloody strife Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.

Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect, And furer binde this knot of amitie, The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to Charles, A man of great Authoritie in France, Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace, In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.

King. Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong: And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes, Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour. Yet call th'Embassadors, and as you please, So let them have their answeres every one: I shall be well content with any choyce Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of Winchester install'd, And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree? Then I perceive, that will be verified Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie. If once he come to be a Cardinall, Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.

King. My Lords Ambaffadors, your feuerall fuites Haue bin confider'd and debated on, Your purpose is both good and reasonable : And therefore are we certainly refolu'd, To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which

Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master, I have inform'd his Highnesse so at large, As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts, Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower, He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.

King. In argument and proofe of which contract, Beare her this Iewell, pledge of my affection. And fo my Lord Protector fee them guarded, And fafely brought to Douer, wherein ship'd Commit them to the fortune of the fea.

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receive The summe of money which I promised Should be delivered to his Holinesse,

For cloathing me in these grave Ornaments. Legat. I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure. Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow, Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere; Humfrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive, That neither in birth, or for authoritie,

The Bishop will be ouer-borne by thee: Ile either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee, Or facke this Country with a mutiny.

Exeunt

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier, and Ione.

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:

'Tis faid, the stout Parisians do reuolt, And turne againe vnto the warlike French.

Alan. Then march to Paris Royall Charles of France,

And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance. Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,

Else ruine combate with their Pallaces. Enter Scout.

Scout. Successe vnto our valiant Generall,

And happinesse to his accomplices.

Char. What tidings fend our Scouts? I prethee speak. Scout. The English Army that divided was

Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one, And meanes to give you battell presently.

Char. Somewhat too fodaine Sirs, the warning is,

But we will prefently prouide for them.

Bur. I trust the Ghost of Talbot is not there: Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.

Pucel. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurft. Command the Conquest Charles, it shall be thine: Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate. Alarum. Excursions. Exeunt.

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye. Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts, And ye choise spirits that admonish me, Thunder. And give me fignes of future accidents. You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North, Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues proofe Of your accustom'd diligence to me. Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth, Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.

They malke, and speake not. Oh hold me not with filence ouer-long:

Where I was wont to feed you with my blood, Ile lop a member off, and give it you, In earnest of a further benefit: So you do condiscend to helpe me now.

They hang their heads.

No hope to have redreffe? My body shall Pay recompence, if you will graunt my fuite.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-facrifice, Intreate you to your wonted furtherance ? Then take my foule; my body, foule, and all, Before that England give the French the foyle.

They depart.

Exit.

See, they forfake me. Now the time is come, That France must vale her lofty plumed Crest, And let her head fall into Englands lappe. My ancient Incantations are too weake, And hell too ftrong for me to buckle with: Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

> Excursions. Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to band. French flye.

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I have you fast, Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes, And try if they can gaine your liberty. A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace. See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes, As if with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worfer shape thou canst not be: Yor. Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man, No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischeese light on Charles, and thee, And may ye both be fodainly furpriz'd By bloudy hands, in sleeping on your beds.

Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy tongue.

Puc. I prethee give me leave to curse awhile. Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake Exeunt.

> Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. Gazes on her.

Oh Fairest Beautie, do not seare, nor slye: For I will touch thee but with reverend hands, I kiffe these fingers for eternall peace, And lay them gently on thy tender fide. Who art thou, fay? that I may honor thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King, The King of Naples, who fo ere thou art.

Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd. Be not offended Natures myracle, Thou art alotted to be tane by me: So doth the Swan her downie Signets faue,

Oh stay:

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings: Yet if this feruile vsage once offend, Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. She is going Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe, My hand would free her, but my heart fayes no. As playes the Sunne vpon the glaffie streames, Twinkling another counterfetted beame, So feemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes. Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake: Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde: Fye De la Pole, disable not thy selfe: Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere? Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans fight? I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such, 'Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough. Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be fo, What ransome must I pay before I passe? For I perceive I am thy prisoner. Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite, Before thou make a triall of her loue? M. Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay? Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed: She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne. Mar, Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no? Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife, Then how can Margaret be thy Paramour? Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not heare. Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card. Mar. He talkes at randon: fure the man is mad. Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had. Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me: Suf. Ile win this Lady Margaret. For whom? Why for my King: Tush, that's a woodden thing. Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter. Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied, And peace established betweene these Realmes. But there remaines a scruple in that too: For though her Father be the King of Naples, Duke of Aniou and Mayne, yet is he poore, And our Nobility will scorne the match. Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure? Suf. It shall be so, disdaine they ne're so much: Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld. Madam, I have a fecret to reveale.

Mar. What though I be inthral'd, he feems a knight And will not any way dishonor me. Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say. Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French, And then I need not craue his curtefie. Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause. Mar. Tush, women haue bene captivate ere now. Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you fo? Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo. Suf. Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene? Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile, Than is a flaue, in base seruility: For Princes should be free. Suf. And so shall you, If happy Englands Royall King be free. Mar. Why what concernes his freedome vnto mee? Suf. Ile vndertake to make thee Henries Queene, To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand, And fet a precious Crowne vpon thy head,

If thou wilt condifcend to be my-

Mar. What?

Suf. His loue. Mar. I am vnworthy to be Henries wife. Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife, And have no portion in the choice my felfe. How fay you Madam, are ye so content? Mar. And if my Father please, I am content. Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth, And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles, Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him. Enter Reignier on the Walles. Sound. See Reignier see, thy daughter prisoner. Reig. To whom? Suf. To me. Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?

I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe, Or to exclaime on Fortunes ficklenesse. Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord, Consent, and for thy Honor give consent, Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King, Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto: And this her easie held imprisonment, Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie. Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes? Suf. Faire Margaret knowes, That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine. Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend, To give thee answer of thy just demand.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories, Command in Aniou what your Honor pleases. Suf. Thankes Reignier, happy for so sweet a Childe, Fit to be made companion with a King: What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite? Reig. Since thou dost daigne to woe her little worth, To be the Princely Bride of fuch a Lord: Vpon condition I may quietly Enioy mine owne, the Country Maine and Anjou, Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre, My daughter shall be Henries, if he please. Suf. That is her ransome, I deliver her, And those two Counties I will vndertake Your Grace shall well and quietly enioy. Reig. And I againe in Henries Royall name, As Deputy vnto that gracious King, Giue thee her hand for figne of plighted faith. Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee Kingly thankes, Because this is in Trafficke of a King. And yet me thinkes I could be well content To be mine owne Atturney in this case. Ile ouer then to England with this newes. And make this marriage to be folemniz'd: So farewell Reignier, fet this Diamond safe In Golden Pallaces as it becomes. Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace The Christian Prince King Henrie were he heere. Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & praiers, Shall Suffolke euer haue of Margaret. Shee is going. Suf. Farwell sweet Madam: but hearke you Margaret, No Princely commendations to my King? Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide, A Virgin, and his Servant, fay to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,

But Madame, I must trouble you againe, No louing Token to his Maiestie?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart, Neuer yet taint with loue, I fend the King.

Suf. And this withall. Kisse ber. Mar. That for thy felfe, I will not fo prefume,

To fend fuch peeuish tokens to a King.

Suf. Oh wert thou for my felfe: but Suffolke stay, Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth, There Minotaurs and vgly Treasons lurke, Solicite Henry with her wonderous praise. Bethinke thee on her Vertues that furmount, Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art, Repeate their semblance often on the Seas, That when thou com'ft to kneele at Henries feete, Thou mayest bereaue him of his wits with wonder. Exit

Enter Yorke Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell. Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne. Shep. Ah Ione, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right, Haue I fought euery Country farre and neere, And now it is my chance to finde thee out, Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death : Ah Ione, sweet daughter Ione, Ile die with thee. Pucel. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch, I am descended of a gentler blood .

Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine. Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so I did beget her, all the Parish knowes: Her Mother liueth yet, can testifie

She was the first fruite of my Bach'ler-ship.

War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage? Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene, Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fye Ione, that thou wilt be so obstacle: God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh, And for thy fake haue I shed many a teare: Deny me not, I prythee, gentle Ione.

Pucell. Pezant auant. You have suborn'd this man

Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest, The morne that I was wedded to her mother. Kneele downe and take my bleffing, good my Gyrle. Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time Of thy nativitie: I would the Milke Thy mother gaue thee when thou fuck'ft her brest, Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy fake. Or elfe, when thou didft keepe my Lambes a-field, I wish some rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee. Doest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab? O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. Exit. Yorke. Take her away, for she hath liu'd too long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities. Puc. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd; Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine, But iffued from the Progeny of Kings. Vertuous and Holy, chosen from aboue, By inspiration of Celestiall Grace, To worke exceeding myracles on earth. I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits. But you that are polluted with your lustes, Stain'd with the guiltleffe blood of Innocents, Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices: Because you want the grace that others haue, You judge it straight a thing impossible To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.

No misconceyued, Ione of Aire hath beene A Virgin from her tender infancie, Chaste, and immaculate in very thought, Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd, Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.

Yorke. I, I: away with her to execution. War. And hearke ye firs: because she is a Maide, Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow: Place barrelles of pitch vpon the fatall stake,

That so her tortute may be shortned.

Puc. Will nothing turne your varelenting hearts? Then Ione discouet thine infirmity, That wartanteth by Law, to be thy priviledge. I am with childe ye bloody Homicides: Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe, Although ye hale me to a violent death.

Yor. Now heaven forfend, the holy Maid with child? War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.

Is all your first precisenesse come to this? Yorke. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,

I did imagine what would be her refuge. War. Well go too, we'll have no Bastards live,

Especially fince Charles must Father it.

Puc. You are deceyu'd, my childe is none of his,

It was Alanson that injoy'd my loue.

Yorke. Alanson that notorious Macheuile?

It dyes, and if it had a thousand liues.

Pue. Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you, 'Twas neyther Charles, nor yet the Duke I nam'd, But Reignier King of Naples that preuayl'd.

War. A married man, that's most intollerable.

Yor. Why here's a Gyrle: I think she knowes not wel (There were so many) whom she may accuse.

War. It's figne she hath beene liberall and free. Yor. And yet for sooth she is a Virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.

Vse no intreaty, for it is in vaine.

Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curse. May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames Vpon the Countrey where you make abode: But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death Inuiron you, till Mischeese and Dispaire, Driue you to break your necks, or hang your felues. Exit Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and confume to ashes,

Thou fowle accurfed minister of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence With Letters of Commission from the King. For know my Lords, the States of Christendome, Mou'd with remorfe of these out-ragious broyles, Haue earnestly implor'd a generall peace, Betwixt our Nation, and the aspyring French; And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.

Yorke. Is all our traueil turn'd to this effect, After the slaughter of so many Peeres, So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers, That in this quarrell have beene overthrowne, And fold their bodyes for their Countryes benefit, Shall we at last conclude esteminate peace? Haue we not lost most part of all the Townes, By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherie, Our great Progenitors had conquered: Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe The vtter loffe of all the Realme of France.

War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace

It

It shall be with such strict and seuere Couenants, As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed, That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France, We come to be informed by your selues, What the conditions of that league must be.

Yorke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes The hollow passage of my poylon'd voyce,

By fight of these our balefull enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus: That in regard King Henry gives consent, Of meere compassion, and of lenity, To ease your Countrie of distressefull Warre, And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace, You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne. And Charles, you condition thou wilt sweare To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe, Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him, And still enioy thy Regall dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe? Adorne his Temples with a Coronet, And yet in substance and authority, Retaine but priviledge of a private man? This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am poffest With more then halfe the Gallian Territories, And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King. Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquisht, Detract so much from that prerogative, As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole? No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe That which I have, than coueting for more Be cast from possibility of all.

Yorke. Infulting Charles, hast thou by secret meanes Vs'd intercession to obtaine a league, And now the matter growes to compremize, Stand'st thou aloose vpon Comparison. Either accept the Title thou vsurp'st, Of benefit proceeding from our King, And not of any challenge of Desert, Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy, To cavill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one

We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,

To faue your Subjects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly seene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serves.

War. How fayst thou Charles? Shall our Condition stand? Char. It Shall:

Onely referu'd, you claime no interest In any of our Townes of Garrison.

Yor. Then sweare Allegeance to his Maiesty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Suffolke in conference with the King, Glocester, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues setled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempessuous gustes
Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her Loue.

Suf. Tuh my good Lord, this superficial tale, Is but a presace of her worthy praise:
The cheese persections of that louely Dame, (Had I sufficient skill to vtter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to rauish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Divine,
So full repleate with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
To Loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord.

King. And otherwise, will Henry ne're presume: Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent, That Marg'ret may be Englands Royall Queene.

Glo. So should I giue consent to flatter finne, You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd Vnto another Lady of esteeme, How shall we then dispense with that contract.

How shall we then dispense with that contract, And not deface your Honor with reproach? Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,

Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
To try his strength, forfaketh yet the Listes
By reason of his Adversaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Gloucester. Why what (I pray) is Margaret more then that?

Her Father is no better than an Earle, Although in glorious Titles he excell.

Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King, The King of Naples, and Ierusalem, And of such great Authoritie in France, As his alliance will confirme our peace, And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegeance.

Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe, Because he is neere Kinsman vnto Charles.

Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,

Where Reignier sooner will receyue, than giue.

Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abiest, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.

Henry is able to enrich his Queene,

Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to feeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Pezants bargaine for their Wiues,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Atturney-ship:

Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Must

Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed. And therefore Lords, fince he affects her most, Most of all these reasons bindeth vs, In our opinions she should be preferr'd. For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell, An Age of discord and continuall strife, Whereas the contrarie bringeth bliffe, And is a patterne of Celestiall peace. Whom should we match with Henry being a King, But Margaret, that is daughter to a King: Her peerelesse feature, ioyned with her birth, Approves her fit for none, but for a King. Her valiant courage, and vndaunted spirit, (More then in women commonly is feene) Will answer our hope in issue of a King. For Henry, fonne vnto a Conqueror, Is likely to beget more Conquerors, If with a Lady of fo high resolue, (As is faire Margaret) he be link'd in loue. Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee, That Margaret shall be Queene, and none but shee. King. Whether it be through force of your report,

My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was neuer yet attaint
With any paffion of inflaming Ioue,
I cannot tell: but this I am affur'd,

I feele fuch sharpe diffention in my breast, Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare, As I am ficke with working of my thoughts. Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France, Agree to any couenants, and procure That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come To croffe the Seas to England, and be crown'd King Henries faithfull and annointed Queene. For your expences and fufficient charge, Among the people gather vp a tenth. Be gone I fay, for till you do returne, I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares. And you (good Vnckle) banish all offence: If you do censure me, by what you were, Not what you are, I know it will excuse This fodaine execution of my will. And fo conduct me, where from company, I may revolue and ruminate my greefe.

Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at first and last.

Exit Glocester.

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes

As did the youthfull Paris once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Troian did:
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme.

Exit

FINIS.



The



The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke HVMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scana Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Beauford on the one side. The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolke. S by your high Imperiall Maiesty, I had in charge at my depart for France, As Procurator to your Excellence, To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;

So in the Famous Ancient City, Toures, In presence of the Kings of France, and Sicill, The Dukes of Orleance, Calaber, Britaigne, and Alanfon, Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Bishops I have perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd, And humbly now vpon my bended knee, In fight of England, and her Lordly Peeres, Deliuer vp my Title in the Queene To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance Of that great Shadow I did represent: The happiest Gift, that ever Marquesse gave. The Fairest Queene, that euer King receiu'd.

King. Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene Margaret, I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue Then this kinde kiffe: O Lord, that lends me life, Lend me a heart repleate with thankfulneffe: For thou hast given me in this beauteous Face A world of earthly bleffings to my foule, If Simpathy of Loue vnite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord, The mutuall conference that my minde hath had, By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames, In Courtly company, or at my Beades, With you mine Alder liefest Soueraigne, Makes me the bolder to falute my King, With ruder termes, fuch as my wit affoords, And ouer joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her fight did rauish, but her grace in Speech, Her words yelad with wisedomes Maiesty, Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes, Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content. Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue. All kneel. Long liue Qu. Margaret, Englands happines. Queene. We thanke you all.

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace, Heere are the Articles of contracted peace, Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles, For eighteene moneths concluded by confent.

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, It is agreed betweene the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke, Ambassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shal espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicillia, and Ierusalem, and Crowne ber Queene of England, ere the thirtieth of May next enfuing.

Item, That the Dutchy of Aniou, and the County of Main, shall be released and delivered to the King ber father.

King. Vnkle, how now? Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord, Some fodaine qualme hath ftrucke me at the heart, And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further. King. Vnckle of Winchester, I pray read on.

Win. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, That the Dutchesse of Aniou and Maine, shall be released and delivered ouer to the King her Father, and shee sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without having any

King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down, We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke, And girt thee with the Sword. Cofin of Yorke, We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths Be full expyr'd. Thankes Vncle Winchester, Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset, Salisburie, and Warwicke. We thanke you all for this great fauour done, In entertainment to my Princely Queene. Come, let vs in, and with all speede prouide To fee her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manet the rest. Glo. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State, To you Duke Humfrey must vaload his greefe: Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land. What? did my brother Henry spend his youth, His valour, coine, and people in the warres? Did he so often lodge in open field: In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate, To conquer France, his true inheritance? And did my brother Bedford toyle his wits,

To

To keepe by policy what Henrie got: Haue you your selues, Somerset, Buckingham, Braue Yorke, Salisbury, and victorious Warmicke, Receiud deepe scarres in France and Normandie: Or hath mine Vnckle Beauford, and my felfe, With all the Learned Counfell of the Realme, Studied so long, fat in the Councell house, Early and late, debating too and fro How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe, And hath his Highnesse in his infancie, Crowned in Paris in despight of foes, And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye? Shall Henries Conquest, Bedfords vigilance, Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye? O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League, Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame, Blotting your names from Bookes of memory, Racing the Charracters of your Renowne, Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France, Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.

Car. Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse? This preroration with fuch circumstance: For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.

Glo. I Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can: But now it is impossible we should. Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the rost, Hath given the Dutchy of Aniou and Mayne, Vnto the poore King Reignier, whose large style Agrees not with the leannesse of his purse.

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all, These Counties were the Keyes of Normandie: But wherefore weepes Warnicke, my valiant sonne?

War. For greefe that they are past recouerie. For were there hope to conquer them againe, My fword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares. Aniou and Maine? My selfe did win them both: Those Provinces, these Armes of mine did conquer, And are the Citties that I got with wounds, Deliuer'd vp againe with peacefull words? Mort Dieu.

Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate, That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle: France should have torne and rent my very hart, Before I would have yeelded to this League. I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had Large fummes of Gold, and Dowries with their wives, And our King Henry gives away his owne, To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. A proper iest, and neuer heard before, That Suffolke should demand a whole Fisteenth, For Costs and Charges in transporting her: She should have staid in France, and steru'd in France Before-

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot, It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Winchester I know your minde. 'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike: But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye, Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face I fee thy furie: If I longer stay, We shall begin our ancient bickerings: Lordings farewell, and fay when I am gone, I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. Exit Humfrey. Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:

'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy: Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,

And no great friend, I feare me to the King; Confider Lords, he is the next of blood, And heyre apparant to the English Crowne: Had Henrie got an Empire by his marriage, And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West, There's reason he should be displeas'd at it: Looke to it Lords, let not his fmoothing words Bewitch your hearts, be wife and circumfpect. What though the common people fauour him, Calling him, Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster, Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce, Iesu maintaine your Royall Excellence, With God preserve the good Duke Humfrey: I feare me Lords, for all this flattering gloffe, He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why should he then protect our Soueraigne? He being of age to gouerne of himselfe. Cofin of Somerfet, joyne you with me, And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke, Wee'l quickly hoyse Duke Humfrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay, He to the Duke of Suffolke prefently. Exit Cardinall. Som. Cofin of Buckingham, though Humfries pride And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs, Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinall, His infolence is more intollerable Then all the Princes in the Land beside, If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector.

Buc. Or thou, or I Somerfet will be Protectors, Despite Duke Humfrey, or the Cardinall.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerset. Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him. While these do labour for their owne preferment, Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme. I neuer faw but Humfrey Duke of Gloster, Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman: Oft haue I feene the haughty Cardinall. More like a Souldier then a man o'th'Church, As flout and proud as he were Lord of all, Sweare like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale. Warwicke my fonne, the comfort of my age, Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping, Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons, Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey. And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland, In bringing them to civill Discipline: Thy late exploits done in the heart of France, When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne, Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people, Ioyne we together for the publike good, In what we can, to bridle and suppresse The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall, With Somersets and Buckinghams Ambition, And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds, While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land, And common profit of his Countrey.

Yor. And fo fayes Yorke, For he hath greatest cause.

Salisbury. Then lets make haft away,

And looke vnto the maine. Warwicke. Vnto the maine?

Oh Father, Maine is loft, That Maine, which by maine force Warwicke did winne, And would have kept, so long as breath did last:

Main

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant Maine, Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

Exit Warwicke, and Salisbury. Manet Yorke. Yorke. Aniou and Maine are given to the French, Paris is loft, the state of Normandie Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone : Suffolke concluded on the Articles, The Peeres agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd, To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter. I cannot blame them all, what is't to them? 'Tis thine they give away, and not their owne. Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage, And purchase Friends, and give to Curtezans, Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone, While as the filly Owner of the goods Weepes ouer them, and wrings his haplesse hands, And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe, While all is shar'd, and all is borne away, Ready to sterue, and dare not touch his owne. So Yorke must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue, While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and fold: Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland, Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood, As did the fatall brand Althea burnt, Vnto the Princes heart of Calidon: Aniou and Maine both given vnto the French? Cold newes for me : for I had hope of France, Euen as I have of fertile Englands foile. A day will come, when Yorke shall claime his owne, And therefore I will take the Neuils parts, And make a shew of loue to proud Duke Humfrey, And when I fpy advantage, claime the Crowne, For that's the Golden marke I feeke to hit: Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right, Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist, Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head, Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne. Then Yorke be still a-while, till time do serue: Watch thou, and wake when others be afleepe, To prie into the fecrets of the State, Till Henrie surfetting in loyes of loue, With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen, And Humfrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres: Then will I raise alost the Milke-white-Rose, With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd, And in in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke, To grapple with the house of Lancaster, And force perforce He make him yeeld the Crowne, Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe. Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor. Elia. Why droopes my Lord like ouer_ripen'd Corn, Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load? Why doth the Great Duke Humfrey knit his browes, As frowning at the Fauours of the world? Why are thine eyes fixt to the fullen earth, Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy fight? What feeft thou there? King Henries Diadem, Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world? If fo, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face, Vntill thy head be circled with the same. Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold. What, is't too fhort? He lengthen it with mine, And having both together heau'd it vp, Wee'l both together lift our heads to heaven, And neuer more abase our fight so low,

As to vouchfafe one glance vnto the ground.

Hum. O Nell, fweet Nell, if thou dost love thy Lord, Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:

And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.

My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.

Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With sweet rehearsall of my mornings dreame?

Hum. Me thought this staffe mine Office-badge in Court

Was broke in twaine: by whom, I have forgot, But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall, And on the peeces of the broken Wand Were plac'd the heads of Edmond Duke of Somerset, And William de la Pole first Duke of Suffolke. This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,
Shall loose his head for his presumption.
But list to me my Humfrey, my sweete Duke:
Me thought I sate in Seate of Maiesty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Westminster,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crownd,
Where Henrie and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.

Hum. Nay Elinor, then must I chide outright: Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd Elianor, Art thou not second Woman in the Realme? And the Protectors wise belou'd of him? Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command, Aboue the reach or compasse of thy thought? And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery, To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe, From top of Honor, to Disgraces seete? Away from me, and let me heare no more.

Elia. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericke With Elianor, for telling but her dreame?

Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my selse,
And not be check'd.

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe. Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure, You do prepare to ride vnto S. Albons,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.

Hu. I go. Come Nel thou wilt ride with vs? Ex. Hum Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster beares this base and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remoue these tedious stumbling blockes,
And smooth my way vpon their headlesse neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be slacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir Iobn; nay seare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & 1.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Iesus preserve your Royall Maiesty.

Elia. What saist thou? Maiesty: I am but Grace.

Hume. But by the grace of God, and Humes advice,

Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.

Elia. What faift thou man? Haft thou as yet confer'd With Margerie Iordane the cunning Witch, With Roger Bollingbrooke the Conjurer? And will they vndertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promifed to shew your Highnes A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,

That

That shall make answere to such Questions, As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elianor. It is enough, lle thinke vpon the Questions: When from Saint Albones we doe make returne, Wee'le see these things effected to the full. Here Hume, take this reward, make merry man With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the Duchesse Gold: Marry and shall: but how now, Sir Iohn Hume? Seale vp your Lips, and give no words but Mum, The businesse asketh silent secrecie. Dame Elianor gives Gold, to bring the Witch: Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuill. Yet have I Gold flyes from another Coast: I dare not fay, from the rich Cardinall, And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke; Yet I doe finde it so : for to be plaine, They (knowing Dame Elianors aspiring humor) Haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Duchesse, And buzze these Conjurations in her brayne. They fay, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker, Yet am I Suffolke and the Cardinalls Broker. Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues. Well, fo it stands: and thus I feare at last, Humes Knauerie will be the Duchesse Wracke, And her Attainture, will be Humphreyes fall: Sort how it will, I shall have Gold for all. Exit

> Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armorers Man being one.

I. Pet. My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.

2. Pet. Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good

man, Iesu blesse him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the first fure.

2. Pet. Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk,

and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow: would'ft any thing with me? 1. Pet. I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my Lord Protector.

Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

1. Pet. Mine is, and't please your Grace, against Iohn Goodman, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my House,

and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede. What's yours? What's heere? Against the Duke of Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How now, Sir Knaue?

2. Pet. Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our

whole Towneship.

Peter. Against my Master Thomas Horner, for saying, That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the

Queene. What fay'ft thou? Did the Duke of Yorke

fay, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Master faid, That he was, and that the King was an Vsurper.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Seruant.

Take this fellow in, and fend for his Master with a Purseuant presently: wee'le heare more of your matter before the King.

Queene. And as for you that loue to be protected Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace, Begin your Suites anew, and fue to him.

Teare the Supplication. Away, base Cullions: Suffolke let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone. Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, fay, is this the guise? Is this the Fashions in the Court of England? Is this the Gouernment of Britaines Ile? And this the Royaltie of Albions King? What, shall King Henry be a Pupill still, Vnder the furly Glosters Gouernance? Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile, And must be made a Subject to a Duke? I tell thee Poole, when in the Citie Tours Thou ran'ft a-tilt in honor of my Loue, And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of France; I thought King Henry had resembled thee, In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion: But all his minde is bent to Holinesse, To number Aue-Maries on his Beades: His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles, His Weapons, holy Sawes of facred Writ, His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints. I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome, And fet the Triple Crowne vpon his Head; That were a State fit for his Holinesse.

Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cause Your Highnesse came to England, so will I In England worke your Graces full content.

Queene. Beside the haughtie Protector, have we Beauford The imperious Churchman; Somer set, Buckingham, And grumbling Yorke: and not the least of these, But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of these, that can doe most of all, Cannot doe more in England then the Neuils: Salisbury and Warmick are no simple Peeres.

Queene. Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much, As that prowd Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife: She sweepes it through the Court with troups of Ladies, More like an Empresse, then Duke Humphreyes Wife: Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene: She beares a Dukes Revenewes on her backe, And in her heart she scornes our Pouertie: Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her? Contemptuous base-borne Callot as she is, She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t'other day, The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne, Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands, Till Suffolke gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madame, my selfe haue lym'd a Bush for her, And plac't a Quier of fuch enticing Birds, That she will light to listen to the Layes, And neuer mount to trouble you againe. So let her rest: and Madame list to me, For I am bold to counfaile you in this; Although we fancie not the Cardinall, Yet must we ioyne with him and with the Lords, Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in difgrace.

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint Will make but little for his benefit: So one by one wee'le weed them all at last, And you your felfe shall steere the happy Helme. Exit.

Sound a Sennet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingbam, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwicke, and the Duchesse.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which, Or Somerset, or Yorke, all's one to me.

Yorke. If Yorke haue ill demean'd himselse in France, Then let him be denay'd the Regent-ship.

Som. If Somerfet be vnworthy of the Place, Let Yorke be Regent, I will yeeld to him.

Warm. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,

Dispute not that, Yorke is the worthyer.

Card. Ambitious Warmicke, let thy betters speake. Warm. The Cardinall's not my better in the field. Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warnicke. Warm. Warmicke may live to be the best of all. Salisb. Peace Sonne, and shew some reason Buckingham Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this?

Queene. Because the King for sooth will have it so. Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himfelfe To give his Cenfure: These are no Womens matters.

Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace To be Protector of his Excellence?

Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme, And at his pleafure will refigne my Place.

Suff. Refigne it then, and leave thine insolence. Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou? The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack, The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas, And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme Haue beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraigntie.

Card. The Commons hast thou rackt, the Clergies Bags Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.

Som. Thy fumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attyre

Haue cost a masse of publique Treasurie. Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution Vpon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,

And left thee to the mercy of the Law. Queene. Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France, If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,

Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head. Exit Humfrey.

Giue me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not? She gives the Duchesse a box on the eare.

I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, prowd French-woman: Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles, I could fet my ten Commandements in your face.

King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will. Duch. Against her will, good King? looke to't in time. Shee'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby: Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches, She shall not strike Dame Elianor vnreueng'd.

Exit Elianor. Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow Elianor,

And liften after Humfrey, how he proceedes: Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres, Shee'le gallop farre enough to her destruction.

Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne, With walking once about the Quadrangle, I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres. As for your spightfull false Obiections, Proue them, and I lye open to the Law: But God in mercie fo deale with my Soule, As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey. But to the matter that we have in hand: I say, my Soueraigne, Yorke is meetest man To be your Regent in the Realme of France.

Suff. Before we make election, give me leave To shew some reason, of no little force, That Yorke is most vnmeet of any man.

Yorke. He tell thee, Suffolke, why I am vnmeet. First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride: Next, if I be appointed for the Place, My Lord of Somerfet will keepe me here, Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture, Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands: Last time I danc't attendance on his will, Till Paris was befieg'd, famisht, and lost.

Warm. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.

Suff. Peace head-strong Warmicke. Warm. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Because here is a man accused of Treason, Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe. Yorke. Doth any one accuse Yorke for a Traytor? King. What mean'st thou, Suffolke? tell me, what are these?

Suff. Please it your Maiestie, this is the man That doth accuse his Master of High Treason; His words were these: That Richard, Duke of Yorke, Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne,

And that your Maiestie was an Vsurper. King. Say man, were thefe thy words?

Armorer. And't shall please your Maiestie, I neuer sayd nor thought any fuch matter: God is my witnesse, I am falfely accus'd by the Villaine.

Peter. By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were fcow-

ring my Lord of Yorkes Armor.

Yorke. Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall, Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speech: I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie, Let him have all the rigor of the Law.

Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees he would be euen with me : I have good witnesse of this; therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.

King. Vnckle, what shall we say to this in law? Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may judge: Let Somerfet be Regent o're the French, Because in Yorke this breedes suspition; And let these have a day appointed them For fingle Combat, in convenient place, For he hath witnesse of his servants malice: This is the Law, and this Duke Humfreyes doome.

Som. I

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Maiestie. Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake pitty my case: the spight of man preuayleth against me. O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I shall neuer be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

Humf. Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Prison: and the day of
Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come
Somerset, wee'le see thee sent away.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.

Hume. Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you expects performance of your promises.

Bulling. Master Hume, we are therefore prouided: will her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?

Hume. I, what else? feare you not her courage.

Bulling. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while wee be busic below; and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leave vs.

Exit Hume.

Mother Iordan, be you proftrate, and grouell on the Earth; Iohn Southmell reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Elianor aloft.

Elianor. Well faid my Masters, and welcome all: To this geere, the sooner the better.

Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times: Deepe Night, darke Night, the filent of the Night, The time of Night when Troy was fet on fire, The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle, And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graues; That time best fits the worke we have in hand. Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee rayse, Wee will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,
Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades, Coniuro
te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens
terribly: then the Spirit
rifeth.

Spirit. Ad sum.
Witch. Asmath, by the eternall God,
Whose name and power thou tremblest at,
Answere that I shall aske: for till thou speake,
Thou shalt not passe from hence.

Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had fayd, and

Bulling. First of the King: What shall of him be-

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose: But him out-live, and dye a violent death.

Bulling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke? Spirit. By Water shall he dye, and take his end. Bulling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset? Spirit. Let him shun Castles,

Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines, Then where Castles mounted stand. Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bulling. Discend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake: False Fiend avoide.

Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breake in.

Yorke. Lay hands vpon these Traytors, and their trash: Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch. What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale

Are deepely indebted for this peece of paines;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elianor. Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King, Iniurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause.

Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this? Away with them, let them be clapt vp close, And kept afunder: you Madame shall with vs.

Stafford take her to thee.

Wee'le fee your Trinkets here all forth-comming.

Yorke. Lord Buckingham, me thinks you watcht her well: A pretty Plot, well chosen to build vpon.

Now pray my Lord, let's fee the Deuils Writ.
What have we here? Reades.
The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose:

But him out-live, and dye a violent death.

Why this is iust, Aio Æacida Romanos vincere posso.

Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke? By Water shall be dye, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shunne Castles, Safer shall he be whon the sandie Plaines,

Then where Castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my Lords,

These Oracles are hardly attain'd, And hardly vnderstood.

The King is now in progresse towards Saint Albones,

With him, the Husband of this louely Lady: Thither goes these Newes,

As fast as Horse can carry them:

A forry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shal give me leave, my Lord of York, To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.

Yorke. At your pleasure, my good Lord.

Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Servingman.

Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To suppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulkners hallowing.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke, I faw not better fport these seuen yeeres day: Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high,

And ten to one, old *Ioane* had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pytch she flew aboue the rest:

To fee how God in all his Creatures workes, Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high. Suff. No maruell, and it like your Maiestie,

My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre fo well, They know their Master loues to be aloft, And beares his thoughts aboue his Faulcons Pitch.

Glost. My Lord, it is but a base ignoble minde, That mounts no higher then a Bird can fore:

Card. I

Card. I thought as much, hee would be aboue the Clouds.

Gloft. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?

King. The Treasurie of euerlasting Ioy.

Card. Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts

Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart,

Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,

That smooth'st it so with King and Common-weale. Gloft. What, Cardinall?

Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie?

Tantæne animis Cælestibus iræ, Church-men so hot?

Good Vnckle hide fuch mallice:

With fuch Holynesse can you doe it?

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes

So good a Quarrell, and fo bad a Peere. Gloft. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,

An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.

Glost. Why Suffolke, England knowes thine infolence.

Queene. And thy Ambition, Gloster. King. I prythee peace, good Queene,

And whet not on these furious Peeres,

For bleffed are the Peace-makers on Earth. Card. Let me be bleffed for the Peace I make

Against this prowd Protector with my Sword.

Glost. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that. Card. Marry, when thou dar'ft.

Glost. Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,

In thine owne person answere thy abuse.

Card. I, where thou dar'ft not peepe: And if thou dar'st, this Evening,

On the East fide of the Groue.

King. How now, my Lords? Card. Beleeue me, Coufin Glofter,

Had not your man put vp the Fowle fo fuddenly,

We had had more sport.

Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Gloft. True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd?

The East fide of the Groue:

Cardinall, I am with you. King. Why how now, Vnckle Gloster?

Gloft. Talking of Hawking; nothing elfe, my Lord.

Now by Gods Mother, Priest, Ile shaue your Crowne for this,

Or all my Fence shall fayle.

Card. Medice teipsum, Protector see to't well, protect

King. The Windes grow high, So doe your Stomacks, Lords:

How irkesome is this Musick to my heart?

When fuch Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony?

I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Glost. What meanes this noyse?

Fellow, what Miracle do'ft thou proclayme?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forfooth, a blinde man at Saint Albones Shrine, Within this halfe houre hath receiv'd his fight,

A man that ne're saw in his life before.

King. Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules Giues Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

Enter the Major of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Townef-men, on Procession,

To present your Highnesse with the man. King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,

Although by his fight his finne be multiplyed.

Glost. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King, His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorifie the Lord. What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now restor'd? Simpe. Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.

Wife. I indeede was he. Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship.

Glost. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'st have better told.

King. Where wert thou borne?

Simpc. At Barwick in the North, and't like your

King. Poore Soule,

Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee: Let neuer Day nor Night vnhallowed paffe, But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow,

Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion,

To this holy Shrine?

Simpc. God knowes of pure Deuotion, Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner, In my fleepe, by good Saint Albon:

Who faid; Symon, come; come offer at my Shrine, And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Most true, for sooth:

And many time and oft my selfe have heard a Voyce, To call him fo.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simpc. I, God Almightie helpe me.

Suff. How cam'st thou so? Simpc. A fall off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master. Glost. How long hast thou beene blinde?

Simpc. O borne fo, Master.

Glost. What, and would'st climbe a Tree?

Simpc. But that in all my life, when I was a youth. Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Gloft. 'Maffe, thou lou'dst Plummes well, that would'st venture fo.

Simpc. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some Damfons, and made me climbe, with danger of my

Gloft. A fubtill Knaue, but yet it shall not serue: Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them, In my opinion, yet thou feest not well.

Simpc. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint Albones.

Gloft. Say'ft thou me fo: what Colour is this Cloake

Simpc. Red Master, Red as Blood.

Glost. Why that's well faid: What Colour is my Gowne of?

Simpc. Black forfooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is

Suff. And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see.

Gloft. But

Gloft. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a

Wife. Neuer before this day, in all his life. Gloft. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simpc. Alas Master, I know not.

Gloft. What's his Name?

Simpe. I know not. Gloft. Nor his?

Simpc. No indeede, Master.

Glost. What's thine owne Name?

Simpc. Saunder Simpcoxe, and if it please you, Master.

Glost. Then Saunder, sit there, The lying'ft Knaue in Christendome. If thou hadst beene borne blinde,

Thou might'ft as well have knowne all our Names, As thus to name the feuerall Colours we doe weare.

Sight may diffinguish of Colours: But fuddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible. My Lords, Saint Albone here hath done a Miracle: And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great, That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

Simpc. O Master, that you could? Glost. My Masters of Saint Albones, Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,

And Things call'd Whippes?

Maior. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Gloft. Then fend for one presently.

Maior. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.

Glost. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by. Now Sirrha, if you meane to faue your felfe from Whipping, leape me ouer this Stoole, and runne away.

Simpc. Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:

You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Gloft. Well Sir, we must have you finde your Legges. Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same Stoole.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simpc. Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes over the Stoole, and runnes away: and they

follow, and cry, A Miracle. King. O God, seeft thou this, and bearest so long? Queene. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.

Gloft. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away. Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Gloft. Let the be whipt through euery Market Towne, Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Card. Duke Humfrey ha's done a Miracle to day. Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away. Glost. But you have done more Miracles then I: You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Coufin Buckingham? Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold: A fort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent, Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady Elianor, the Protectors Wife, The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout, Haue practis'd dangeroufly against your State, Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers, Whom we have apprehended in the Fact, Rayfing vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground, Demanding of King Henries Life and Death, And other of your Highnesse Privile Councell, As more at large your Grace shall vnderstand. Card. And so my Lord Protector, by this meanes

Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London. This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge; 'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.

Glost. Ambitious Church-man, leave to afflict my heart: Sorrow and griefe haue vanquisht all my powers; And vanquisht as I am, I yeeld to thee,

Or to the meanest Groome.

King. O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones? Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.

Queene. Gloster, see here the Taincture of thy Nest, And looke thy felfe be faultlesse, thou wert best.

Glost. Madame, for my selfe, to Heauen I doe appeale, How I have lou'd my King, and Common-weale: And for my Wife, I know not how it stands, Sorry I am to heare what I have heard, Noble shee is: but if shee have forgot Honor and Vertue, and convers't with fuch, As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie; I banish her my Bed, and Companie, And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame, That hath dis-honored Glosters honest Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repose vs here: To morrow toward London, back againe, To looke into this Bufineffe thorowly, And call these foule Offendors to their Answeres; And poyle the Cause in Iustice equall Scales, Whose Beame stands sure, whose rightful cause prevailes.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick, Our simple Supper ended, give me leave, In this close Walke, to fatisfie my selfe, In crauing your opinion of my Title, Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne. Salish. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.

Warm. Sweet Yorke begin: and if thy clayme be good, The Neuills are thy Subiects to command.

Yorke. Then thus:

Edward the third, my Lords, had feuen Sonnes: The first, Edward the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales; The fecond, William of Hatfield; and the third, Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom, Was Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster; The fift, was Edmond Langley, Duke of Yorke; The fixt, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster; William of Windsor was the seuenth, and last. Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father, And left behinde him Richard, his onely Sonne, Who after Edward the third's death, raign'd as King, Till Henry Bullingbrooke, Duke of Lancaster, The eldest Sonne and Heire of John of Gaunt, Crown'd by the Name of Henry the fourth, Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King, Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came, And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know, Harmelesse Richard was murthered traiterously.

Warm. Father, the Duke hath told the truth; Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crowne.

Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right: For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead, The Issue of the next Sonne should have reign'd.

Salisb. But William of Hatfield dyed without an

Heire.

Yorke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence, From whose Line I clayme the Crowne, Had Issue Phillip, a Daughter, Who marryed Edmond Mortimer, Earle of March:

Edmond had Issue, Roger, Earle of March; Roger had Issue, Edmond, Anne, and Elianor.

Salish. This Edmond, in the Reigne of Bullingbrooke, As I have read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne, And but for Omen Glendour, had beene King; Who kept him in Captivitie, till he dyed. But, to the rest.

Yorke. His eldeft Sifter, Anne,
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Marryed Richard, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to Edmond Langley,
Edmard the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of Edmond Mortimer,
Who marryed Phillip, fole Daughter
Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne

Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warm. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?

Henry doth clayme the Crowne from Iohn of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, Yorke claymes it from the third:
Till Lionels Issue fayles, his should not reigne.

It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.
Then Father Salubury, kneele we together,
And in this private Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Soveraigne

With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Both. Long live our Soveraigne Richard, Englands

King.

Yorke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be stayn'd
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and silent secrecie.
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Susfolkes insolence,
At Beaufords Pride, at Somersets Ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humstrey:
'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,

Shall finde their deaths, if Yorke can prophecie.

Salisb. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde

Warm. My heart affures me, that the Earle of Warwick Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.

Yorke. And Neuill, this I doe affure my felfe, Richard shall live to make the Earle of Warwick. The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.

King. Stand forth Dame Elianor Cobham, Glosters Wife:

In fight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receive the Sentence of the Law for finne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adjudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;
From thence, vnto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallowes.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Despoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Live in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir Iohn Stanly, in the Ile of Man.

Elianor. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my

Gloft. Elianor, the Law thou feeft hath iudged thee, I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes: Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe. Ah Humfrey, this dishonor in thine age, Will bring thy head with forrow to the ground. I beseech your Maiestie give me leave to goe; Sorrow would sollace, and mine Age would ease.

King. Stay Humfrey, Duke of Gloster,
Ere thou goe, give vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my seete:
And goe in peace, Humfrey, no lesse belou'd,

Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeeres
Should be to be protected like a Child,
God and King Henry gouerne Englands Realme:
Give vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Gloft. My Staffe? Here, Noble Henry, is my Staffe: As willingly doe I the same resigne,
As ere thy Father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy seete I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,

May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster:

Queene. Why now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen, And Humfrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe, That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once; His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lopt off.

This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand, Where it best sits to be, in Henries hand.

Suff. Thus droupes this lostie Pyne, & hangs his sprayes, Thus Elianors Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.

Yorke. Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie, This is the day appointed for the Combat, And ready are the Appellant and Defendant, The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists, So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.

Queene. I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de.

King. A Gods Name fee the Lysts and all things fit, Here let them end it, and God defend the right. Yorke. I neuer faw a fellow worse bestead, Or more asraid to fight, then is the Appellant, The servant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-hagge fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

I. Neighbor. Here Neighbour Horner, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe well enough.

2. Neighbor. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of

Charneco.

3. Neighbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all,

and a figge for Peter.

I. Prent. Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not a-

2. Prent. Be merry Peter, and feare not thy Master,

Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all:drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I have taken my last Draught in this World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I give thee my Aporne; and Will, thou shalt have my Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I have. O Lord bleffe me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee hath learnt so much fence already.

Salisb. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blowes.

Sirrha, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter forfooth. Salisb. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salisb. Thumpe? Then see thou thumpe thy Master

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my selfe an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore Peter have at thee with a downe-right blow.

Yorke. Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double.

Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe. Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Trea-

Yorke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God,

and the good Wine in thy Masters way. Peter. O God, haue I ouercome mine Enemies in this

presence? O Peter, thou hast preuayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our fight, For by his death we doe perceive his guilt, And God in Iustice hath reueal'd to vs The truth and innocence of this poore fellow, Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully. Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward. Exeunt.

> Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Sound a flourish.

Glost. Thus fometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud: And after Summer, euermore fucceedes Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold; So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seasons fleet. Sirs, what's a Clock? Seru. Tenne, my Lord.

Glost. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me, To watch the comming of my punisht Duchesse: Vnneath may flee endure the Flintie Streets, To treade them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet Nell, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke The abiect People, gazing on thy face, With enuious Lookes laughing at thy shame, That erst did follow thy prowd Chariot-Wheeles, When thou didft ride in triumph through the ffreets. But foft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries.

> Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sherife and Officers.

Seru. So please your Grace, wee'le take her from the

Gloster. No, stirre not for your lives, let her passe

Elianor. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame? Now thou do'ft Penance too. Looke how they gaze, See how the giddy multitude doe point, And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah Gloster, hide thee from their hatefull lookes, And in thy Closet pent vp, rue my shame, And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Glost. Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this griefe. Elianor. Ah Gloster, teach me to forget my felfe: For whilest I thinke I am thy married Wife, And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land; Me thinkes I should not thus be led along, Mayl'd vp in shame, with Papers on my back, And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce To fee my teares, and heare my deepe-fet groanes. The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet, And when I start, the envious people laugh, And bid me be aduifed how I treade. Ah Humfrey, can I beare this shamefull yoake? Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World, Or count them happy, that enjoyes the Sunne? No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day. To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell. Sometime Ile say, I am Duke Humfreyes Wife, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land : Yet fo he rul'd, and fuch a Prince he was, As he stood by, whilest I, his forlorne Duchesse, Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock To euery idle Rascall follower. But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame, Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death Hang over thee, as fure it shortly will. For Suffolke, he that can doe all in all With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all, And Yorke, and impious Beauford, that false Priest, Haue all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings, And flye thou how thou canft, they'le tangle thee. But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be fnar'd, Nor neuer feeke preuention of thy foes.

Glost. Ah Nell, forbeare: thou aymest all awry. I must offend, before I be attainted: And had I twentie times fo many foes, And each of them had twentie times their power, All these could not procure me any scathe, So long as I am loyall, true, and crimeleffe. Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?

 \mathbf{W} hy

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away, But I in danger for the breach of Law. Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle Nell: I pray thee fort thy heart to patience, These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne: Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament, Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.

Glost. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before? This is close dealing. Well, I will be there. My Nell, I take my leave: and Master Sherife, Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission. Sh. And't please your Grace, here my Commission stayes: And Sir Iohn Stanly is appointed now,

To take her with him to the Ile of Man. Glost. Must you, Sir Iohn, protect my Lady here? Stanly. So am I giuen in charge, may't please your

Glost. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray You vie her well: the World may laugh againe, And I may live to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her. And fo Sir Iohn, farewell.

Elianor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glost. Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake. Exit Gloster.

Elianor. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee, For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death; Death, at whose Name I oft haue beene afear'd, Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie. Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence, I care not whither, for I begge no fauor; Onely conuey me where thou art commanded. Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man, There to be vs'd according to your State.

Elianor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:

And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully?

Stanley. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke Humfreyes Lady, According to that State you shall be vs'd.

Elianor. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare, Although thou hast beene Conduct of my shame. Sherife. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me. Elianor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:

Come Stanley, shall we goe? Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,

Throw off this Sheet, And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney.

Elianor. My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet: No, it will hang vpon my richest Robes, And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.

Goe, leade the way, I long to fee my Prison.

Exeunt

Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come: 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, What e're occasion keepes him from vs now. Queene. Can you not fee? or will ye not observe The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance? With what a Maiestie he beares himselfe, How infolent of late he is become, How prowd, how peremptorie, and vnlike himselfe. We know the time fince he was milde and affable, And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke, Immediately he was vpon his Knee,

That all the Court admir'd him for fubmission. But meet him now, and be it in the Morne, When every one will give the time of day, He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye, And passeth by with stiffe vnbowed Knee, Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs. Small Curres are not regarded when they grynne, But great men tremble when the Lyon rores, And Humfrey is no little Man in England. First note, that he is neere you in discent, And should you fall, he is the next will mount. Me feemeth then, it is no Pollicie, Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares, And his advantage following your decease, That he should come about your Royall Person, Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell. By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts: And when he please to make Commotion, 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him. Now'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted, Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Garden, And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry. The reverent care I beare vnto my Lord, Made me collect these dangers in the Duke. If it be fond, call it a Womans feare: Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant, I will fubscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke. My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke, Reproue my allegation, if you can, Or else conclude my words effectuall.

Suff. Well hath your Highnesse seene into this Duke: And had I first beene put to speake my minde, I thinke I should have told your Graces Tale. The Duchesse, by his subornation, Vpon my Life began her diuellish practises: Or if he were not privile to those Faults, Yet by reputing of his high discent, As next the King, he was successive Heire, And fuch high vaunts of his Nobilitie, Did instigate the Bedlam braine-fick Duchesse, By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall. Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe, And in his simple shew he harbours Treason. The Fox barkes not, when he would steale the Lambe. No, no, my Soueraigne, Gloufter is a man Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law, Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?

Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorship, Leuie great summes of Money through the Realme, For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer fent it? By meanes whereof, the Townes each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknowne, Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humfrey.

King. My Lords at once: the care you have of vs, To move downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot. Is worthy prayfe: but shall I speake my conscience, Our Kinsman Gloster is as innocent, From meaning Treason to our Royall Person, As is the fucking Lambe, or harmeleffe Doue: The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well given, To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance? Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd, For hee's disposed as the hatefull Rauen. Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is furely lent him,

For

For hee's enclin'd as is the rauenous Wolues. Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit? Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all, Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne. King. Welcome Lord Somerjet: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories, Is vtterly bereft you : all is loft.

King. Cold Newes, Lord Somerfet: but Gods will be

Yorke. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France, As firmely as I hope for fertile England. Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud, And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away: But I will remedie this geare ere long, Or fell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter Gloucester.

Gloft. All happinesse vnto my Lord the King: Pardon, my Liege, that I have stay'd so long. . Suff. Nay Gloster, know that thou art come too soone, Vnlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art: I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

Glost. Well Suffolke, thou shalt not see me blush, Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest: A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted. The pureft Spring is not fo free from mudde, As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne. Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?

Yorke.' Tis thought, my Lord, That you tooke Bribes of France, And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay, By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.

Glost. Is it but thought fo? What are they that thinke it? I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay, Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France. So helpe me God, as I have watcht the Night, I, Night by Night, in studying good for England. That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King, Or any Groat I hoorded to my yse, Be brought against me at my Tryall day. No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store, Because I would not taxe the needie Commons, Haue I dif-pursed to the Garrisons, And neuer ask'd for restitution.

Card. It ferues you well, my Lord, to fay fo much. Glost. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God. Yorke. In your Protectorship, you did deuise

Strange Tortures for Offendors, neuer heard of, That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.

Gloft. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector, Pittie was all the fault that was in me: For I should melt at an Offendors teares,

And lowly words were Ransome for their fault: Vnlesse it were a bloody Murtherer,

Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore paffengers, I neuer gaue them condigne punishment. Murther indeede, that bloodie finne, I tortur'd

Aboue the Felon, or what Trespas else. Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd: But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,

Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.

I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name, And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Gloster,'tis my speciall hope, That you will cleare your felfe from all suspence, My Conscience tells me you are innocent.

Gloft. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous: Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition, And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand; Foule Subornation is predominant, And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land. I know, their Complot is to have my Life: And if my death might make this Iland happy, And proue the Period of their Tyrannie, I would expend it with all willingnesse. But mine is made the Prologue to their Play: For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill, Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie. Beaufords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice, And Suffelks cloudie Brow his stormie hate; Sharpe Buckingham vnburthens with his tongue, The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart: And dogged Yorke, that reaches at the Moone, Whose ouer-weening Arme I haue pluckt back, By false accuse doth leuell at my Life. And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the rest, Causelesse haue lay'd disgraces on my head, And with your best endeuour haue stirr'd vp My liefest Liege to be mine Enemie : I, all of you have lay'd your heads together, My felfe had notice of your Conuenticles, And all to make away my guiltleffe Life. I shall not want false Witnesse, to condemne me, Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt: The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected, A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable. If those that care to keepe your Royall Person From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage, Be thus vpbrayded, chid, and rated at, And the Offendor graunted scope of speech, 'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht? As if she had suborned some to sweare False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.

Qu. But I can give the loser leave to chide. Gloft. Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede, Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false, And well fuch losers may have leave to speake.

Buck. Hee'le wrest the sence, and hold vs here all day. Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him fure. Glost. Ah, thus King Henry throwes away his Crutch, Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body. Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy fide, And Wolues are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first. Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were; Exit Gloster.

For good King Henry, thy decay I feare. King. My Lords, what to your wisdomes seemeth best, Doe, or vndoe, as if our felfe were here.

Queene. What, will your Highnesse leave the Parlia-

King. I Margaret: my heart is drown'd with griefe, Whose floud begins to flowe within mine eyes; My Body round engyrt with miserie:

For what's more miserable then Discontent? Ah Vnckle Humfrey, in thy face I fee The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie: And yet, good Humfrey, is the houre to come, That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith. What lowring Starre now enuies thy estate? That these great Lords, and Margaret our Queene, Doe feeke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life. Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong: And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe, And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strayes, Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house; Euen fo remorfelesse haue they borne him hence: And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe, Looking the way her harmelesse young one went, And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings loffe; Euen so my selfe bewayles good Glosters case With fad vnhelpefull teares, and with dimn'd eyes; Looke after him, and cannot doe him good: So mightie are his vowed Enemies. His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane, Say, who's a Traytor? Gloster he is none. Queene. Free Lords:

Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:

Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
Too full of foolish pittie: and Glosters shew
Beguiles him, as the mournefull Crocodile
With forrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Banke,
With shining checker'd flough doth sting a Child,
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
Beleeue me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;
This Gloster should be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the feare we have of him.

Card. That he should dye, is worthin pollicie, But yet we want a Colour for his death: 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.

Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:
The King will labour still to saue his Life,
The Commons haply rife, to saue his Life;
And yet we haue but triviall argument,
More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.
Yorke. So that by this, you would not have him dye.

Suff. Ah Yorke, no man aliue, so faine as I.
Yorke. 'Tis Yorke that hath more reason for his death, at my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,

But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke, Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules: Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set, To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte, As place Duke Humfrey for the Kings Protector?

Queene. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death. Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then, To make the Fox surveyor of the Fold? Who being accus'd a crastie Murtherer, His guilt should be but idly posted over, Because his purpose is not executed.

No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox, By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock, Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood, As Humsrey prou'd by Reasons to my Liege.

And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him: Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtletie, Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how, So he be dead; for that is good deceit, Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble Suffolke, 'tis refolutely spoke. Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done, For things are often spoke, and seldome meant, But that my heart accordeth with my tongue, Seeing the deed is meritorious, And to preserue my Soueraigne from his Foe, Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.

Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolke, Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:
Say you consent, and censure well the deed, And Ile provide his Executioner, I tender so the safetie of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queene. And so say I.

Yorke. And I: and now we three have spoke it,

Enter a Poste.

It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine, To fignifie, that Rebels there are vp, And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword. Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime, Before the Wound doe grow vncurable; For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craves a quick expedient stoppe. What counsaile give you in this weightie cause?

Yorke. That Somerfet be fent as Regent thither: 'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be imploy'd, Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If Yorke, with all his farre-fet pollicie, Had beene the Regent there, in stead of me, He neuer would have stay'd in France so long.

Yorke. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done. I rather would have lost my Life betimes, Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home, By staying there so long, till all were lost. Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne, Mens slesh preserv'd so whole, doe seldome winne.

Qu. Nay then, this sparke will proue a raging fire, If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with: No more, good Yorke; sweet Somerset be still. Thy fortune, Yorke, hadst thou beene Regent there, Might happily have prou'd farre worse then his.

Yorke. What, worfe then naught? nay, then a shame take all.

Somerfet. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

Card. My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is: Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes, And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen. To Ireland will you leade a Band of men, Collected choycely, from each Countie fome, And trie your hap against the Irishmen?

Yorke. I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie. Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his consent, And what we doe establish, he consirmes: Then, Noble Yorke, take thou this Taske in hand.

Yorke. I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords, Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord Yorke, that I will fee perform'd. But now returne we to the false Duke Humfrey.

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,

That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:

And fo breake off, the day is almost spent, Lord Suffolke, you and I must talke of that event.

Yorke. My

Yorke. My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes At Briftow I expect my Souldiers, For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland.

Suff. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. Exeunt.

Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now Yorke, or neuer, steele thy fearfull thoughts, And change misdoubt to resolution; Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art; Resigne to death, it is not worth th'enioying: Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man, And finde no harbor in a Royall heart. Faster the Spring-time showres, comes thought on thought, And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie. My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider, Weaues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies. Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done, To fend me packing with an Hoast of men: I feare me, you but warme the starued Snake, Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts. 'Twas men I lackt, and you will give them me; I take it kindly: yet be well affur'd, You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands. Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band, I will stirre vp in England some black Storme, Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell: And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage, Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head, Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames, Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe. And for a minister of my intent, I haue feduc'd a head-strong Kentishman, Iobn Cade of Ashford, To make Commotion, as full well he can, Vnder the Title of Iohn Mortimer. In Ireland haue I seene this stubborne Cade Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes, And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine: And in the end being rescued, I have seene Him capre vpright, like a wilde Morisco, Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells. Full often, like a shag-hayr'd craftie Kerne, Hath he conversed with the Enemie, And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe, And given me notice of their Villanies. This Deuill here shall be my substitute; For that Iohn Mortimer, which now is dead, In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble. By this, I shall perceive the Commons minde, How they affect the House and Clayme of Yorke. Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured; I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him, Will make him fay, I mou'd him to those Armes. Say that he thrine, as 'tis great like he will, Why then from Ireland come I with my strength, And reape the Haruest which that Rascall sow'd. For Humfrey; being dead, as he shall be, And Henry put apart: the next for me. Exit.

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know We have dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.

2. Oh, that it were to doe: what have we done?

Didft ever heare a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolke.

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, have you dispatcht this thing?
1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead.

Suff. Why that's well faid.Goe, get you to my House, I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,
According as I gaue directions?

I. 'Tis, my good Lord.
Suff. Away, be gone.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerfet, with Attendants.

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight: Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. Exit.
King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Vnckle Glosser,
Then from true euidence, of good esteeme,
He be approu'd in practise culpable.

Queene. God forbid any Malice should prevayle, That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man: Pray God he may acquit him of suspition.

King. I thanke thee Nell, these wordes content mee much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'ft thou pale? why trembleft thou?

Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, Suffolke?

Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: Gloster is dead.

Queene. Marry God forfend.

Card. Gods fecret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night,

The Duke was dumbe, and could not fpeake a word.

King founds.

Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is dead.

Som. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nofe.

Qu.Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh Henry ope thine eyes.

Suff. He doth reviue againe, Madame be patient.

King. Oh Heavenly God.

Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious Henry comfort.

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me? Came he right now to fing a Rauens Note, Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres: And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren, By crying comfort from a hollow breaft, Can chase away the first-conceived sound? Hide not thy poyfon with fuch fugred words, Lay not thy hands on me: forbeare I fay, Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting. Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight: Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World. Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding; Yet doe not goe away : come Basiliske, And kill the innocent gazer with thy fight: For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy; In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus? Although the Duke was enemie to him, Yet he most Christian-like laments his death: And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me, Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes, Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life;

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I would be blinde with weeping, ficke with grones, Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sighes, And all to have the Noble Duke alive.

What know I how the world may deeme of me? For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:

It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,

So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded, And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:

This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappie,

To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.

King. Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is. What, Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face? I am no loathfome Leaper, looke on me. What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe? Be poyfonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene. Is all thy comfort that in Glosters Tombe? Why then Dame Elianor was neere thy ioy. Erect his Statue, and worship it, And make my Image but an Ale-house signe. Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea, And twice by aukward winde from Englands banke Droue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime. What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest, Nor fet no footing on this vnkinde Shore. What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts, And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caues, And bid them blow towards Englands bleffed shore, Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke : Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer, But left that hatefull office vnto thee. The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me, Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore With teares as falt as Sea, through thy vnkindneffe. The splitting Rockes cowr'd in the finking sands, And would not dash me with their ragged fides, Because thy flinty heart more hard then they, Might in thy Pallace, perish Elianor. As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes, When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate vs backe, I flood vpon the Hatches in the storme: And when the duskie sky, began to rob My earnest-gaping-fight of thy Lands view, I tooke a costly Iewell from my necke, A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds, And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiv'd it, And fo I wish'd thy body might my Heart: And even with this, I loft faire Englands view, And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart, And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles, For loofing ken of Albions wished Coast. How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue (The agent of thy foule inconstancie) To fit and watch me as Ascanius did, When he to madding Dido would vnfold His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy. Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not false like him? Aye me, I can no more : Dye Elinor, For Henry weepes, that thou dost live so long.

Noyse within. Enter Warwicke, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne, That good Duke Humfrey Traiterously is murdred By Suffolke, and the Cardinall Beaufords meanes: The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees
That want their Leader, featter vp and downe,
And care not who they sting in his reuenge.
My selfe have calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true, But how he dyed, God knowes, not Henry: Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes, And comment then vpon his sodaine death.

War. That shall I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie With the rude multitude, till I returne.

King.O thou that iudgest all things, stay my thoughts: My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soule, Some violent hands were laid on Humfries life: If my suspect be salse, forgive me God, For iudgement onely doth belong to thee: Faine would I go to chase his palie lips, With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine Vpon his face an Ocean of salt teares, To tell my love vnto his dumbe dease trunke, And with my fingers seele his hand, vnseeling: But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies,

Bed put forth.

And to survey his dead and earthy Image:
What were it but to make my forrow greater?
Warm. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this

King. That is to fee how deepe my graue is made, For with his foule fled all my worldly folace: For feeing him, I fee my life in death.

War. As furely as my foule intends to line
With that dread King that tooke our flate vpon him,
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curfe,
I do beleeue that violent hands were laid
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, fworne with a folemn tongue: What instance gives Lord Warwicke for his vow.

War. See how the blood is fetled in his face. Oft have I seene a timely-parted Ghost, Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse, Being all descended to the labouring heart, Who in the Conflict that it holds with death, Attracts the same for aydance 'gainst the enemy, Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth, To blush and beautifie the Cheeke againe. But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood: His eye-balles further out, than when he liued, Staring full gastly, like a strangled man: His hayre vprear'd, his nostrils stretcht with strugling: His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdude. Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sticking, His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged, Like to the Summers Corne by Tempest lodged: It cannot be but he was murdred heere, The least of all these signes were probable.

Suf. Why Warwicke, who should do the D.to death? My selfe and Beauford had him in protection, And we I hope fir, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you were vowed D. Humfries foes, And you (forfooth) had the good Duke to keepe: Tis like you would not feast him like a friend, And 'tis well feene, he found an enemy.

Queen. Than you belike suspect these Noblemen, As guilty of Duke Humfries timelesse death.

War.

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh, And fees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe, But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter? Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest, But may imagine how the Bird was dead, Although the Kyte soare with vnbloudied Beake? Euen so suspenses this Tragedie.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, Suffolk? where's your Knife? Is Beauford tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to flaughter fleeping men, But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease, That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart, That slanders me with Murthers Crimson Badge. Say, if thou dar'st, prowd Lord of Warwickshire, That I am faultie in Duke Humsfreyes death.

Warm. What dares not Warmick, if false Suffolke dare

him ?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit, Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller, Though Suffolke dare him twentie thousand times.

Warm. Madame be still: with reverence may I say, For every word you speake in his behalfe,

Is flander to your Royall Dignitie.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
Some sterne vntutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,
And never of the Neuils Noble Race.

Warm. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee, And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee, Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames, And that my Soueraignes presence makes me milde, I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech, And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st, That thou thy selse wast borne in Bastardie; And after all this fearefull Homage done, Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell, Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood, If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me.

Warm. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:

Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,

And doe some service to Duke Humfreyes Ghost.

Exeunt.

King. What stronger Brest-plate then a heart vntainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell inst;
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whose Conscience with Iniustice is corrupted.

A noyse within.

Queene. What noyse is this?

Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?
Suff. The trayt'rous Warmick, with the men of Bury,
Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.

Enter Salisbury.

Salisb. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your minde.

Dread Lord, the Commons fend you word by me, Vnlesse Lord Suffolke straight be done to death, Or banished faire Englands Territories, They will by violence teare him from your Pallace, And torture him with grieuous lingring death. They fay, by him the good Duke Humfrey dy'de: They fay, in him they feare your Highnesse death; And meere instinct of Loue and Loyaltie, Free from a stubborne opposite intent, As being thought to contradict your liking, Makes them thus forward in his Banishment. They fay, in care of your most Royall Person, That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe, And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest, In paine of your dislike, or paine of death; Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict, Were there a Serpent seene, with forked Tongue, That flyly glyded towards your Maiestie, It were but necessarie you were wak't: Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber, The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall. And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid, That they will guard you, where you will, or no, From fuch fell Serpents as false Suffolke is; With whose inuenomed and fatall sting, Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth, They say is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord

of Salisbury.

Suff. Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht Hindes, Could fend such Message to their Soueraigne: But you, my Lord, were glad to be imployed, To shew how queint an Orator you are. But all the Honor Salisbury hath wonne, Is, that he was the Lord Embassador, Sent from a fort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or wee will all

breake in.

King. Goe Salisbury, and tell them all from me, I thanke them for their tender louing care; And had I not beene cited fo by them, Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat: For sure, my thoughts doe hourely prophecie, Mischance vnto my State by Suffolkes meanes. And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare, Whose farre-vnworthie Deputie I am, He shall not breathe insection in this ayre, But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

Qu. Oh Henry, let me pleade for gentle Suffolke.

King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle Suffolke.

No more I say: if thou do'ft pleade for him,

Thou wilt but adde encrease vnto my Wrath.

Had I but sayd, I would have kept my Word;

But when I sweare, it is irrevocable:

If after three dayes space thou here bee'ft found,

On any ground that I am Ruler of,

The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.

Come Warmicke, come good Warmicke, goe with mee,

I have great matters to impart to thee.

Exit.

Qu. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you, Hearts Discontent, and sowre Affliction, Be play-sellowes to keepe you companie: There's two of you, the Deuill make a third, And three-sold Vengeance tend vpon your steps.

Suff. Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations, And let thy Suffolke take his heavie leave.

Queene. Fye

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and foft harted wretch, Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

Suf. A plague vpon them: wherefore should I cursse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone, I would inuent as bitter fearthing termes, As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare, Deliuer'd strongly through my fixed teeth, With full as many fignes of deadly hate, As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathfome caue. My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words, Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint, Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract: I, every ioynt should seeme to curse and ban, And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke. Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste: Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees: Their cheefest Prospect, murd'ring Basiliskes: Their softest Touch, as smart as Lyzards stings: Their Muficke, frightfull as the Serpents hiffe, And boading Screech-Owles, make the Confort full. All the foule terrors in darke feated hell-

Q: Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe, And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse, Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile, And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue? Now by the ground that I am banish'd from, Well could I curse away a Winters night, Though standing naked on a Mountaine top, Where byting cold would never let graffe grow, And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Qu. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, give me thy hand, That I may dew it with my mournfull teares: Nor let the raine of heaven wet this place, To wash away my wofull Monuments. Oh, could this kiffe be printed in thy hand, That thou might'ft thinke vpon these by the Seale, Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee. So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe, 'Tis but furmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by, As one that furfets, thinking on a want: I will repeale thee, or be well affur'd, Adventure to be banished my selfe: And banished I am, if but from thee. Go, speake not to me; even now be gone. Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd, Embrace, and kiffe, and take ten thousand leaves, Loather a hundred times to part then dye; Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished, Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee. 'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence, A Wildernesse is populous enough, So Suffolke had thy heauenly company: For where thou art, there is the World it felse, With euery seuerall pleasure in the World: And where thou art not, Desolation. I can no more: Liue thou to joy thy life; My selse no joy in nought, but that thou liu'st.

Enter Vaux.

Queene. Whether goes Vaux fo fast? What newes I prethee?

Vaux. To fignifie vnto his Maiesty,
That Cardinall Beauford is at point of death:
For sodainly a greeuous sicknesse tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke Humfries Ghost
Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his ouer-charged soule,
And I am sent to tell his Maiestie,
That euen now he cries alowd for him.

Qu. Go tell this heavy Meffage to the King. Exit Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these? But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore losse, Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure? Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee? And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares? Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes. Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is comming, If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot line,
And in thy fight to dye, what were it elfe,
But like a pleafant flumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my foule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.
Where from thy fight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close vp mine eyes:
To have thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou eyther turne my flying soule,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in iest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queen. Away: Though parting be a fretfull corofiue, Ir is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France fweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee: For wherefoere thou art in this worlds Globe, Ile haue an Iris that shall finde thee out.

Suf. I go.
Qu. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A Iewell lockt into the wofulft Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a splitted Barke, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Qu. This way for me.

Exeunt

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warmicke, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake Beauford to thy Soueraigne.

Ca. If thou beeft death, Ile give thee Englands Treasure, Enough to purchase such another Island, So thou wilt let me live, and seele no pains

So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.

King. Ah, what a figne it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is feene fo terrible.

War. Beauford, it is thy Soueraigne speakes to thee. Beau. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will. Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye? Can I make men liue where they will or no? Oh torture me no more, I will confesse. Aliue againe? Then shew me where he is, Ile giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him. He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands vpright, Like Lime-twigs fet to catch my winged foule: Giue me fome drinke, and bid the Apothecarie Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens, Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch, Oh beate away the busic medling Fiend, That layes strong siege vnto this wretches soule, And from his bosome purge this blacke dispaire.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin. Sal. Difturbe him not, let him passe peaceably. King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be. Lord Card'nall, if thou think'st on heavens blisse, Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope. He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgive him.

War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbeare to judge, for we are sinners all.

Close vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,

And let vs all to Meditation.

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lieu. The gaudy blabbing and remorfefull day,
Is crept into the bosome of the Sea:
And now loud houling Wolues arouse the Iades
That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:
Who with their drowsie, slow, and flagging wings
Cleape dead-mens graues, and from their misty Iawes,
Breath soule contagious darknesse in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Heere shall they make their ransome on the sand,
Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.
Maister, this Prisoner freely give I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
The other Walter Whitmore is thy share.

1. Gent. What is my ransome Master, let me know. Ma.A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head Mate. And so much shall you giue, or off goes yours. Lieu. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,

And beare the name and port of Gentlemen? Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you shall: The liues of those which we have lost in fight, Be counter-poys'd with such a pettie summe.

I. Gent. Ile give it fir, and therefore spare my life.
2. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.
Whitm. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboord,
And therefore to reuenge it, shalt thou dye,

And fo should these, if I might have my will.

Lieu. Be not so rash, take ransome, let him live.

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

Whit. And so am I: my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now? why starts thou? What doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that by Water I should dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.

Whit. Gualtier or Walter, which it is I care not, Neuer yet did base dishonour blurre our name, But with our sword we wip'd away the blot. Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell reuenge, Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and desac'd, And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world. Suf. Stay Whitmore, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Pole.
Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, mussed vp in ragges?
Suf. I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.
Lieu. But Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be,

Obscure and lowse Swaine, King Henries blood.

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster
Must not be shed by such a iaded Groome:
Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I haue feasted with Queene Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-salne,
I, and alay this thy abortiue Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby hast thou stood,
And duly wayted for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak Captaine, shall I stab the forlorn Swain.

Lieu. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base saue, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Lieu. Convey him hence, and on our long boats side,

Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy owne.

Lieu. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord, I kennell, puddle, finke, whose filth and dirt Troubles the filuer Spring, where England drinkes: Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth, For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme. Thy lips that kift the Queene, shall sweepe the ground: And thou that fmil'dft at good Duke Humfries death, Against the senselesse windes shall grin in vaine, Who in contempt shall hisse at thee againe. And wedded be thou to the Hagges of hell, For daring to affye a mighty Lord Vnto the daughter of a worthlesse King, Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem: By diuellish policy art thou growne great, And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gorg'd, With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart. By thee Aniou and Maine were fold to France. The false revolting Normans thorough thee,

Disdaine to call vs Lord, and Piccardie
Hath slaine their Gouernors, surprized our Forts,
And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
The Princely Warwicke, and the Neuils all,
Whose dreadfull swords were neuer drawne in vaine,
As hating thee, and rising vp in armes.
And now the House of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,
By shamefull murther of a guiltlesse King,

And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopefull colours
Aduance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, striuing to shine;
Vnder the which is writ, Iouitis nubibus.
The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,

And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie, Is crept into the Pallace of our King, And all by thee: away, convey him hence.

And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder
Vpon these paltry, seruile, abiest Drudges:
Small things make base men proud. I his Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then Bargulus the strong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues:

It is impossible that I should dye

By

By fuch a lowly Vasfall as thy felfe.

Thy words move Rage, and not remorfe in me: I go of Message from the Queene to France: I charge thee waft me fafely croffe the Channell.

Lieu. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must wast thee

to thy death.

Suf. Pine gelidus timor occupat artus, it is thee I feare. Wal. Thou shalt have cause to feare before I leave thee.

What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope.

1. Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair. Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:

Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour. Farre be it, we should honor such as these With humble fuite: no, rather let my head Stoope to the blocke, then thefe knees bow to any, Saue to the God of heaven, and to my King: And fooner dance vpon a bloody pole, Then stand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome. True Nobility, is exempt from feare:

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:

Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot. Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions. A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto slaue Murder'd sweet Tully. Brutm Bastard hand Stab'd Iulius Cæsar. Sauage Islanders Pompey the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke. Lieu. And as for these whose ransome we have set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:

Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest. Manet the first Gent. Enter Walter with the body. Wal. There let his head, and liuelesse bodie lye, Vntill the Queene his Mistris bury it. Exit Walter. 1. Gent. O barbarous and bloudy spectacle,

His body will I beare vnto the King: If he revenge it not, yet will his Friends, So will the Queene, that living, held him deere.

Enter Beuis, and Iohn Holland.

Beuis. Come and get thee a fword, though made of a Lath, they have bene vp these two dayes.

Hol. They have the more neede to sleepe now then. Beuis. I tell thee, Iacke Cade the Cloathier, meanes to dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I fay, it was neuer merrie world in England, fince Gentlemen

Beuis. O miserable Age : Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather

Beuis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is faid, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much to fay, as let the Magistrates be labouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

Beuis. Thou hast hit it : for there's no better figne of a

braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I fee them, I fee them: There's Bests Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

Beuis. Hee shall have the skinnes of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Beuis. Then is fin strucke downe like an Oxe, and iniquities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weauer.

Beu. Argo, their thred of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. Wee John Cade, so tearm'd of our supposed Father.

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command filence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a Mortimer.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet.

Butch. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & fold many

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a house but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weauer A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I have seene him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither sword, nor fire.

Wea. He neede not feare the sword, for his Coate is of proofe.

But. But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, be-

ing burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seuen halfe peny Loaues fold for a peny : the three hoop'd pot, shall have ten hoopes, and I wil make it Fellony to drink small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in Cheapfide shall my Palfrey go to graffe: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God faue your Maiesty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There shall bee no mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will apparrell them all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers. Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore, should vndoe a man. Some fay the Bee stings, but I fay, 'tis the Bees waxe : for I did but feale once to a thing, and I was neuer mine owne man fince. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clearke.

Weauer. The Clearke of Chartam: hee can write and reade, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous.

Wea. We tooke him fetting of boyes Copies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't Cade. Nay then he is a Conjurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court

hand

Cade. I am forry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour : vnleffe I finde him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither firrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clearke. Emanuell.

But. They vse to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill

go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Dost thou vse to write thy name? Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dealing man?

Clearke. Sir I thanke God, I have bin fo well brought

vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I fay: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clearke

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother

are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe : he shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my felfe a knight prefently; Rife vp Sir Iohn Mortimer. Now have at him.

> Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forfake this Groome. The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,

If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these filken-coated slaves I passe not, It is to you good people, that I speake, Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:

For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne. Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer, And thou thy felfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this Edmund Mortimer Earle of March, married the Duke of Clarence daughter, did he not?

Staf. I fir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

Cade. I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true: The elder of them being put to nurse, Was by a begger-woman stolne away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.

His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King. Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the brickes are aliue at this day to testifie it : therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes, that speakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Iacke Cade, the D. of York hath taught you this. Cade. He lyes, for I invented it my felfe. Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake Henry the fift, (in whose time, boyes went to Span-counter for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but Ile be Protector ouer him.

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l have the Lord Sayes

head, for felling the Dukedome of Maine.

Cade And good reason: for thereby is England main'd And faine to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord Say hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is a Traitor.

Staf. O groffe and miserable ignorance.

Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that fpeaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councellour, or

All. No, no, and therefore wee'l haue his head. Bro. Well, feeing gentle words will not preuayle, Affaile them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout every Towne, Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with Cade, That those which flye before the battell ends, May euen in their Wives and Childrens fight, Be hang'd vp for example at their doores: And you that be the Kings Friends follow me.

Cade. And you that loue the Commons, follow me: Now shew your selues men, 'tis for Liberty. We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman: Spare none, but such as go in clouted shooen, For they are thrifty honest men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs. Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine. Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

But. Heere sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaued it thy felfe, as if thou hadit beene in thine owne Slaughter-house: Therfore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt haue a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I defire no more.

Cade. And to speake truth, thou deseru'st no lesse. This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to London, where we will have the Maiors fword born before vs.

But. If we meane to thriue, and do good, breake open the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suffolkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft haue I heard that greefe softens the mind,

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And makes it fearefull and degenerate, Thinke therefore on revenge, and cease to weepe. But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this. Heere may his head lye on my throbbing breft: But where's the body that I should imbrace?

Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebells

Supplication?

King. Ile fend fome holy Bishop to intreat: For God forbid, fo many fimple foules Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe, Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short, Will parley with Iacke Cade their Generall. But stay, Ile read it ouer once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louely face, Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me, And could it not inforce them to relent, That were voworthy to behold the same.

King. Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath sworne to huae thy

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall have his. King. How now Madam? Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death? I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead, Thou would'ft not have mourn'd fo much for me.

Qu. No my Loue, I should not mourne, but dye for

thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'ft thou in fuch hafte?

Mef. The Rebels are in Southwatke: Fly my Lord: Iacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord Mortimer, Descended from the Duke of Clarence house, And calles your Grace Vfurper, openly, And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminster. His Army is a ragged multitude Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercileffe: Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brothers death, Hath given them heart and courage to proceede: All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen, They call false Catterpillers, and intend their death.

Kin. Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do. Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,

Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue, There Kentish Rebels would be soone appeas'd. King. Lord Say, the Traitors hateth thee,

Therefore away with vs to Killingworth. Say. So might your Graces person be in danger:

The fight of me is odious in their eyes: And therefore in this Citty will I stay, And liue alone as fecret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Meff. Iacke Cade hath gotten London-bridge. The Citiz ens flye and forfake their houses: The Rascall people, thirsting after prey, Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyntly fweare To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horfe. King. Come Margaret, God our hope will succor vs. Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceast. King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels Buc. Trust no body for feare you betraid.

Say. The trust I have, is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Exeunt.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower malking. Then enters two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? Is Tacke Cade flaine? 1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine: For they have wonne the Bridge, Killing all those that withstand them: The L. Maior craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower

To defend the City from the Rebels. Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,

But I am troubled heere with them my felfe, The Rebels have affay'd to win the Tower. But get you to Smithfield, and gather head, And thither I will fend you Mathem Goffe. Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues, And so farwell, for I must hence againe. Exeunt

Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his staffe on London stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer Lord of this City, And heere fitting vpon London Stone, I charge and command, that of the Cities cost The pissing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine This first yeare of our raigne. And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any, That calles me other then Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade. Cade. Knocke him downe there. They kill bim. But. If this Fellow be wife, hee'l neuer call yee Iacke Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning. Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together

in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them: But first, go and fet London Bridge on fire, And if you can, burne downe the Tower too. Come, let's away. Exeunt omnes.

Alarums. Mathew Goffe is Slain, and all the rest. Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So firs: now go fome and pull down the Sauoy: Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

Hut. I have a fuite vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt have it for that

But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Masse 'twill be sore Law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay Iohn, it wil be stinking Law, for his breath stinkes with eating toasted cheefe.

Cade. I have thought vpon it, it shall bee so. Away, burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be the Parliament of England.

Iohn. Then we are like to have biting Statutes Vnlesse his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Com-Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord Say, which fold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay one and twenty Fifteenes, and one shilling to the pound, the last Subsidie.

Enter

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Maiesty, for giving vp of Normandie vnto Mounsieur Basimecu, the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these presence, euen the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Beesome that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou haft built a Paper-Mill. It will be prooued to thy Face, that thou hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and fuch abhominable wordes, as no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreouer, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that cause they have beene most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare a Cloake, when honester men then thou go in their Hose and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent. Dic. What fay you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis bona terra, mala gens. Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Laine.

Say. Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you will:

Kent, in the Commentaries Cafar writ, Is term'd the ciuel'st place of all this Isle: Sweet is the Covntry, because full of Riches, The People Liberall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy, Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty. I fold not Maine, I lost not Normandie, Yet to recouer them would loofe my life: Iustice with fauour haue I alwayes done, Prayres and Teares have mou'd me, Gifts could neuer. When haue I ought exacted at your hands? Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you, Large gifts haue I bestow'd on learned Clearkes, Because my Booke preferr'd me to the King. And feeing Ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen. Vnlesse you be possest with diuellish spirits, You cannot but forbeare to murther me: This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings For your behoofe.

Cade. Tut, when ftruck'ft thou one blow in the field?
Say. Great men haue reaching hands:oft haue I ftruck
Those that I neuer saw, and strucke them dead.

Geo. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde

Say. These cheekes are pale for watching for your good Cade. Give him a box o'th'eare, and that wil make 'em red againe.

Say. Long fitting to determine poore mens causes, Hath made me full of ficknesse and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.

Dicke. Why dost thou quiuer man?

Say. The Palfie, and not feare prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddes at vs, as who should say, Ile be even with you. Ile see if his head will stand steddier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended most? Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake. Are my Chests fill'd vp with extorted Gold? Is my Apparrell sumptuous to behold? Whom haue I iniur'd, that ye seeke my death? These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding, This breast from harbouring soule deceitfull thoughts. O let me liue.

Cade. I feele remorfe in my felfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vnder his Tongue, he speakes not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir Iames Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both vppon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countrimen: If when you make your prair's, God should be so obdurate as your selues: How would it fare with your departed soules, And therefore yet relent, and saue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on his shoulders, vnlesse he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her Maydenhead ere they haue it: Men shall hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dicke. My Lord,

When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commodities vpon our billes?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this brauer:

Let them kiffe one another: For they lou'd well

When they were aliue. Now part them againe,

Least they confult about the giving vp

Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,

Deferre the spoile of the Citie vntill night:

For with these borne before vs, in steed of Maces,

Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corner

Haue them kiffe. Away.

Exit

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all bis rabblement.

Cade. Vp Fish-streete, downe Saint Magnes corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noise is this I heare?
Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley
When I command them kill?

Enter

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast missed,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What fay ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whil'ft 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and fay, God faue his Maiefty.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and paffe by.

All. God faue the King, God faue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so braue?

And you base Pezants, do ye beleeve him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-heart in Southwarke. I thought ye would never have given out these Armes til you had recovered your ancient Fteedome. But you are all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to live in slauerie to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so Gods Cursse light vppon you all

All. Wee'l follow Cade, Wee'l follow Cade.

Clif Is Cade the fonne of Henry the fift, That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him. Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too: Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile, Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs. Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at iarre, The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you? Me thinkes alreadie in this civill broyle, I fee them Lording it in London streets, Crying Villiago vnto all they meete. Better ten thousand base-borne Cades miscarry, Then you should stoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy. To France, to France, and get what you have lost: Spare England, for it is your Native Coast: Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly: God on our fide, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever Feather so lightly blowne too & fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them to an hundred mischieses, and makes them leave mee defolate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying: in despight of the divels and hell, have through the verie middest of you, and heavens and honor be witnesse, that no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to my heeles.

Exit

Buck. What, is he fled? Go fome and follow him, And he that brings his head vnto the King, Shall have a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Execut some of them.

Follow me fouldiers, wee'l deuise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King.

Exeunt omnes.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerset on the Tarras.

King. Was ever King that ioy'd an earthly Throne, And could command no more content then I? No fooner was I crept out of my Cradle, But I was made a King, at nine months olde. Was never Subject long'd to be a King, As I do long and wish to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.

Kin. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade surpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Neckes.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld, And humbly thus with halters on their neckes, Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heaven fet ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praise.
Souldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince & Countrey:
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And Henry though he be infortunate,
Assure your selves will never be vokinde:
And so with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your severall Countries.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Messense it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,

And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array.
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and Yorke distrest,

Like to a Ship, that having fcap'd a Tempest, Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate. But now is Cade driven backe, his men dispierc'd, And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him. I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him, And aske him what's the reason of these Armes: Tell him, Ile send Duke Edmund to the Tower, And Somerset we will commit thee thither, Vntill his Army be dismiss from him.

Somerset. My Lord, Ile yeelde my felse to prison willingly, Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes, For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language. Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale, As all things shall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better, For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

Flourist.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: fie on my selfe, that have a sword, and yet am ready to samish. These five daies have I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall have I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have beene dry, & brauely marching, it hath served me insteade of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoyled in the Court, And may enjoy such quiet walkes as these? This small inheritance my Father left me, Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy. I seeke not to waxe great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy: Sufficeth, that I have maintaines my state, And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the foile come to feize me for a firay, for entering his Fee-fimple without leaue. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Oftridge, and fwallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatfoere thou be, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to breake into my Garden, And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner, But thou wilt braue me with these sawcie termes?

But thou wilt braue me with these sawcie termes? Cade. Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I have eate no meate these since dayes, yet come thou and thy flue men, and if I doe not leave you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may never eate grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands, That Alexander Iden an Esquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to combate a poore samisht man.
Oppose thy stedsast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-sace me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:
Thy hand is but a singer to my fist,
Thy legge a sticke compared with this Truncheon,
My foote shall sight with all the strength thou hast,
And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre,
Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:
As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the most compleate Champion that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Heere they Fight.

O I am saine, Famine and no other hath saine me, let ten

thousand diuelles come against me, and give me but the ten meales I have lost, and I'de desie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the vnconquered soule of Cade is sted.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have flain, that monftrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede, And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead. Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate, To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.

Cade. Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any, am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour.

Dyes.

Id. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge; Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soule to hell.
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeses
Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most vngracious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunke for Crowes to feed vpon.

Exit.

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right, And plucke the Crowne from feeble Henries head. Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright To entertaine great Englands lawfull King. Ah Santta Maiestas! who would not buy thee deere? Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule. This hand was made to handle nought but Gold. I cannot give due action to my words, Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it. A Scepter shall it have, have I a soule, On which Ile tosse the service of France.

Enter Buckingbam.

Whom have we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me? The king hath fent him sure: I must dissemble.

Buc. Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well.
Yor. Humfiey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.

Buc. A Meffenger from Henry, our dread Liege, To know the reason of these Armes in peace. Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am, Against thy Oath, and true Allegeance sworne, Should raise so great a power without his leaue? Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?

Yor. Scarse can I speake, my Choller is so great. Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint, I am so angry at these abiest tearmes. And now like Aiax Telamonius,
On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my surie.
I am farre better borne then is the king:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
But I must make faire weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weake, and I more strong.
Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while:
My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
The cause why I have brought this Armie hither,

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Is to remoue proud Somerset from the King, Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.

Buc. That is too much prefumption on thy part: But if thy Armes be to no other end, The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand: The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

Yorke. Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner? Buck. Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner.

Yorke. Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres. Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your selues: Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field, You shall have pay, and every thing you wish. And let my Soveraigne, vertuous Henry, Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes, As pledges of my Fealtie and Love, Ile send them all as willing as I live: Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I have Is his to vie, so Somerset may die.

Is his to vie, to Somerfet may die.

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde fubmission,
We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?

Yorke. In all submission and humility,
Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse.

K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

Yor. To heave the Traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebell Cade,

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so meane condition
May passe into the presence of a King:
Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,

Who fince I heard to be discomfited.

The head of Cade, whom I in combat flew.

King. The head of Cade? Great God, how inft art thou?

Oh let me view his Vifage being dead,

That living wrought me fuch exceeding trouble.

Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that flew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Maiefty.

King. How art rhou call'd? And what is thy degree? Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,

A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.

Buc. So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse

He were created Knight for his good service.

King. Iden, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight:

We give thee for reward a thousand Markes, And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs. Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bountie,

And neuer live but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerfet.

K.See Buckingham, Somerfet comes with th'Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head, But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

Yor. How now? is Somerset at libertie?
Then Yorke vnloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the fight of Somerset?
False King, why hast thou broken saith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?
King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,
Whose Smile and Frowne, like to Achilles Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:
Giue place: by heaven thou shalt rule no more
O're him, whom heaven created for thy Ruler.
Som. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason' gainst the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.

York. Wold'ft haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee, If they can brooke I bow a knee to man: Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale: I know ere they will haue me go to Ward, They'l pawne their swords of my infranchisement.

Qu. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amaine, To fay, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

Yorke. O blood-bespotted Neopolitan, Out-cast of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge, The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth, Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those That for my Surety will resuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, 1le warrant they'l make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes Clifford to deny their baile.

Clif. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.

Yor.I thanke thee Clifford: Say, what newes with thee?

Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:

We are thy Soueraigne Clifford, kneele againe;

For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake, But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do, To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.

King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.

Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,

And chop away that factious pate of his.

Qu. He is atrefted, but will not obey:
His fonnes (he fayes) shall give their words for him.
Yor. Will you not Sonnes?

Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will ferue. Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shal. Clif. Why what a broad of Traitors have we heere?

Yorke. Looke in a Glaffe, and call thy Image fo. I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor: Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares, That with the very shaking of their Chaines, They may assonish these fell-lurking Curres, Bid Salsbury and Warwicke come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warmicke, and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death, And manacle the Berard in their Chaines, If thou dar'st bring them to the bayting place.

Rich. Oft have I seene a hot ore-weening Curre, Run backe and bite, because he was with-held, Who being suffer'd with the Beares sell paw, Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride, And such a peece of service will you do,

If

If you oppose your selues to match Lord Warwicke. Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpe, As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

Yor. Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.

Clif. Take heede least by your heate you burne your

King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow? Old Salsbury, shame to thy siluer haire, Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sicke sonne, What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian? And feeke for forrow with thy Spectacles? Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty? If it be banisht from the frostie head, Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth? Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre, And shame thine honourable Age with blood? Why art thou old, and want'ft experience? Or wherefore doest abuse it, if thou hast it? For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me, That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age.

Sal. My Lord, I have confidered with my felfe The Title of this most renowned Duke, And in my conscience, do repute his grace The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall scate.

King. Hast thou not sworne Allegeance, vnto me? Sal. I haue.

Ki. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great finne, to sweare vnto a finne: But greater finne to keepe a finfull oath: Who can be bound by any folemne Vow To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man, To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie, To reaue the Orphan of his Patrimonie, To wring the Widdow from her cuftom'd right, And have no other reason for this wrong, But that he was bound by a folemne Oath?

Qu. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister. King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe. Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haft, I am resolu'd for death and dignitie.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,

To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field. Old Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,

Then any thou canst conjure vp to day: And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet, Might I but know thee by thy housed Badge.

War. Now by my Fathers badge, old Neuils Crest, The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe, This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet, As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes, That keepes his leaves inspight of any storme, Euen io affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare, And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,

Despight the Bearard, that protects the Beare. Yo. Clif. And so to Armes victorious Father, To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Rich. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight, For you shall sup with Iesu Christ to night.

Yo Clif. Foule stygmaticke that's more then thou

Ric. If not in heaven, you'l furely fup in hell. Exeunt Enter Warwicke.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles: And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,

Now when the angrie Trumpet founds alarum, And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre, Clifford I fay, come forth and fight with me, Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland, Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Enter Yorke. War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot. Yor. The deadly handed Clifford flew my Steed: But match to match I have encountred him, And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes Euen of the bonnie beaft he loued fo well.

Enter Clifford. War. Of one or both of vs the time is come. Yor. Hold Warwick: feek thee out some other chace

For I my felfe must hunt this Deere to death. War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst:

As I intend Clifford to thrive to day, It greeues my foule to leave theee vnaffail'd. Clif. What feeft thou in me Yorke?

Why doft thou pause?

Yorke. With thy braue bearing should I be in loue, But that thou art so fast mine enemie.

Clif. Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme, But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.

Yorke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword, As I in iustice, and true right expresse it.

Clif. My foule and bodie on the action both. Yor. A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.

Clif. La fin Corrone les eumenes.

Yor. Thus Warre hath given thee peace, for y art still,

Peace with his foule, heaven if it be thy will. Enter yong Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout, Feare frames diforder, and diforder wounds Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell, Whom angry heavens do make their minister, Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part, Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye. He that is truly dedicate to Warre, Hath no felfe-loue: nor he that loues himfelfe, Hath not effentially, but by circumstance The name of Valour. O let the vile world end, And the premised Flames of the Last day, Knit earth and heaven together. Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blaft, Particularities, and pettie founds To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father) To loofe thy youth in peace, and to atcheeue The Siluer Livery of adulfed Age, And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this fight, My heart is turn'd to stone : and while 'tis mine, It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares: No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall, Shall be to me, even as the Dew to Fire, And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes, Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax: Henceforth, I will not have to do with pitty. Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke, Into as many gobbits will I cut it As wilde Medea yong Absirtis did. In cruelty, will I feeke out my Fame. Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house: As did Eneas old Anchyses beare, So beare I thee vpon my manly shoulders: But then, Eneas bare a living loade;

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Nothing fo heavy as thefe woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerfet to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
For vnderneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in S. Albons, Somerset
Hath made the Wizard samous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.
Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are flow, for shame away.

King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good Margaret

Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly: Now is it manhood, wisedome, and defence, To give the enemy way, and to secure vs By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum a farre off.

If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future mischeese set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you say:
But say you must: Vncureable discomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releese, and we will liue
To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away.

Exeunt

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke, and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

Yorke. Of Salsbury, who can report of him, That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets Aged contusions, and all brush of Time: And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth, Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot, If Salsbury be lost.

Rich. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perswaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day: By'th'Masse so did we all. I thanke you Richard.
God knowes how long it is I have to live:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time sled,
Being opposites of such repayring Nature.

Yorke. I know our fafety is to follow them, For (as I heare) the King is fled to London, To call a present Court of Parliament:

Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.

What sayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

War. After them: nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.

Exeunt.

FINIS.





The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

Scana Prima. Actus Primus.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolke, Mountague, Warwicke, and Souldiers.

Warwicke.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?

Pl.While we pursu'd the Horsmen of y No. Pl.While we pursu'd the Horsmen of y North, He slyly stole away, and lest his men: Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland, Whose Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat, Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himfelfe. Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-brest Charg'd our maine Battailes Front: and breaking in,

Were by the Swords of common Souldiers flaine. Edw. Lord Staffords Father, Duke of Buckingham, Is either flaine or wounded dangerous.

I cleft his Beauer with a down-right blow: That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd.

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did. Plan. Richard hath best deseru'd of all my sonnes:

But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerfet? Nor. Such hope have all the line of Iohn of Gaunt. Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henries head. Warm. And so doe I, victorious Prince of Yorke.

Before I fee thee feated in that Throne, Which now the House of Lancaster vsurpes, I vow by Heauen, these eyes shall neuer close. This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,

And this the Regall Seat: possesse it Yorke,
For this is thine, and not King Henries Heires.

Plant. Assist me then, sweet Warmick, and I will,

For hither we have broken in by force. Norf. Wee'le all affift you: he that flyes, shall dye: Plant. Thankes gentle Norfolke, stay by me my Lords, And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

Warm. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,

Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce. Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament, But little thinkes we shall be of her counsaile, By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's flay within this House. Warw. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd, Vnlesse Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King,

And bashfull Henry depos'd, whose Cowardize Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leave me not, my Lords be resolute, I meane to take possession of my Right.

Warm. Neither the King, nor he that loues him best, The prowdest hee that holds up Lancaster, Dares stirre a Wing, if Warnick shake his Bells. Ile plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares: Resolue thee Richard, clayme the English Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell fits, Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes, Backt by the power of Warmicke, that false Peere, To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King. Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father, And thine, Lord Clifford, & you both have vow'd revenge On him, his fonnes, his favorites, and his friends.

Northumb. If I be not, Heavens be reveng'd on me. Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in Steele.

Westm. What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down, My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland. Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, such as he: He durst not sit there, had your Father liu'd. My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament Let vs affayle the Family of Yorke.

North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so. Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie fauours them, And they have troupes of Souldiers at their beck? Westm. But when the Duke is slaine, they'le quickly flye.

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from Henries heart, To make a Shambles of the Parliament House. Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats, Shall be the Warre that Henry meanes to vie. Thou factious Duke of Yorke descend my Throne, And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet, I am thy Soueraigne.

Yorke. I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was. Exet. Thy

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne. Warm. Exeter thou art a Traytor to the Crowne, In following this vsurping Henry.

Clifford. Whom should hee follow, but his naturall

King?

Warm. True Clifford, that's Richard Duke of Yorke. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne? Yorke. It must and shall be so, content thy selfe. Warm. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King. Westm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,

And that the Lord of Westmerland shall maintaine. Warm. And Warmick shall disproue it. You forget, That we are those which chas'd you from the field, And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.

Northumb. Yes Warmicke, I remember it to my griefe, And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.

Westm. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy Sonnes, Thy Kinfmen, and thy Friends, Ile haue more liues Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines. Cliff. Vrge it no more, left that in stead of words, I fend thee, Warnicke, fuch a Messenger,

As shall revenge his death, before I stirre.

Warm. Poore Clifford, how I scorne his worthlesse

Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne? If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.

Henry. What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne? My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke, Thy Grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earle of March.

I am the Sonne of Henry the Fift.

Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoupe, And feiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces

Warm. Talke not of France, fith thou hast lost it all. Henry. The Lord Protector loft it, and not I:

When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.

Rich. You are old enough now, And yet me thinkes you loofe:

Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers Head. Edward. Sweet Father doe fo, fet it on your Head.

Mount. Good Brother,

As thou lou'ft and honorest Armes,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus.

Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the King will flye.

Plant. Sonnes peace.

Henry. Peace thou, and giue King Henry leaue to

Warm. Plantagenet shal speake first: Heare him Lords, And be you filent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him, shall not live.

Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne, Wherein my Grandsire and my Father sat? No: first shall Warre vnpeople this my Realme; I, and their Colours often borne in France, And now in England, to our hearts great forrow,

Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords? My Title's good, and better farre then his.

Warm. Proue it Henry, and thou shalt be King. Hen. Henry the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne. Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.

Henry. I know not what to fay, my Titles weake:

Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire? Plant. What then?

Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King: For Richard, in the view of many Lords,

Refign'd the Crowne to Henry the Fourth, Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.

Plant. He rose against him, being his Soueraigne, And made him to refigne his Crowne perforce.

Warm. Suppose, my Lords, he did it vnconstrayn'd, Thinke you 'twere prejudiciall to his Crowne?

Exet. No: for he could not so resigne his Crowne, But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.

Henry. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter? Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me. Plant. Why whifper you, my Lords, and answer not? Exet. My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King. Henry. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him. Northumb. Plantagenet, for all the Clayme thou lay'ft,

Thinke not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

Warm. Depos'd he shall be, in despight of all. Northumb. Thou art deceiu'd:

'Tis not thy Southerne power

Of Essex, Norfolke, Suffolke, nor of Kent, Which makes thee thus presumptuous and prowd,

Can fet the Duke vp in despight of me.

Clifford. King Henry, be thy Title right or wrong, Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence: May that ground gape, and swallow me aliue,

Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father. Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words reviue my heart. Plant. Henry of Lancaster, resigne thy Crowne:

What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords? Warm. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke, Or I will fill the House with armed men,

And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he fits, Write vp his Title with vfurping blood.

He stampes with his foot, and the Souldiers shew themselves.

Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word, Let me for this my life time reigne as King.

Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires, And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'st.

Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet

Enioy the Kingdome after my decease.

Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your Sonne?

Warm. What good is this to England, and himselfe? Westm. Base, fearefull, and despayring Henry.

Clifford. How hast thou iniur'd both thy selfe and vs? Westm. I cannot stay to heare these Articles.

Northumb. Nor I.

Clifford. Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these Newes.

Westm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King, In whose cold blood no sparke of Honor bides.

Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the House of Yorke, And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.

Cliff. In dreadfull Warre may'ft thou be ouercome, Or liue in peace abandon'd and despis'd.

Warm. Turne this way Henry, and regard them not. Exeter. They seeke revenge, and therefore will not

Henry. Ah Exeter.

Warm. Why should you figh, my Lord?

Henry. Not for my felfe Lord Warnick, but my Sonne,

Whom I vnnaturally shall dis-inherite. But be it as it may: I here entayle

The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer, Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath, To cease this Civill Warre: and whil'st I live,

To

Exit.

To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne: And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie, To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.

Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.

Warm. Long liue King Henry: Plantagenet embrace
him.

Henry. And long liue thou, and these thy forward Sonnes.

Plant. Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcil'd. Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them soes.

Senet. Here they come downe.

Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.

Warm. And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolke with my followers.

Mount. And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.

Henry. And I with griefe and forrow to the Court.

Exeter. Heere comes the Queene, Whose Lookes bewray her anger:
Ile steale away.

Henry. Exeter fo will I.

Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee. Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay. Queene. Who can be patient in such extreames? Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid? And neuer seene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne, Seeing thou hast prou'd so vnnaturall a Father. Hath he deseru'd to loose his Birth-right thus? Hadst thou but lou'd him halfe so well as I, Or felt that paine which I did for him once, Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood; Thou would'st haue lest thy dearest heart-blood there, Rather then haue made that sauage Duke thine Heire, And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.

Prince. Father, you cannot dif-inherite me: If you be King, why should not I succeede?

Henry. Pardon me Margaret, pardon me sweet Sonne, The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me.

Quee. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't? I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch, Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me, And giu'n vnto the House of Yorke such head, As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance. To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne, What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher, And creepe into it farre before thy time? Warwick is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice, Sterne Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas, The Duke is made Protector of the Realme, And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolues. Had I beene there, which am a filly Woman, The Souldiers should have toss'd me on their Pikes, Before I would have granted to that Act. But:thou preferr'ft thy Life, before thine Honor. And feeing thou do'ft, I here diuorce my felfe, Both from thy Table Henry, and thy Bed, Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd, Whereby my Sonne is dif-inherited. The Northerne Lords, that have forfworne thy Colours, Will follow mine, if once they fee them fpread: And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace, And vtter ruine of the House of Yorke. Thus doe I leave thee: Come Sonne, let's away, Our Army is ready; come, wee'le after them.

Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me speake. Queene. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee one.

Henry. Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt stay me?
Queene. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.
Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,
Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.

Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.

Henry. Poore Queene,
How loue to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.
Reueng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,
Whose haughtie spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,
Tyre on the sless of me, and of my Sonne.
The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them saire;
Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

Exet. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

Flourish. Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngest, give mee leave.

Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.

Mount. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife? What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

Edward. No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.

Yorke. About what?

Rich. About that which concernes your Grace and vs, The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours,

Yorke. Mine Boy? not till King Henry be dead.
Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.
Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the House of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.

Yorke. I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly

reigne.

Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken: I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere. Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.

Yorke. I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.

Richard. Ile proue the contrary, if you'le heare mee
speake.

Yorke. Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible. Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,
That hath authoritie ouer him that sweares.
Henry had none, but did vsurpe the place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and friuolous.
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,
How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is Elizium,
And all that Poets saine of Blisse and Ioy.
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de
Euen in the luke-warme blood of Henries heart.

Yorke. Richard ynough: I will be King, or dye. Brother, thou shalt to London presently, And whet on Warnick to this Enterprise.

Thou

Thou Richard shalt to the Duke of Norfolke, And tell him privily of our intent.
You Edward shall vnto my Lord Cobbam,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust: for they are Souldiors,
Wittie, courteous, liberall, full of spirit.
While you are thus imploy'd, what resteth more?
But that I seeke occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not privile to my Drist,
Nor any of the House of Lancaster.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what Newes? Why comm'ft thou in such poste?

Gabriel. The Queene, With all the Northerne Earles and Lords, Intend here to befiege you in your Castle. She is hard by, with twentie thousand men: And therefore fortisse your Hold, my Lord.

Yorke. I, with my Sword.
What? think'st thou, that we feare them?
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me,
My Brother Mountague shall poste to London.
Let Noble Warwicke, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have lest Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Pollicie strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his Oathes.

Mount. Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not. And thus most humbly I doe take my leaue.

Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

York. Sir Iohn, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine Vnckles, You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.

The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege vs.

Iohn. Shee shall not neede, wee'le meete her in the

Yorke. What, with fine thousand men?

Richard. I, with fine hundred, Father, for a neede.

A Woman's generall: what should we feare?

A March afarre off.

Edward. I heare their Drummes: Let's fet our men in order,

And iffue forth, and bid them Battaile straight.

Yorke. Five men to twentie: though the oddes be great, I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.

Many a Battaile have I wonne in France,
When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one:
Why should I not now have the like successe?

Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither shall I slye, to scape their hands? Ah Tutor, looke where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saues thy life. As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,

Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah Clifford, murther not this innocent Child,

Least thou be hated both of God and Man.

Exit.

Clifford. How now? is he dead alreadie? Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes? Ile open them.

Ruland. So looks the pent-vp Lyon o're the Wretch, That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes:
And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey,
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder.
Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruell threatning Looke.
Sweet Clifford heare me speake, before I dye:
I am too meane a subject for thy Wrath,
Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me siue.

Clifford. In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath stopt the passage

Where thy words should enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and Clifford cope with him.

Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their lives and thine Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graves,
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The fight of any of the House of Yorke,
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accursed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in Hell.
Therefore---

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford pitty me.
Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point affords.
Rutland. I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou flay me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath.

Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne.

Thou haft one Sonne, for his fake pitty me,
Leaft in reuenge thereof, fith God is iuft,
He be as miserably slaine as I.

Ah, let me liue in Prison all my dayes,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.

Clifford. No cause? thy Father slew my Father:therefore dye.

Rutland. Dis faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ. Clifford. Plantagenet, I come Plantagenet:
And this thy Sonnes blood cleaving to my Blade,
Shall rust vpon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both.

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. The Army of the Queene hath got the field: My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me; And all my followers, to the eager foe Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde, Or Lambes purfu'd by hunger-starued Wolues. My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them: But this I know, they have demean'd themselves Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death. Three times did Richard make a Lane to me, And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out: And full as oft came Edward to my fide, With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt, In blood of those that had encountred him: And when the hardyest Warriors did retyre, Richard cry'de, Charge, and give no foot of ground, And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,

Exit.

A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue feene a Swan
With bootleffe labour fwimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with ouer-matching Waues.

A short Alarum within.

Ah hearke, the fatall followers doe pursue, And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie: And were I strong, I would not shunne their furie. The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life, Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.

> Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Souldiers.

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland, I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage: I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.

Northumb. Yeeld to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. Clifford. I, to fuch mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme With downe-right payment, shew'd vnto my Father. Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his Carre, And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick.

Yorke. My ashes, as the Phænix, may bring forth A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?

Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further, So Doues doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons, So desperate Theeues, all hopelesse of their Liues, Breathe out Inuectiues 'gainst the Officers.

Yorke. Oh Clifford, but bethinke thee once againe, And in thy thought ore-run my former time: And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face, And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice, Whose frowne hath made thee faint and slye ere this.

Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word, But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.

Queene. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:

Wrath makes him deafe; speake thou Northumberland.

Northumb. Hold Clifford, doe not honor him so much,
To prick thy singer, though to wound his heart.

What valour were it when a Curre deth grippe

What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne, For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth, When he might spurne him with his Foot away? It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages, And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.

Clifford. I, I, fo striues the Woodcocke with the Gynne.

Northumb. So doth the Connie struggle in the

York. So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty, So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o're-matcht.

Northumb. What would your Grace haue done vnto

Queene. Braue Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland, Come make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here, That raught at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes, Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand. What, was it you that would be Englands King? Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament, And made a Preachment of your high Descent? Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now a The wanton Edward, and the lustie George?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie, Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies? Or with the rest, where is your Darling, Rutland? Looke Yorke, I stayn'd this Napkin with the blood That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point, Made iffue from the Bosome of the Boy: And if thine eyes can water for his death, I give thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall. Alas poore Yorke, but that I hate thee deadly, I should lament thy miserable state. I prythee grieue, to make me merry, Yorke. What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles, That not a Teare can fall, for Rutlands death? Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad: And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus. Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may fing and dance. Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport: Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne. A Crowne for Yorke; and Lords, bow lowe to him: Hold you his hands, whilest I doe set it on. I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King: I, this is he that tooke King Henries Chaire, And this is he was his adopted Heire. But how is it, that great Plantagenet Is crown'd fo foone, and broke his folemne Oath? As I bethinke me, you should not be King, Till our King Henry had shooke hands with Death. And will you pale your head in Henries Glory, And rob his Temples of the Diademe, Now in his Life, against your holy Oath? Oh 'tis a fault too too vnpardonable. Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head, And whilest we breathe, take time to doe him dead.

Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers fake.

Queene. Nay stay, let's heare the Orizons hee makes.

Yorke. Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worse then Wolues of France,
Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captinates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchanging,
Made impudent with vse of euill deedes.
I would assay, prowd Queene, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriu'd,
Were shame enough, to shame thee,
Wert thou not shamelesse.
Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Ierusalem,

Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman. Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult? It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, prowd Queene, Vnlesse the Adage must be verify'd,
That Beggers mounted, runne their Horse to death. 'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prowd, But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small. 'Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir'd, The contrary, doth make thee wondred at. 'Tis Gouernment that makes them seeme Diuine, The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.

Thou art as opposite to euery good, As the Antipodes are vnto vs, Or as the South to the Septentrion.

Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How

How could'ft thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child, To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall, And yet be seene to beare a Womans face? Women are foft, milde, pittifull, and flexible; Thou, sterne, obdurate, slintie, rough, remorfelesse. Bidft thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish. Would'st have me weepe? why now thou hast thy will. For raging Wind blowes vp inceffant showers, And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins. These Teares are my sweet Rutlands Obsequies, And euery drop cryes vengeance for his death, 'Gainst thee fell Clifford, and thee false French-woman.

Northumb. Beshrew me, but his passions moues me so, That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.

Yorke. That Face of his, The hungry Caniballs would not have toucht, Would not have stayn'd with blood: But you are more inhumane, more inexorable, Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania. See, ruthlesse Queene, a haplesse Fathers Teares: This Cloth thou dipd'st in blood of my fweet Boy, And I with Teares doe wash the blood away. Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this, And if thou tell'st the heavie storie right, Vpon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares: Yea, even my Foes will shed fast-falling Teares, And fay, Alas, it was a pittious deed. There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse, And in thy need, fuch comfort come to thee, As now I reape at thy too cruell hand. Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the World, My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.

Northumb. Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kinne, I should not for my Life but weepe with him, To fee how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland? Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,

And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares. Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers

Death.

Queene. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted King.

Yorke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God, My Soule flyes through these wounds, to seeke out thee. Queene. Off with his Head, and fet it on Yorke Gates, So Yorke may ouer-looke the Towne of Yorke.

Flourish.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father scap't: Or whether he be fcap't away, or no, From Cliffords and Northumberlands pursuit? Had he been ta'ne, we should have heard the newes; Had he beene slaine, we should have heard the newes: Or had he fcap't, me thinkes we should have heard The happy tidings of his good escape. How fares my Brother? why is he fo fad?

Richard. I cannot joy, vntill I be refolu'd Where our right valiant Father is become. I faw him in the Battaile range about, And watcht him how he fingled Clifford forth. Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe, As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat, Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:

Who having pincht a few, and made them cry, The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him. So far'd our Father with his Enemies, So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father: Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne. See how the Morning opes her golden Gates, And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne. How well resembles it the prime of Youth, Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Loue?

Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I fee three Sunnes? Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne, Not seperated with the racking Clouds, But feuer'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye. See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse, As if they vow'd fome League inuiolable. Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne: In this, the Heauen figures some event.

Edward. 'Tis wondrous strange, The like yet neuer heard of. I thinke it cites vs(Brother)to the field, That wee, the Sonnes of brave Plantagenet, Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes, Should notwithstanding loyne our Lights together, And ouer-shine the Earth, as this the World. What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare Vpon my Targuet three faire shining Sunnes.

Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters: By your leaue, I speake it, You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whose heavie Lookes fore-tell Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue? Mess. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on, When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine, Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.

Edward. Oh speake no more, for I have heard too

Richard. Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all. Mess. Enuironed he was with many foes, And stood against them, as the hope of Troy Against the Greekes, that would have entred Troy. But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to oddes: And many stroakes, though with a little Axe, Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymber'd Oake. By many hands your Father was fubdu'd, But onely flaught'red by the irefull Arme Of vn-relenting Clifford, and the Queene: Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight, Laugh'd in his face : and when with griefe he wept, The ruthleffe Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes, A Napkin, steeped in the harmelesse blood Of fweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford flaine: And after many scornes, many foule taunts, They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke They fet the same, and there it doth remaine, The faddest spectacle that ere I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon, Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay. Oh Clifford, boyst'rous Clifford, thou hast slaine The flowre of Europe, for his Cheualrie, And trecherously hast thou vanquisht him, For hand to hand he would have vanquisht thee. Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison: Ah, would she breake from hence, that this my body

Might

Might in the ground be closed vp in rest: For neuer henceforth shall I ioy againe: Neuer, oh neuer shall I see more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moysture
Scarse serves to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue vnloade my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-same winde that I should speake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my brest,
And burnes me vp with slames, that tears would quench.
To weepe, is to make lesse the depth of greese:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.
Richard, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee: His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird, Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the Sunne: For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say, Either that is thine, or else thou wer't not his.

March. Enter Warwicke, Marquesse Mountacute, and their Army.

Warnick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What newes abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwicke, if we should recompt Our balefull newes, and at each words deliuerance Stab Poniards in our slesh, till all were told, The words would adde more anguish then the wounds. O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that Plantagenet Which held thee deerely, as his Soules Redemption, Is by the sterne Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago, I drown'd these newes in teares. And now to adde more measure to your woes, Ic ome to tell you things fith then befalne. After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought, Where your braue Father breath'd his latest gaspe, Tydings, as fwiftly as the Postes could runne, Were brought me of your Losse, and his Depart. I then in London, keeper of the King, Muster'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends, Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene, Bearing the King in my behalfe along: For by my Scouts, I was advertised That she was comming with a full intent To dash our late Decree in Parliament, Touching King Henries Oath, and your Succession: Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met, Our Battailes ioyn'd, and both fides fiercely fought: But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King, Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene, That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene. Or whether 'twas report of her successe, Or more then common feare of Cliffords Rigour, Who thunders to his Captines, Blood and Death, I cannot judge : but to conclude with truth, Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went: Our Souldiers like the Night_Owles lazie flight, Or like a lazie Thresher with a Flaile, Fell gently downe, as if they strucke their Friends. I cheer'd them vp with iustice of our Cause, With promife of high pay, and great Rewards: But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight, And we (in them) no hope to win the day, So that we fled : the King vnto the Queene, Lord George, your Brother, Norfolke, and my Selfe,

In haste, post haste, are come to ioyne with you: For in the Marches heere we heard you were, Making another Head, to fight againe.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolke, gentle Warwick? And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some fix miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers, And for your Brother he was lately fent From your kinde Aunt Dutcheffe of Burgundie, With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich.'Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled; Oft haue I heard his praises in Pursuite,

But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandall Richard, doft thou heare:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis loue I beare thy glories make me speake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Deuotion with reuengefull Armes?
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to feek you out, And therefore comes my Brother Mountague: Attend me Lords, the proud infulting Queene, With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland, And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds, Have wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax. He fwore confent to your Succession, His Oath enrolled in the Parliament. And now to London all the crew are gone, To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside May make against the house of Lancaster. Their power (I thinke) is thirty thousand strong: Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my felfe, With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March, Among'st the louing Welshmen can'st procure, Will but amount to fiue and twenty thousand, Why Via, to London will we march, And once againe, bestride our foaming Steeds, And once againe cry Charge vpon our Foes, But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speak; Ne're may he liue to see a Sun-shine day, That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him stay.

Ed. Lord Warwicke, on thy shoulder will I leane, And when thou failst (as God forbid the houre) Must Edward fall, which perill heaven foresend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke: The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne: For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd In every Burrough as we passe along, And he that throwes not vp his cap for ioy, Shall for the Fault make forseit of his head. King Edward, valiant Richard Mountague: Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne, But sound the Trumpets, and about our Taske.

Rich. Then Clifford, were thy heart as hard as Steele, As thou hast shewne it slintie by thy deeds,

I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine. &d.Then ftrike vp Drums, God and S.George for vs.

War.

Enter a Messenger. War. How now? what newes? Mef. The Duke of Norfolke fends you word by me, The Queene is comming with a puissant Hoast, And craues your company, for speedy counsell. War. Why then it forts, braue Warriors, let's away. Exeunt Omnes.

Flourifb. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northumand Yong Prince, with Drumme and Trumpettes.

Qu. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke, Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy, That fought to be incompast with your Crowne. Doth not the obiect cheere your heart, my Lord.

K. I, as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack, To fee this fight, it irkes my very foule: With-hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,

Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my Vow. Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity

And harmfull pitty must be layd aside: To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes? Not to the Beast, that would vsurpe their Den. Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth licke? Not his that spoyles her yong before her face. Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting? Not he that fets his foot vpon her backe. The fmallest Worme will turne, being troden on, And Doues will pecke in fafegard of their Brood, Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne, Thou fmiling, while he knit his angry browes. He but a Duke, would have his Sonne a King, And raise his issue like a louing Sire. Thou being a King, bleft with a goodly fonne, Did'ft yeeld consent to difinherit him: Which argued thee a most vnlouing Father. Vnreasonable Creatures feed their young, And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes, Yet in protection of their tender ones, Who hath not seene them euen with those wings, Which fometime they have vs'd with fearfull flight, Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their nest, Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence? For shame, my Liege, make them your President: Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy Should loofe his Birth-right by his Fathers fault, And long heereafter fay vnto his childe, What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got, My carelesse Father fondly gaue away. Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy, And let his manly face, which promifeth Successefull Fortune steele thy melting heart,

To hold thine owne, and leave thine owne with him. King. Full well hath Clifford plaid the Orator, Inferring arguments of mighty force: But Clifford tell me, did'ft thou neuer heare, That things ill got, had euer bad fuccesse. And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne, Whose Father for his hoording went to hell: Ile leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde, And would my Father had left me no more: For all the rest is held at such a Rate, As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe, Then in possession any lot of pleasure. Ah Cofin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,

How it doth greeue me that thy head is heere. Qu.My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are nye, And this foft courage makes your Followers faint: You promist Knighthood to our forward sonne, Vnsheath your sword, and dub him presently. Edward, kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight, And learne this Lesson; Draw thy Sword in right. Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue, Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne, And in that quarrell, vse it to the death. Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger. Mess. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse, For with a Band of thirty thousand men, Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke, And in the Townes as they do march along, Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,
Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.
Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field, The Queene hath best successe when you are absent. Qu. I good my Lord, and leave vs to our Fortune.

King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile stay. North. Be it with refolution then to fight. Prin. My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords, And hearten those that fight in your defence:

Vnsheath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.

March. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence, Norfolke, Mountague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now periur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace? And fet thy Diadem vpon my head? Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud infulting Boy, Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes, Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee: I was adopted Heire by his consent.

Cla. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare, You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne, Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament, To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.

Clif. And reason too, Who should succeede the Father, but the Sonne. Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake. Clif. I Crooke-back, here I stand to answer thee,

Or any he, the proudest of thy fort. Rich. "Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not? Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not fatisfied.

Rich. For Gods fake Lords give fignall to the fight. War. What say'st thou Henry,

Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you speak? Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare When you and I, met at S. Albons last,

Your legges did better service then your hands. War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine: Clif: You faid so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not yout valor Clifford droue me thence. Nor. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay. Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently,

Breake off the parley, for scarse I can refraine The execution of my big-fwolne heart Vpon that Clifford, that cruell Child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy Father, cal'st thou him a Child?

Rich.

Rich. I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward, As thou didd'st kill our tender Brother Rutland, But ere Sunset, He make thee curse the deed.

King. Haue done with words (my Lords) and heare

me speake.

Qu. Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips.

King. I prythee giue no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and priuiledg'd to speake.

Clif.My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,

Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then Executioner vnsheath thy sword:

By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd,
That Cliffords Manhood, lyes vpon his tongue.

Ed. Say Henry, shall I have my right, or no: A thousand men have broke their Fasts to day, That ne're shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the Crowne.

War. If thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head, For Yorke in instice put's his Armour on.

Pr.Ed. If that be right, which Warwick saies is right, There is no vvrong, but euery thing is right.

War. Who euer got thee, there thy Mother stands, For well I vvot, thou hast thy Mothers tongue.

Qu. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme, But like a foule mishapen Stygmaticke, Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,

As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,

Whose Father beares the Title of a King, (As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea) Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraug

Sham'ft thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught, To let thy tongue detect thy base-borne heart.

Ed. A wifpe of straw were worth a thousand Crowns, To make this shamelesse Callet know her selfe: Helen of Greece was fayrer farre then thou, Although thy Husband may be Menelaus; And ne're was Agamemnons Brother wrong'd By that false Woman, as this King by thee. His Father reuel'd in the heart of France, And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin stoope: And had he match'd according to his State, He might have kept that glory to this day. But when he tooke a begger to his bed, And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day, Euen then that Sun-shine brew'd a showre for him, That washt his Fathers fortunes forth of France, And heap'd fedition on his Crowne at home: For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride? Had'ft thou bene meeke, our Title still had slept, And we in pitty of the Gentle King, Had slipt our Claime, vntill another Age.

Cla. But when we faw, our Sunshine made thy Spring, And that thy Summer bred vs no increase, We set the Axe to thy vsurping Roote:
And though the edge hath something hit our selues, Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike, Wee'l neuer leave, till we have hewne thee downe,

Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods. Edw. And in this refolution, I defie thee, Not willing any longer Conference, Since thou denied'st the gentle King to speake. Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue, And either Victorie, or else a Graue.

Qu. Stay Edward.

Ed. No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer stay,
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwicke.

War. Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race, I lay me downe a little while to breath:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blowes repaid,
Haue robb'd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And spight of spight, needs must I rest a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or strike vngentle death, For this world frownes, and Edwards Sunne is clowded.

War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loffe, our hope but fad dispaire, Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes vs. What counsaile giue you? whether shall we flye? Ed. Bootlesse is slight, they follow vs with Wings,

And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuite.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwicke, why hast y withdrawn thy selfe? Thy Brothers blood the thirsty earth hath drunk, Broach'd with the Steely point of Cliffords Launce: And in the very pangs of death, he cryde, Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre, Warwicke, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death. So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds, That stain'd their Fetlockes in his smoaking blood, The Noble Gentleman gaue up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood: Ile kill my Horse, because I will not flye:
Why stand we like soft-hearted women heere,
Wayling our losses, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie
Were plaid in iest, by countersetting Actors.
Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,
Ile neuer pawse againe, neuer stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or Fortune giuen me measure of Reuenge.

Ed. Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine, And in this vow do chaine my foule to thine:
And ere my knee rife from the Earths cold face, I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee, Thou fetter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:
Befeeching thee (if with thy will it flands)
That to my Foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
And giue fweet passage to my sinfull soule.
Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.

Rich. Brother,

Give me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke, Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes: I that did neuer weepe, now melt with wo, That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.

War. Away, away:

Once more sweet Lords farwell.

Cla. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes, And give them leave to flye, that will not stay: And call them Pillars that will stand to vs: And if we thrive, promise them such rewards As Victors weare at the Olympian Games. This may plant courage in their quailing breasts, For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

Fore-

Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine.

Exeunt

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.
Rich. Now Clifford, I have singled thee alone,
Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
Wer't thou inviron'd with a Brazen wall.

Clif, Now Richard, I am with thee heere alone, This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father Yorke, And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland, And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death, And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother, To execute the like vpon thy selfe, And so have at thee.

They Fight, Warmicke comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwicke, fingle out some other Chace,
For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death.

Execunt.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone. Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre, When dying clouds contend, with growing light, What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes, Can neither call it perfect day, nor night. Now fwayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea, Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde: Now swayes it that way, like the selfe-same Sea, Forc'd to retyre by furie of the Winde. Sometime, the Flood prevailes; and than the Winde: Now, one the better: then, another best; Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest: Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered. So is the equall poife of this fell Warre. Heere on this Mole-hill will I fit me downe; To whom God will, there be the Victorie: For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too Haue chid me from the Battell : Swearing both, They prosper best of all when I am thence. Would I were dead, if Gods good will were fo; For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe. Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life, To be no better then a homely Swaine, To fit vpon a hill, as I do now, To carue out Dialls queintly, point by point, Thereby to fee the Minutes how they runne: How many makes the Houre full compleate, How many Houres brings about the Day, How many Dayes will finish up the Yeare, How many Yeares, a Mortall man may line. When this is knowne, then to divide the Times: So many Houres, must I tend my Flocke; So many Houres, must I take my Rest: So many Houres, must I Contemplate: So many Houres, must I Sport my selfe: So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong: So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane: So many yeares, ere I shall sheere the Fleece: So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares, Past ouer to the end they were created, Would bring white haires, vnto a Quiet graue. Ah! what a life were this? How fweet? how louely? Giues not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade To Shepheards, looking on their filly Sheepe, Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie To Kings, that feare their Subiects treacherie? Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth. And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds.

His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle, His wonted sleepe, vnder a fresh trees shade, All which secure, and sweetly he enioyes, Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates: His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup, His bodie couched in a curious bed, When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body, This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight, May be poffessed with some store of Crownes, And I that (haply) take them from him now, May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them To some man else, as this dead man doth me. Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face, Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd: Oh heavy times! begetting fuch Events. From London, by the King was I prest forth, My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man, Came on the part of Yorke, prest by his Master: And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life, Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him. Pardon me God, I knew not what I did: And pardon Father, for I knew not thee. My Teares shall wipe away these bloody markes: And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

King. O pitteous spectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Civill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griese

Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne. Fa. Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me, Giue me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold: For I have bought it with an hundred blowes. But let me see: Is this our Foe-mans face? Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne. Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee, Throw vp thine eye: fee, fee, what showres arise, Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart, Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart. O pitty God, this miserable Age! What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly? Erreoneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall, This deadly quarrell daily doth beget? O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too foone, And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo aboue wo: greefe, more the common greefe O that my death would stay these ruthfull deeds: O pitty, pitty, gentle heaven pitty:
The Red Rose and the White are on his face,
The stall Colours of our striving Houses:
The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) presenteth:
Wither one Rose, and let the other slourish:
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for flaughter of my Sonne, Shed feas of Teares, and ne're be fatisfi'd? King. How will the Country, for these woful chances,

Mif-thinke

Mif-thinke the King, and not be fatisfied? Son. Was euer fonne, fo rew'd a Fathers death? Fath. Was euer Father so bemoan'd his Sonne? Hen. Was euer King so greeu'd for Subjects woe? Much is your forrow; Mine, ten times fo much. Son. Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill. Fath. These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet: My heart (fweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher, For from my heart, thine Image ne're shall go. My fighing breft, shall be thy Funerall bell; And so obsequious will thy Father be, Men for the losse of thee, having no more, As Priam was for all his Valiant Sonnes, Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will, For I have murthered where I should not kill. Exit

Hen. Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care; Heere fits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.
And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull:
Away, for death doth hold vs in purfuite.

Qu. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post a-

Edward and Richard like a brace of Grey-hounds, Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in fight, With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath, And bloody steele graspt in their yrefull hands Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.

Exet. Away: for vengeance comes along with them. Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,

Or else come after, Ile away before.

Hen. Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:

Not that I seare to stay, but loue to go

Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away.

Exeunt

A lowd alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies, Which whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light. O Lancaster! I feare thy ouerthrow, More then my Bodies parting with my Soule: My Loue and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee, And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts, Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud Yorke; And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne? And who shines now, but Henries Enemies? O Phæbus! had'ft thou neuer giuen consent, That Phaeton should checke thy fiery Steeds, Thy burning Carre neuer had fcorch'd the earth. And Henry, had'st thou sway'd as Kings should do, Or as thy Father, and his Father did, Giuing no ground vnto the house of Yorke, They neuer then had sprung like Sommer Flyes: I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme, Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death, And thou this day, had'ft kept thy Chaire in peace. For what doth cherrish Weeds, but gentle ayre? And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity? Bootlesse are Plaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds: No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight: The Foe is mercilesse, and will not pitty: For at their hands I have deseru'd no pitty. The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,

And much effuse of blood, doth make me faint: Come Yorke, and Richard, Warmicke, and the rest, I stab'd your Fathers bosomes; Split my brest.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pause, And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes: Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene, That led calme Henry, though he were a King, As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Gust Command an Argosie to stemme the Waues. But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
(For though before his face I speake the words)
Your Brother Richard markt him for the Graue,
And wheresoere he is, hee's surely dead. Clifford grones
Rich. Whose soule is that which takes hir heavy leave?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.

See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battailes ended,

If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vied.

Rich. Reuoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his leaves put forth,
But fet his murth'ring knife vnto the Roote,
From whence that tender fpray did fweetly fpring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.

War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down y head, Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed there:
In stead whereof, let this supply the roome,
Measure for measure, must be answered.

Ed.Bring forth that fatall Schreechowle to our house, That nothing sung but death, to vs and ours:

Now death shall stop his dismall threatning sound,
And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speake.

War. I thinke is vnderstanding is bereft: Speake Clifford, dost thou know who speakes to thee? Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life, And he nor sees, nor heares vs, what we say.

Rich. O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth, 'Tis but his policy to counterfet,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.

Cla. If fo thou think'ft, Vex him with eager Words.

Rich. Clifford, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.
Ed. Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.

War. Clifford, deuise excuses for thy faults.
Cla. While we deuise fell Tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didd'st loue Yorke, and I am son to Yorke.

Edm. Thou pittied'ft Rutland, I will pitty thee: Cla. Where's Captaine Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mocke thee Clifford, Sweare as thou was't wont.

Ric. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard When Clifford cannot spare his Friends an oath:

I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two houres life,
That I(in all despight) might rayle at him,
This hand should chop it off: & with the issuing Blood
Stisse the Villaine, whose vnstanched thirst
Yorke, and yong Rutland could not satisfie

War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head, And reare it in the place your Fathers stands. And now to London with Triumphant march,

There

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Ladie Bona for thy Queene:
So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,
And having France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattred Foe, that hopes to rise againe:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to have them buz to offend thine eares:
First, will I see the Coronation,
And then to Britanny Ile crosse the Sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Ed. Euen as thou wilt fweet Warwicke, let it bee: For in thy shoulder do I builde my Seate; And neuer will I vndertake the thing Wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting: Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester, And George of Clarence; Warmicke as our Selfe, Shall do, and vndo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster, For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation: Richard, be Duke of Gloster: Now to London, To see these Honors in possession.

Exeunt

Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with Croffe-howes in their hands.

Sink. Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l shrowd For through this Laund anon the Deere will come, And in this couert will we make our Stand, Culling the principall of all the Deere.

Hum. Ile stay aboue the hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow
Will scarre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost:
Heere stand we both, and ayme we at the best:
And for the time shall not seeme tedious,
Ile tell thee what besell me on a day,
In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand.

Sink. Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past:

Enter the King with a Prayer booke.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne even of pure love,
To greet mine owne Land with my wishfull fight:
No Harry, Harry, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balme washt off, wherewith thou was Annointed:
No bending knee will call thee Casar now,
No humble suters prease to speake for right:
No, not a man comes for redresse of thee:

For how can I helpe them, and not my felfe?

Sink. I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let's seize vpon him.

Hen. Let me embrace the sower Aduersaries,

For Wise men say, it is the wifest course.

Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him. Sink. Forbeare a while, wee'l heare a little more.

Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid: And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke I: thither gone, to craue the French Kings Sifter To wife for Edward. If this newes be true, Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost: For Warwicke is a subtle Orator: And Lewis a Prince soone wonne with mouing words: By this account then, Margaret may winne him, For she's a woman to be pittied much: Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his brest, Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:

The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne; And Nero will be tainted with remorfe, To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares. I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to give: Shee on his left fide, crauing ayde for Henrie; He on his right, asking a wife for Edward. Shee Weepes, and fayes, her Henry is depos'd: He Smiles, and fayes, his Edward is instaul'd; That she (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more: Whiles Warwicke tels his Title, smooths the Wrong, Inferreth arguments of mighty strength, And in conclusion winnes the King from her, With promise of his Sister, and what else, To strengthen and support King Edwards place. O Margaret, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore foule) Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorne.

Hum. Say, what art thou talk'ft of Kings & Queens? King. More then I feeme, and leffe then I was born to: A man at least, for leffe I should not be:

And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. I, but thou talk'st, as if thou wer't a King.

King. Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:

Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones:

Nor to be seene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,

A Crowne it is, that fildome Kings enioy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content, Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented To go along with vs. For (as we thinke) You are the king King Edward hath depos'd: And we his subjects, sworne in all Allegeance, Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.

King. But did you neuer sweare, and breake an Oath. Hum. No, neuer such an Oath, nor will not now. King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England? Hum. Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.

King. I was annointed King at nine monthes old, My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings: And you were fworne true Subjects onto me:

And tell me then, have you not broke your Oathes?

Sin.No, for we were Subjects, but while you wer king

King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?

Ah fimple men, you know not what you fweare:

Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,

And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded alwayes by the greater gust:
Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that finne,
My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.

Sinklo. We are true Subjects to the king, King Edward.

King. So would you be againe to Henrie, If he were seated as king Edward is.

Sinklo. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings, To go with vs vnto the Officers.

King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd, And what God will, that let your King performe, And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto.

Enter K. Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lady Gray. King. Brother of Gloster, at S. Albons field

This

This Ladyes Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was flaine, His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror, Her fuit is now, to repossesse those Lands, Which wee in Iustice cannot well deny, Because in Quarrell of the House of Yorke, The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.

Rich. Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her suit:

It were dishonor to deny it her.

King. It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pawse. Rich. Yea, is it fo:

I fee the Lady hath a thing to graunt,

Before the King will graunt her humble fuit.

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes the winde?

Rich. Silence.

King. Widow, we will confider of your fuit, And come fome other time to know our minde.

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay: May it please your Highnesse to resolue me now, And what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.

Rich. I Widow? then He warrant you all your Lands, And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you:

Fight closer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.

Clarence. I feare her not, vnlesse she chance to fall. Rich. God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages. King. How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell

Clarence. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her. Rich. Nay then whip me : hee'le rather giue her two.

Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Rich. You shall have foure, if you'le be rul'd by him. King. 'Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers

Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then. King. Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes

Rich. I, good leave have you, for you will have leave, Till Youth take leave, and leave you to the Crutch.

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your Children?

Wid. I, full as dearely as I loue my felfe.

King. And would you not doe much to doe them

Wid. To doe them good, I would fustayne some harme.

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them

Wid. Therefore I came vnto your Maiestie.

King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.

Wid. So shall you bind me to your Highnesse service.

King. What service wilt thou doe me, if I give them? Wid. What you command, that rests in me to doe.

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.

Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it. King. I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske.

Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace com-

Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the Marble.

Clar. As red as fire? nay then, her Wax must melt. Wid. Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my

King. An easie Taske,'tis but to loue a King. Wid. That's foone perform'd, because I am a Subject. King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely give thee.

Wid. I take my leave with many thousand thankes. Rich. The Match is made, shee seales it with a Cursie. King. But stay thee, it is the fruits of loue I meane. Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.

King. I, but I feare me in another fence.

What Loue, think'ft thou, I sue so much to get?

Wid. My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers, That love which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.

King. No, by my troth, I did not meane fuch loue. Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did. King. But now you partly may perceive my minde. Wid. My minde will neuer graunt what I perceive

Your Highnesse aymes at, if I ayme aright.

King. To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee. Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Prison. King. Why then thou shalt not have thy Husbands Lands.

Wid. Why then mine Honestie shall be my Dower, For by that loffe, I will not purchase them.

King. Therein thou wrong'ft thy Children mightily. Wid. Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me:

But mightie Lord, this merry inclination Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit: Please you dismisse me, eyther with I, or no.

King. I, if thou wilt fay I to my request: No, if thou do'ft fay No to my demand.

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my fuit is at an end.

Rich. The Widow likes him not, shee knits her Browes.

Clarence. Hee is the bluntest Wooer in Christen-

King. Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modesty, Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable, All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie, One way, or other, shee is for a King,

And shee shall be my Loue, or else my Queene. Say, that King Edward take thee for his Queene?

Wid. 'Tis better faid then done, my gracious Lord:

I am a subject fit to jeast withall, But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I sweare to thee, I speake no more then what my Soule intends, And that is, to enjoy thee for my Loue.

Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto: I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,

And yet too good to be your Concubine. King. You cauill, Widow, I did meane my Queene. Wid. 'Twill grieue your Grace, my Sonnes should call you Father.

King. No more, then when my Daughters Call thee Mother.

Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children, And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor, Haue other-fome. Why, 'tis a happy thing,

To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

Rich. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift. Clarence. When hee was made a Shriver, 'twas for shift. King. Brothers, you muse what Chat wee two haue

Rich. The Widow likes it not, for shee lookes very fad.

King. You'ld thinke it strange, if I should marrie

Clarence. To who, my Lord? King. Why Clarence, to my felfe.

Rich. That

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the least. Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts. Rich. By fo much is the Wonder in extremes. King. Well, least on Brothers: I can tell you both, Her fuit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man,

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your Foe is taken, And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate. King. See that he be conuey'd vnto the Tower: And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him, To question of his apprehension. Widow goe you along: Lords vse her honourable.

Manet Richard. Rich. I, Edward will vse Women honourably: Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all, That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring, To croffe me from the Golden time I looke for: And yet, betweene my Soules desire, and me, The luftfull Edwards Title buryed, Is Clarence, Henry, and his Sonne young Edward, And all the vnlook'd-for Iffue of their Bodies, To take their Roomes, ere I can place my felfe: A cold premeditation for my purpose. Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie, Like one that stands vpon a Promontorie, And spyes a farre-off shore, where hee would tread, Wishing his foot were equall with his eye, And chides the Sea, that funders him from thence, Saying, hee'le lade it dry, to haue his way: So doe I wish the Crowne, being so farre off, And so I chide the meanes that keepes me from it, And fo (I fay) Ile cut the Causes off, Flattering me with impossibilities: My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much, Vnleffe my Hand and Strength could equall them. Well, say there is no Kingdome then for Richard: What other Pleasure can the World affoord? Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe, And decke my Body in gay Ornaments, And 'witch fweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes. Oh miserable Thought! and more vnlikely, Then to accomplish twentie Golden Crownes. Why Loue forfwore me in my Mothers Wombe: And for I should not deale in her soft Lawes, Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with some Bribe, To shrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub, To make an envious Mountaine on my Back, Where fits Deformitie to mocke my Body; To shape my Legges of an vnequall fize, To dif-proportion me in every part: Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelpe, That carryes no impression like the Damme. And am I then a man to be belou'd? Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought. Then fince this Earth affoords no Ioy to me, But to command, to check, to o're-beare fuch, As are of better Person then my selfe: Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne, And whiles I line, t'account this World but Hell, Vntill my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head, Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne. And yet I know not how to get the Crowne, For many Liues stand betweene me and home:

And I, like one lost in a Thornie Wood, That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes, Seeking a way, and straying from the way, Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre, But toyling desperately to finde it out, Torment my selfe, to catch the English Crowne: And from that torment I will free my felfe, Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe. Why I can smile, and murther whiles I smile, And cry, Content, to that which grieves my Heart, And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares, And frame my Face to all occasions. Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall, Ile flay more gazers then the Bafiliske, Ile play the Orator as well as Neftor, Deceiue more flyly then Vliffes could, And like a Synon, take another Troy. I can adde Colours to the Camelion, Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages, And set the murtherous Macheuill to Schoole. Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne? Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. Exit.

Flourifb. Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona, his Admirall, call'd Bourbon : Prince Edward, Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up againe.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy Margaret, Sit downe with vs : it ill befits thy State, And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit. Marg. No, mightie King of France: now Margaret Must strike her sayle, and learne a while to serue, Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse) Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes: But now mischance hath trod my Title downe, And with dif-honor layd me on the ground, Where I must take like Seat vnto my fortune, And to my humble Seat conforme my felfe. Lewis. Why fay, faire Queene, whence springs this

deepe despaire?

Marg. From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with teares, And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares. Lewis. What ere it be, be thou still like thy selfe, And fit thee by our fide. Seats her by him. Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake, But let thy dauntlesse minde still ride in triumph, Ouer all mischance. Be plaine, Queene Margaret, and tell thy griefe, It shall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.

Marg. Those gracious words Reviue my drooping thoughts, And give my tongue-ty'd forrowes leave to speake. Now therefore be it knowne to Noble Lewis, That Henry, fole poffessor of my Loue, Is, of a King, become a banisht man, And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne; While prowd ambitious Edward, Duke of Yorke, Vfurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat Of Englands true anounted lawfull King. This is the cause that I, poore Margaret, With this my Sonne, Prince Edward, Henries Heire, Am come to craue thy iust and lawfull ayde: And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done. Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our

Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led, Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiors put to flight, And (as thou feeft) our felues in heavie plight.

Lewis. Renowned Queene, With patience calme the Storme,

While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.

Marg. The more wee stay, the stronger growes our

Lewis. The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee. Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true forrow. And see where comes the breeder of my forrow.

Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our pre-

Marg. Our Earle of Warwicke, Edwards greatest

Lewis. Welcome braue Warnicke, what brings thee Hee descends. Shee ariseth.

Marg. I now begins a fecond Storme to rife, For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.

Warm. From worthy Edward, King of Albion, My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend, I come (in Kindneffe, and vnfayned Loue) First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person, And then to craue a League of Amitie: And lastly, to confirme that Amitie With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt That vertuous Lady Bona, thy faire Sifter, To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

Marg. If that goe forward, Henries hope is done. Warm. And gracious Madame, Speaking to Bona.

In our Kings behalfe,

I am commanded, with your leave and fauor, Humbly to kiffe your Hand, and with my Tongue To tell the passion of my Soueraignes Heart; Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares, Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

Marg. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, heare me speake, Before you answer Warwicke. His demand Springs not from Edwards well-meant honest Loue, But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie: For how can Tyrants safely gouerne home, Vnleffe abroad they purchase great allyance? To proue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice, That Henry liueth still: but were hee dead, Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henries Sonne. Looke therefore Lewis, that by this League and Mariage Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor: For though Vsurpers sway the rule a while, Yet Heau'ns are just, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.

Warm. Iniurious Margaret. Edw. And why not Queene?

Warw. Because thy Father Henry did vsurpe, And thou no more art Prince, then shee is Queene.

Oxf. Then Warmicke disanulls great Iohn of Gaunt, Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine; And after Iohn of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth, Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest: And after that wife Prince, Henry the Fift, Who by his Proweffe conquered all France: From these, our Henry lineally descends.

Warm. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse, You told not, how Henry the Sixt hath loft All that, which Henry the Fift had gotten:

Me thinkes these Peeres of France should smile at that. But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree Of threefcore and two yeeres, a filly time

To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth. Oxf. Why Warnicke, canst thou speak against thy Liege,

Whom thou obeyd'ft thirtie and fix yeeres, And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?

Warm. Can Oxford, that did euer fence the right, Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree? For shame leave Henry, and call Edward King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose iniurious doome My elder Brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere Was done to death? and more then fo, my Father, Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres, When Nature brought him to the doore of Death? No Warnicke, no: while Life vpholds this Arme, This Arme vpholds the House of Lancaster.

Warm. And I the House of Yorke.

Lewis. Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside, While I vse further conference with Warmicke.

They stand aloofe. Marg. Heauens graunt, that Warmickes wordes bewitch him not.

Lew. Now Warwicke, tell me euen vpon thy conscience Is Edward your true King? for I were loth To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.

Warm. Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Ho-

Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye? Warm. The more, that Henry was vnfortunate. Lewis. Then further: all diffembling set aside, Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue

Vnto our Sister Bona. War. Such it seemes,

As may beseeme a Monarch like himselfe. My selfe have often heard him say, and sweare, That this his Loue was an externall Plant, Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground, The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne, Exempt from Enuy, but not from Disdaine, Vnlesse the Lady Bona quit his paine.

Lewis. Now Sister, let vs heare your firme resolue. Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine. Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, Speaks to War. When I have heard your Kings defert recounted, Mine eare hath tempted judgement to desire.

Lewis. Then Warmicke, thus: Our Sister shall be Edwards.

And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne, Touching the Ioynture that your King must make, Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poys'd: Draw neere, Queene Margaret, and be a witnesse, That Bona shall be Wife to the English King.

Pr. Edw. To Edward, but not to the English King. Marg. Deceitfull Warmicke, it was thy deuice, By this alliance to make void my fuit:

Before thy comming, Lewis was Henries friend. Lewis. And still is friend to him, and Margaret.

But if your Title to the Crowne be weake, As may appeare by Edwards good successe: Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd From giving ayde, which late I promised. Yet shall you haue all kindnesse at my hand, That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld.

Warm. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where

Where having nothing, nothing can he lofe. And as for you your felfe (our quondam Queene) You have a Father able to maintaine you, And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.

Mar. Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke, Proud fetter vp, and puller downe of Kings, I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares (Both full of Truth) I make King Lewis behold Thy flye conueyance, and thy Lords false loue,

Post blowing a borne Within.

For both of you are Birds of felfe-same Feather. Lemes. Warwicke, this is some poste to vs, or thee. Enter the Poste.

Post. My Lord Ambassador, These Letters are for you. Speakes to Warwick, Sent from your Brother Marquesse Montague. These from our King, vnto your Maiesty. To Lewis. And Madam, these for you: To Margaret From whom, I know not.

They all reade their Letters. Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris Smiles at her newes, while Warnicke frownes at his.

Prince Ed. Nay marke how Lewis stampes as he were netled. I hope, all's for the best.

Lem. Warwicke, what are thy Newes?

And yours, faire Queene.

Mar. Mine fuch, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes. War. Mine full of forrow, and hearts discontent. Lew. What? has your King married the Lady Grey? And now to footh your Forgery, and his,

Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience? Is this th'Alliance that he seekes with France? Dare he presume to scorne vs in this manner?

Mar. I told your Maiesty as much before: This proueth Edwards Loue, and Warwickes honesty.

War. King Lewis, I heere protest in fight of heaven, And by the hope I have of heavenly bliffe, That I am cleere from this misdeed of Edwards; No more my King, for he dishonors me, But most himselse, if he could see his shame. Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke My Father came untimely to his death? Did I let passe th'abuse done to my Neece? Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne? Did I put Henry from his Natiue Right? And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame? Shame on himselfe, for my Desert is Honor. And to repaire my Honor lost for him, I heere renounce him, and returne to Henry. My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe, And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour: I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona, And replant Henry in his former state.

Mar. Warwicke, These words have turn'd my Hate, to Loue, And I forgiue, and quite forget old faults, And ioy that thou becom'ft King Henries Friend.

War. So much his Friend, I, his vnfained Friend, That if King Lewis vouchfafe to furnish vs With fome few Bands of chosen Soldiours, Ile vndertake to Land them on our Coaft, And force the Tyrant from his feat by Warre. 'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him. And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me, Hee's very likely now to fall from him, For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our Country. Bona. Deere Brother, how shall Bona be reueng'd, But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?

Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poore Henry live,

Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire? Bona. My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one. War. And mine faire Lady Bona, ioynes with yours. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margarets.

Therefore, at last, I firmely am resolu'd You shall have ayde.

Mar. Let me giue humble thankes for all, at once. Lew. Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste, And tell false Edward, thy supposed King, That Lewis of France, is fending over Maskers To reuell it with him, and his new Bride. Thou feest what's past, go feare thy King withall.

Bona. Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower shortly, I weare the Willow Garland for his fake.

Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde afide, And I am ready to put Armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong, And therefore Ile vn-Crowne him, er't be long. There's thy reward, be gone. Exit Post.

Lew. But Warwicke, Thou and Oxford, with fine thousand men Shall croffe the Seas, and bid false Edward battaile: And as occasion serues, this Noble Queen And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply. Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt: What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?

War. This shall affure my constant Loyalty, That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree, Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy, To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.

Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion. Sonne Edward, she is Faire and Vertuous, Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwicke, And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable, That onely Warwickes daughter shall be thine.

Prin. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserues it, And heere to pledge my Vow, I give my hand.

He gives his hand to Warm. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shalbe levied, And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall Shall waft them ouer with our Royall Fleete. I long till Edward fall by Warres mischance, For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

Exeunt. Manet Warwicke. War. I came from Edward as Ambaffador, But I returne his fworne and mortall Foe: Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me, But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand. Had he none else to make a stale but me? Then none but I, shall turne his Iest to Sorrow. I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne, And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe: Not that I pitty Henries misery, But seeke Reuenge on Edwards mockery.

> Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother Clarence, what thinke you Of this new Marriage with the Lady Gray? Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice? Cla. Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France,

How

Exit.

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How could he stay till Warnicke made returne? Som. My Lords, forbeare this talke : heere comes the King.

Flourish . Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hastings: foure stand on one side, and foure on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride. Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke. King. Now Brother of Clarence,

How like you our Choyce,

That you stand pensiue, as halfe malecontent? Clarence. As well as Lewis of France,

Or the Earle of Warwicke,

Which are fo weake of courage, and in judgement, That they'le take no offence at our abuse.

King. Suppose they take offence without a cause: They are but Lewis and Warwicke, I am Edward, Your King and Warwickes, and must have my will.

Rich. And shall have your will, because our King: Yet hastie Marriage seldome proueth well.

King. Yea, Brother Richard, are you offended too? Rich. Not I: no:

God forbid, that I should wish them seuer'd, Whom God hath ioyn'd together: I, and 'twere pittie, to funder them,

That yoake fo well together.

King. Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside, Tell me fome reason, why the Lady Grey Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene? And you too, Somerfet, and Mountague, Speake freely what you thinke.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion: That King Lewis becomes your Enemie, For mocking him about the Marriage Of the Lady Bona.

Rich. And Warmicke, doing what you gaue in charge, Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.

King. What, if both Lewis and Warmick be appeas'd,

By fuch invention as I can devise?

Mount. Yet, to have joyn'd with France in fuch alliance, Would more have strength'ned this our Commonwealth 'Gainst forraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage.

Hast. Why, knowes not Mountague, that of it selfe, England is fafe, if true within it felfe?

Mount. But the fafer, when 'tis back'd with France. Hast. 'Tis better vfing France, then trusting France: Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas, Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable, And with their helpes, onely defend our felues:

In them, and in our selues, our safetie lyes. Clar. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserues

To have the Heire of the Lord Hungerford.

King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt, And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law. Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well, To give the Heire and Daughter of Lord Scales Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride; Shee better would have fitted me, or Clarence:

But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood. Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the Heire Of the Lord Bonuill on your new Wives Sonne,

And leave your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere. King . Alas, poore Clarence : is it for a Wife That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee.

Clarence. In chusing for your felfe, You shew'd your judgement: Which being shallow, you shall give me leave To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe; And to that end, I shortly minde to leave you.

King. Leaue me, or tarry, Edward will be King, And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maiestie To rayle my State to Title of a Queene, Doe me but right, and you must all confesse, That I was not ignoble of Descent, And meaner then my felfe haue had like fortune. But as this Title honors me and mine, So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Doth cloud my loyes with danger, and with forrow. King. My Loue, forbeare to fawne vpon their frownes: What danger, or what forrow can befall thee, So long as Edward is thy constant friend, And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey? Nay, whom they shall obey, and loue thee too, Vnleffe they feeke for hatred at my hands: Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,

And they shall feele the vengeance of my wrath. Rich. I heare, yet fay not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Poste.

King. Now Meffenger, what Letters, or what Newes

Post. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words, But fuch, as I (without your speciall pardon) Dare not relate.

King. Goe too, wee pardon thee : Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words, As neere as thou canst guesse them.

What answer makes King Lemis vnto our Letters? Post. At my depart, these were his very words: Goe tell false Edward, the supposed King,

That Lewis of France is fending ouer Maskers, To reuell it with him, and his new Bride. King. Is Lewis fo braue? belike he thinkes me Henry.

But what faid Lady Bona to my Marriage? Post. These were her words, vtt'red with mild disdaine: Tell him, in hope hee'le proue a Widower shortly, Ile weare the Willow Garland for his fake.

King. I blame not her; she could say little lesse: She had the wrong. But what faid Henries Queene? For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him (quoth she) My mourning Weedes are done, And I am readie to put Armour on.

King. Belike she minds to play the Amazon. But what faid Warmicke to these injuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Maiestie, Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words: Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong, And therefore Ile vncrowne him, er't be long.

King. Ha?durst the Traytor breath out so prowd words? Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd: They shall have Warres, and pay for their presumption. But fay, is Warmicke friends with Margaret?

Post. I, gracious Soueraigne, They are so link'd in friendship,

That yong Prince Edward marryes Warnicks Daughter.

Clarence. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

Now

Now Brother King farewell, and fit you fast,
For I will hence to Warmickes other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not proue inserior to your selfe.
You that love me, and Warmicke, follow me.

Exist Clarence, and Somerset followers.

Exit Clarence, and Somerset followes.

Rich. Not I:

My thoughts ayme at a further matter:

I stay not for the love of Edward, but the Crowne.

King. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warmicke? Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen: And haste is needfull in this desp'rate case. Pembrooke and Stafford, you in our behalfe Goe leuie men, and make prepare for Warre; They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed: My selfe in person will straight follow you.

Exeunt Pembrooke and Stafford.

But ere I goe, Hastings and Mountague
Resolue my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,
Are neere to Warmicke, by bloud, and by allyance:
Tell me, if you loue Warmicke more then me;
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,
Giue me assurance with some friendly Vow,
That I may neuer haue you in suspect.

Mount. So God helpe Mountague, as hee proues

true.

Hast. And Hastings, as hee fauours Edmards cause. King. Now, Brother Richard, will you stand by vs? Rich. I, in despight of all that shall withstand you. King. Why so: then am I sure of Victorie.

King. Why so: then am I sure of Victorie. Now therefore let vs hence, and lose no howre, Till wee meet Warwicke, with his forreine powre.

Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke and Oxford in England, with French Souldiors.

Warm. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well, The common people by numbers swarme to vs.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But fee where Somerfet and Clarence comes: Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?

Clar. Feare not that, my Lord. Warm. Then gentle Clarence, welcome vnto Warmicke, And welcome Somerset: I hold it cowardize, To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in figne of Loue; Else might I thinke, that Clarence, Edwards Brother, Were but a fained friend to our proceedings: But welcome fweet Clarence, my Daughter shall be thine. And now, what rests? but in Nights Couerture, Thy Brother being carelessely encamp'd, His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about, And but attended by a fimple Guard, Wee may furprize and take him at our pleafure, Our Scouts haue found the aduenture very easie: That as Vlysses, and stout Diomede, With fleight and manhood ftole to Rhefus Tents, And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds; So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle, At vnawares may beat downe Edwards Guard, And feize himfelfe: I fay not, flaughter him, For I intend but onely to furprize him. You that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the Name of Henry, with your Leader.

They all cry, Henry.

Why then, let's on our way in filent fort,

For Warmicke and his friends, God and Saint George.

Execunt.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1. Watch. Come on my Masters, each man take his stand, The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.

2. Watch. What, will he not to Bed?

1. Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a folemne Vow, Neuer to lye and take his naturall Rest, Till Warmicke, or himselfe, be quite supprest.

2. Watch. To morrow then belike shall be the day,

If Warmicke be so neere as men report.

3. Watch. But fay, I pray, what Noble man is that, That with the King here resteth in his Tent? 1. Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the Kings chiefest

friend.
3. Watch. O, is it fo? but why commands the King,

That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him, While he himselfe keepes in the cold field?

2. Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dange-

3. Watch. I, but give me worship, and quietnesse, I like it better then a dangerous honor. If Warmicke knew in what estate he stands, 'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. Watch. Vnlesse our Halberds did shut vp his passage.

2. Watch. I: wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent, But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

Enter Warwicke, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French Souldiors, filent all.

Warm. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard: Courage my Masters: Honor now, or neuer: But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

Watch. Who goes there?
 Watch. Stay, or thou dyest.

Warwicke and the rest cry all, Warwicke, Warwicke, and set upon the Guard, who stye, crying, Arme, Arme, Warwicke and the rest following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet founding.

Enter Warwicke, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire: Richard and Hastings slyes over the Stage.

Som. What are they that slye there?

Warw. Richard and Hastings: let them goe, heere is

the Duke.

K.Edw. The Duke?

Why Warmicke, when wee parted, Thou call'dft me King.

Warw. I, but the case is alter'd.
When you disgrac'd me in my Embassade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.
Alas, how should you gouerne any Kingdome,
That know not how to vse Embassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wise,
Nor how to vse your Brothers Brotherly,
Nor how to studie for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from Enemies?

K. Edw. Yea,

K. Edm. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I fee, that Edward needs must downe.
Yet Warmicke, in despight of all mischance,
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will alwayes beare himselfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State,
My minde exceedes the compasse of her Wheele.
Warm. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King,

Takes off bis Crowne.

But Henry now shall weare the English Crowne,
And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be conuey'd
Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:
When I have fought with Pembrooke, and his fellowes,
Ile follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now for a-while farewell good Duke of Yorke.
They leade him out forcibly.

K.Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide; It boots not to resist both winde and tide.

Exeunt.

Oxf. What now remaines my Lords for vs to do,
But march to London with our Soldiers?

War. I, that's the first thing that we have to do, To free King Henry from imprisonment, And fee him seated in the Regall Throne.

Enter Rivers, and Lady Gray.

Riu. Madam, what makes you in this fodain change? Gray. Why Brother Rivers, are you yet to learne What late misfortune is befalne King Edward? Riu. What loffe of fome pitcht battell

Against Warwicke?
Gray. No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.
Riu. Then is my Soueraigne slaine?
Gray. I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betrayd by falshood of his Guard,

Either betrayd by falshood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at vnawares:
And as I surther haue to vnderstand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,
Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.

Riu. These Newes I must confesse are full of greese, Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may, Warwicke may loose, that now hath wonne the day. Gray. Till then, saire hope must hinder liues decay: And I the rather waine me from dispaire For loue of Edwards Off-spring in my wombe: This is it that makes me bridle passion, And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse: I, I, for this I draw in many a teare, And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighes, Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne King Edwards Fruite, true heyre to th'English Crowne. Riu. But Madam,

Where is Warwicke then become?

Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To fet the Crowne once more on Henries head,
Gueffe thou the rest, King Edwards Friends must downe.
But to preuent the Tyrants violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken Faith)
Ile hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,

To faue (at least) the heire of *Edmards* right: There shall I rest secure from force and fraud: Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye, If Warwicke take vs, we are sure to dye.

exeunt.

Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley
Leaue off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheefest Thicket of the Parke.
Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good vsage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.
I haue advertis'd him by secret meanes,
That if about this houre he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his vsuall game,
He shall heere sinde his Friends with Horse and Men,
To set him free from his Captivitie.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Huntsman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.

King Edm. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntsmen stand.
Now Brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?

Rich. Brother, the time and case, requireth hast,
Your horse stands ready at the Parke-corner.

King Ed. But whether shall we then?

Hast. To Lyn my Lord,
And shipt from thence to Flanders.

Rich. Wel guest beleeue me, for that was my meaning K.Ed. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardnesse. Rich. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talke. K.Ed. Huntsman, what say'st thou?

Wilt thou go along?

Hunts. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd. Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more adoo. K.Ed. Bishop farwell, reeld thee from Warmickes from the son.

Sheeld thee from Warnickes frowne, And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne.

exeun

Flourish. Enter King Henry the sixt, Clarence, Warwicke, Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenant.

K. Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Haue shaken Edward from the Regall seate,
And turn'd my captiue state to libertie,
My seare to hope, my sorrowes vnto ioyes,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?
Lieu. Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains
But, if an humble prayer may preuaile,
I then craue pardon of your Maiestie.

K.Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vfing me? Nay, be thou fure, Ile well requite thy kindnesse. For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:

I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds
Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts,
At last, by Notes of Houshold harmonie,
They quite forget their losse of Libertie.

But

But Warwicke, after God, thou set'ft me free, And chiefely therefore, I thanke God, and thee, He was the Author, thou the Instrument. Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight, By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me, And that the people of this bleffed Land May not be punisht with my thwarting starres, Warmicke, although my Head still weare the Crowne, I here refigne my Gouernment to thee, For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

Warm. Your Grace hath still beene fam'd for vertuous, And now may seeme as wife as vertuous, By fpying and auoiding Fortunes malice, For few men rightly temper with the Starres: Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace, For chufing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No Warwicke, thou art worthy of the Sway, To whom the Heau'ns in thy Natiuitie, Adjudg'd an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne, As likely to be bleft in Peace and Warre: And therefore I yeeld thee my free confent.

Warm. And I chuse Clarence onely for Protector. King. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your Hands: Now ioyne your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts, That no diffention hinder Gouernment: I make you both Protectors of this Land, While I my felfe will lead a prinate Life, And in denotion spend my latter dayes, To finnes rebuke, and my Creators prayfe.

Warm. What answeres Clarence to his Soueraignes

Clar. That he confents, if Warwicke yeeld confent, For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.

Warm. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content: Wee'le yoake together, like a double shadow To Henries Body and supply his place; I meane, in bearing weight of Gouernment, While he enioyes the Honor, and his eafe. And Clarence, now then it is more then needfull, Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a Traytor, And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined. Warw. I, therein Clarence shall not want his part. King. But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,

Let me entreat (for I command no more) That Margaret your Queene, and my Sonne Edward, Be fent for, to returne from France with speed: For till I see them here, by doubtfull seare, My ioy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.

Clar. It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all speede.

King. My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that, Of whom you seeme to have so tender care?

Somers. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earle of Richmond.

King. Come hither, Englands Hope: Layes his Hand on his Head. If fecret Powers fuggest but truth To my divining thoughts, This prettie Lad will proue our Countries bliffe.

His Lookes are full of peacefull Maiestie, His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne, His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe Likely in time to bleffe a Regall Throne: Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee. Enter a Poste.

Warm. What newes, my friend? Poste. That Edward is escaped from your Brother, And fled (as hee heares fince) to Burgundie.

Warm. Vnfauorie newes: but how made he escape? Poste. He was conuey'd by Richard, Duke of Gloster, And the Lord Hastings, who attended him In fecret ambush, on the Forrest side, And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him: For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.

Warm. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge. But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide A falue for any fore, that may betide. Exeunt.

Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edwards: For doubtlesse, Burgundie will yeeld him helpe, And we shall have more Warres befor't be long. As Henries late presaging Prophecie Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond: So doth my heart mif-giue me, in these Conslicts, What may befall him, to his harme and ours. Therefore, Lord Oxford, to preuent the worst, Forthwith wee'le fend him hence to Brittanie, Till stormes be past of Ciuill Enmitie.

Oxf. I: for if Edward re-possesse the Crowne, 'Tis like that Richmond, with the rest, shall downe.

Som. It shall be so: he shall to Brittanie. Come therefore, let's about it speedily. Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Hastings, and Souldiers.

Edw. Now Brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest, Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends, And fayes, that once more I shall enterchange My wained state, for Henries Regall Crowne. Well haue we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas, And brought defired helpe from Burgundie. What then remaines, we being thus arriu'd From Rauenspurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke, But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?

Rich. The Gates made fast? Brother, I like not this. For many men that stumble at the Threshold, Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.

Edw. Tush man, aboadments must not now affright vs: By faire or foule meanes we must enter in, For hither will our friends repaire to vs.

Hast. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to fummon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke, and his Brethren.

Maior. My Lords, We were fore-warned of your comming, And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues; For now we owe allegeance vnto Henry.

Edw. But, Master Maior, if Henry be your King, Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.

Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,

As being well content with that alone.

Rich. But

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose, Hee'le soone finde meanes to make the Body follow.

Hast. Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt? Open the Gates, we are King Henries friends.

Maior. I, fay you so? the Gates shall then be opened.

He descends.

Rich. A wife front Captaine, and foone perfwaded.

Haft. The good old man would faine that all were wel,
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall foone perswade
Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reason.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.

What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,

Takes bis Keyes.

For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee, And all those friends, that deine to follow mee.

March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme and Souldiers.

Rich. Brother, this is Sir Iohn Mountgomerie, Our trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiu'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir Iohn: but why come you in Armes?

Mount. To helpe King Edward in his time of storme, As every loyall Subject ought to doe.

Edw. Thankes good Mountgomerie:
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely clayme our Dukedome,
Till God please to send the rest.

Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe, I came to ferue a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away.

The Drumme begins to march.

Edm. Nay stay, Sir Iohn, a while, and wee'le debate
By what safe meanes the Crowne may be recover'd.

Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words, If you'le not here proclaime your felfe our King, Ile leaue you to your fortune, and be gone, To keepe them back, that come to succour you. Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Rich. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

Edw. When wee grow stronger, Then wee'le make our Clayme:

Till then, tis wisdome to conceale our meaning.

Haft. Away with fcrupulous Wit, now Armes must

Rich. And feareleffe minds clyme foonest vnto Crowns. Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,

And Henry but vsurpes the Diademe.

Mount. I, now my Soueraigne speaketh like himselfe, And now will I be Edmards Champion.

Hast. Sound Trumpet, Edward shal be here proclaim'd: Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.

Flourish. Sound.

Soul. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mount. And whosoe're gainsayes King Edwards right, By this I challenge him to single fight.

Throwes downe his Gauntlet.

All. Long live Edward the Fourth.

Edw. Thankes braue Mountgomery,
And thankes vnto you all:
If fortune ferue me, Ile requite this kindneffe.
Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke:
And when the Morning Sunne shall rayse his Carre
Aboue the Border of this Horizon,
Wee'le forward towards Warwicke, and his Mates;
For well I wot, that Henry is no Souldier.
Ah froward Clarence, how euill it beseemes thee,
To slatter Henry, and forsake thy Brother?
Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and Warwicke.
Come on braue Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter the King, Warwicke, Mountague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

War. What counfaile, Lords? Edward from Belgia, With hastie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders, Hath pass'd in safetie through the Narrow Seas, And with his troupes doth march amaine to London, And many giddie people flock to him.

King. Let's leuie men, and beat him backe againe.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out, Which being fuffer'd, Rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends, Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre, Those will I muster vp: and thou Sonne Clarence Shalt stirre vp in Susfolke, Norsolke, and in Kent, The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee. Thou Brother Mountague, in Buckingham, Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'st. And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belou'd, In Oxfordshire shalt muster vp thy friends. My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens, Like to his Iland, gyrt in with the Ocean, Or modest Dyan, circled with her Nymphs, Shall rest in London, till we come to him: Faire Lords take leave, and stand not to reply. Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farewell my Hellor, and my Troyes true hope. Clar. In figne of truth, I kiffe your Highneffe Hand. King. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate. Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and fo I take my leaue. Oxf. And thus I feale my truth, and bid adieu. King. Sweet Oxford, and my louing Mountague, And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, fweet Lords, let's meet at Couentry.

King. Here at the Pallace will I reft a while. Cousin of Exeter, what thinkes your Lordship? Me thinkes, the Power that Edward hath in field, Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exet. The doubt is, that he will feduce the rest.

King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me same:
I have not stopt mine eares to their demands,
Nor posted off their suites with slow delayes,
My pittie hath beene balme to heale their wounds,
My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling grieses,
My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress them with great Subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they love Edward more then me?
No Exeter, these Graces challenge Grace:

And

And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe, The Lambe will neuer cease to follow him.

Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster. Exet. Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are these?

Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the shamefac'd Henry, beare him hence, And once againe proclaime vs King of England. You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow, Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall fuck them dry, And fwell fo much the higher, by their ebbe. Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake. Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Couentry bend we our course, Where peremptorie Warmicke now remaines: The Sunne shines hot, and if we vse delay, Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.

Rich. Away betimes, before his forces ioyne, And take the great-growne Traytor vnawares: Braue Warriors, march amaine towards Couentry.

> Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Couentry, two Messengers, and others wpon the Walls.

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford? How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow? Meff.1. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward. War. How farre off is our Brother Mountague? Where is the Post that came from Mountague?

Meff.2. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troope. Enter Someruile.

War. Say Someruile, what fayes my louing Sonne? And by thy gueffe, how nigh is Clarence now? Someru. At Southam I did leave him with his forces, And doe expect him here fome two howres hence. War. Then Clarence is at hand, I heare his Drumme. Someru. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes: The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from Warmicke. War. Who should that be? belike vnlook'd for friends. Someru. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

> March. Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, and Souldiers.

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and found a Parle. Rich. See how the furly Warnicke mans the Wall. War. Oh vnbid spight, is sportfull Edward come? Where flept our Scouts, or how are they feduc'd, That we could heare no newes of his repayre.

Edw. Now Warwicke, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates, Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee, Call Edward King, and at his hands begge Mercy, And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence, Confesse who set thee vp, and pluckt thee downe, Call Warmicke Patron, and be penitent,

And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke. Rich. I thought at least he would have faid the King, Or did he make the Ieast against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift? Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue, Ile doe thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Bro-

Edm. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warmickes gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight: And Weakeling, Warwicke takes his gift againe, And Henry is my King, Warwicke his Subiect. Edw. But Warwickes King is Edwards Prisoner: And gallant Warwicke, doe but answer this,

What is the Body, when the Head is off? Rich. Alas, that Warwicke had no more fore-cast, But whiles he thought to steale the fingle Ten, The King was flyly finger'd from the Deck: You left poore Henry at the Bishops Pallace, And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower,

Edw. 'Tis euen so, yet you are Warwicke still. Rich. Come Warwicke,

Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe: Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron cooles. War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow, And with the other, fling it at thy face, Then beare so low a fayle, to strike to thee.

Edw. Sayle how thou canft, Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend, This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre, Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off, Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood, Wind-changing Warnicke now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, see where Oxford comes. Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster. Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too. Edw. So other foes may fet vpon our backs. Stand we in good array: for they no doubt Will iffue out againe, and bid vs battaile; If not, the Citie being but of small defence, Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the same. War. Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. Mountague, Mountague, for Lancaster. Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason Euen with the dearest blood your bodies beare. Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victorie. My minde presageth happy gaine, and Conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster. Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset, Haue fold their Liues vnto the House of Yorke, And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where George of Clarence sweepes along, Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaile: With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes More then the nature of a Brothers Loue. Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, if Warwicke call. Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes? Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee: I will not ruinate my Fathers House, Who gaue his blood to lyme the stones together, And set vp Lancaster. Why, trowest thou, Warwicke, That Clarence is fo harsh, so blunt, vnnaturall, To bend the fatall Instruments of Warre

Against

Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt obiect my holy Oath:
To keepe that Oath, were more impletie,
Then Iephah, when he facrific'd his Daughter.
I am so forry for my Trespas made,
That to deserue well at my Brothers hands,
I here proclayme my selfe thy mortall foe:
With resolution, wheresoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)
To plague thee, for thy soule mis-leading me.
And so, prowd-hearted Warmicke, I dese thee,
And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes.
Pardon me Edward, I will make amends:
And Richard, doe not frowne vpon my saults,
For I will hencesorth be no more vnconstant.
Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more be

Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd, Then if thou neuer hadst deserv'd our hate.

Rich. Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like. Warm. Oh passing Traytor, periur'd and vniust. Edw. What Warwicke,

Wilt thou leave the Towne, and fight?

Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?

Warm. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,

And bid thee Battaile, Edward, if thou dar'st.

Edw. Yes Warmicke, Edward dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field: Saint George, and Victorie. Exeunt.
March. Warmicke and his companie followes.

Alarum, and Excursions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded.

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare, For Warwicke was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.

Now Mountague fit fast, I feeke for thee,
That Warwickes Bones may keepe thine companie.

Warw. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe, And tell me who is Victor, Yorke, or Warmicke? Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes, My blood, my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes, That I must yeeld my body to the Earth, And by my fall, the conquest to my foe. Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge, Whose Armes gaue shelter to the Princely Eagle, Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept, Whose top-branch ouer-peer'd Ioues spreading Tree, And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde. These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle, Haue beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne, To fearch the fecret Treasons of the World: The Wrinckles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood, Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers: For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue? And who durst smile, when Warmicke bent his Brow? Loe, now my Glory fmear'd in dust and blood. My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had, Euen now forfake me; and of all my Lands, Is nothing left me, but my bodies length. Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust? And live we how we can, yet dye we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah Warmicke, Warmicke, wert thou as we are, We might recouer all our Losse againe:

The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power. Euen now we heard the newes: ah, could'ft thou flye.

Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah Mountague, If thou be there, fweet Brother, take my Hand, And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while. Thou lou'st me not: for, Brother, if thou didst, Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood, That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me speake. Come quickly Mountague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah Warwicke, Mountague hath breath'd his last, And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for Warmicke: And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother. And more he would have said, and more he spoke, Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vault, That mought not be distinguisht: but at last, I well might heare, delivered with a groane, Oh farewell Warwicke.

Warm. Sweet rest his Soule:
Flye Lords, and saue your selues,
For Warmicke bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
Here they beare amay bis Body.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence, and the rest.

King. Thus farre our fortune keepes an vpward course, And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie:
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,
I spy a black suspicious threatning Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attaine his easefull Westerne Bed:
I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene
Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue arrived our Coast,
And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.

Clar. A little gale will foone difperse that Cloud, And blow it to the Source from whence it came, Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours vp, For every Cloud engenders not a Storme.

For every Cloud engenders not a Storme.

Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well affur'd
Her saction will be full as strong as ours.

King. We are advertis'd by our louing friends,
That they doe hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We have having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingnesse rids way,
And as we march, our strength will be augmented:
In every Countie as we goe along,
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away.

Exeunt.

Flourish. March. Enter the Queene, young Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Souldiers.

Qu. Great Lords, wife men ne'r fit and waile their loffe, But chearely feeke how to redreffe their harmes. What though the Mast be now blowne ouer-boord, The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor lost, And halfe our Saylors swallow'd in the flood? Yet lives our Pilot still. Is't meet, that hee Should leave the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad, With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea, And give more strength to that which hath too much, Whiles in his moane, the Ship splits on the Rock, Which Industrie and Courage might have sau'd? Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this. Say Warwicke was our Anchor: what of that?

And

And Mountague our Top-Mast: what of him? Our flaught'red friends, the Tackles: what of these? Why is not Oxford here, another Anchor? And Somerset, another goodly Mast? The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings? And though vnskilfull, why not Ned and I, For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge? We will not from the Helme, to fit and weepe, But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no) From Shelues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack. As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire. And what is Edward, but a ruthlesse Sea? What Clarence, but a Quick-fand of Deceit? And Richard, but a raged fatall Rocke? All thefe, the Enemies to our poore Barke. Say you can fwim, alas 'tis but a while: Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly finke, Bestride the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off, Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death. This speake I (Lords) to let you vnderstand, If case some one of you would flye from vs, That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers, More then with ruthleffe Waues, with Sands and Rocks. Why courage then, what cannot be avoided, 'Twere childish weakenesse to lament, or feare.

Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit, Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words, Insuse his Breast with Magnanimitie, And make him, naked, soyle a man at Armes. I speake not this, as doubting any here: For did I but suspect a searefull man, He should have leave to goe away betimes, Least in our need he might insect another, And make him of like spirit to himselfe. If any such be here, as God forbid, Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.

Oxf. Women and Children of fo high a courage, And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame. Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather Doth liue againe in thee; long may'st thou liue, To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope, Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day, If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at.

Qu. Thankes gentle Somerset, sweet Oxford thankes. Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand, Readie to fight: therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,
To haste thus fast, to finde vs vnprouided.

Som. But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readinesse.

Qu. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.

Oxf. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Souldiers.

Edw. Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood, Which by the Heauens affistance, and your strength, Must by the Roots be hew'ne vp yet ere Night. I need not adde more suell to your fire, For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out: Giue signall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu.Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gaine-say: for every word I speake,
Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: Henry your Soveraigne
Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State vsurp'd,
His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subiects staine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.
You sight in Instice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give signall to the sight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excursions.

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset.

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.

Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:

For Somerset, off with his guiltie Head.

Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.

Oxf. For my part, lie not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.

Qu. So part we fadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Ioy in fweet Ierusalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds Edward,
Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull Edward comes,

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him fpeake. What? can fo young a Thorne begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing Armes, for stirring vp my Subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subiect, prowd ambitious Yorke. Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth, Refigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou, Whil'st I propose the selfe-same words to thee, Which (Fraytor) thou would'st haue me answer to.

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had beene so resolu'd.

Rich. That you might still have worne the Petticoat,
And ne're have stolne the Breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Esop fable in a Winters Night,

His Currish Riddles forts not with this place.

Rich. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.

Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captiue Scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe, rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.

Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull: Lasciuious Edward, and thou periur'd George, And thou mis-shapen Dicke, I tell ye all, I am your better, Traytors as ye are, And thou vsurp'st my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.

Stabs him.

Rich. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

Rich. stabs bim.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with periurie.

Clar. ftabs bim.

Qu. Oh, kill me too.

Rich. Marry, and shall.

Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Rich. Why

Rich. Why should shee liue, to fill the World with words.

Edw. What? doth shee swowne? vse meanes for her recourie.

Rich. Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother: Ile hence to London on a serious matter, Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.

Cla. What? what?

Rich Tower, the Tower. Qu. Oh Ned, fweet Ned, speake to thy Mother Boy. Can'A thou not speake? O Traitors, Murtherers! They that stabb'd Cælar, shed no blood at all: Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame, If this foule deed were by, to equall it. He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe, And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Childe. What's worfe then Murtherer, that I may name it? No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake, And I will speake, that so my heart may burst. Butchers and Villaines, bloudy Caniballes, How fweet a Plant haue you vntimely cropt: You have no children (Butchers) if you had, The thought of them would have stirr'd vp remorfe, But if you euer chance to have a Childe, Looke in his youth to have him fo cut off.

As deathsmen you have rid this sweet yong Prince.

King. Away with her, go beare her hence persorce.

Qu. Nay, never beare me hence, dispatch me heere:

Here sheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:

What? wilt thou not? Then Clarence do it thou.

Cla. By heauen, I will not do thee so much ease. Qu. Good Clarence do: sweet Clarence do thou do it. Cla. Did'st thou not heare me sweare I would not do it? Qu. I, but thou vsest to forsweare thy selfe.

"Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What wilt y not? Where is that diuels butcher Richard?

Hard fauor'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almef-deed:

Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'ft backe.

Ed. Away I fay, I charge ye beare her hence,
Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit Queene.

Ed. Where's Richard gone.

Cla. To London all in post, and as I guesse,
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's fodaine if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence, discharge the common fort
With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle Queene how well she fares,
By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me.

Enter Henry the fixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walles.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke fo hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather, Tis sinne to flatter, Good was little better: 'Good Gloster, and good Deuill, were alike, And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirra, leave vs to our selves, we must conferre.

Hen. So slies the wreaklesse shepherd from y Wolfe:
So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,
And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knise.

What Scene of death hath Rossius now to Acte?

Rich. Suspition alwayes haunts the guilty minde,

The Theefe doth feare each bush an Officer,

Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth enery bush;
And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,
Haue now the fatall Object in my eye,

Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Rich. Why what a peeuish Foole was that of Creet,
That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,

And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.

Hen. I Dedalus, my poore Boy Icarus,
Thy Father Minos, that deni'de our course,
The Sunne that sear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.
Thy Brother Edward, and thy Selfe, the Sea
Whose enuious Gulfe did swallow vp his life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,
My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point,
Then can my eares that Tragicke History.
But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'ft thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Perfecutor I am fure thou art,

If murthering Innocents be Executing,

Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his prefumption. Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first y didst presume, Thou had'ft not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine: And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand, Which now mistrust no parcell of my feare, And many an old mans fighe, and many a Widdowes, And many an Orphans water-standing-eye, Men for their Sonnes, Wives for their Husbands, Orphans, for their Parents timeles death, Shall rue the houre that euer thou was't borne. The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an euill signe, The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding luckleffe time, Dogs howl'd, and hiddeous Tempest shook down Trees: The Rauen rook'd her on the Chimnies top, And chatt'ring Pies in difmall Difcords fung: Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine, And yet brought forth leffe then a Mothers hope, To wit, an indigested and deformed lumpe, Not like the fruit of fuch a goodly Tree. Teeth had'ft thou in thy head, when thou was't borne, To fignifie, thou cam'ft to bite the world: And if the rest be true, which I have heard,

Rich. Ile heare no more:

Dye Prophet in thy speech,

For this (among'st the rest) was I ordain'd.

Thou cam'ft-

For this (among it the reit) was a rotaling.

Hen. I, and for much more flaughter after this,

O God forgine my finnes, and pardon thee.

Dyes.

Rich. What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster Sinke in the ground? I thought it would have mounted. See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death. O may such purple teares be alway shed From those that wish the downfall of our house. If any sparke of Life be yet remaining, Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.

Stabs him againe.

I that have neyther pitty, love, nor feare, Indeed 'tis true that Henrie told me of:
For I have often heard my Mother fay,
I came into the world with my Legges forward.
Had I not reason (thinke ye) to make hast,
And seeke their Ruine, that vsurp'd our Right?
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de
O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth,

And

And fo I was, which plainly fignified, That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogge: Then fince the Heauens have shap'd my Body so, Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it. I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother: And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Diuine, Be refident in men like one another, And not in me: I am my selfe alone. Clarence beware, thou keept'ft me from the Light, But I will fort a pitchy day for thee: For I will buzze abroad fuch Prophefies, That Edward shall be fearefull of his life, And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death. King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone, Clarence thy turne is next, and then the rest, Counting my felfe but bad, till I be beft. He throw thy body in another roome, And Triumph Henry, in thy day of Doome.

Flourish. Enter King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.

King. Once more we fit in Englands Royall Throne, Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies: What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne, Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride? Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne, For hardy and vndoubted Champions: Two Cliffords, as the Father and the Sonne, And two Northumberlands: two brauer men, Ne're spurr'd their Coursers at the Trumpets sound. With them, the two braue Beares, Warmick & Montague, That in their Chaines setter'd the Kingly Lyon, And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus have we fwept Suspition from our Seate,
And made our Footstoole of Security.
Come hither Besse, and let me kisse my Boy:
Yong Ned, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my selfe,
Have in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all asoote in Summers scalding heate,
That thou might's repossesse the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Rich. He blaft his Haruest, if your head were laid, For yet I am not look'd on in the world. This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heaue, And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe, Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.

King. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely Queene, And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both. Cla. The duty that I owe vnto your Maiesty,

I Seale vpon the lips of this fweet Babe.

Cla. Thanke Noble Clarence, worthy brother thanks. Rich. And that I loue the tree fro whence y fprang'st: Witneffe the louing kiffe I give the Fruite, To fay the truth, so Iudas kift his master, And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.

King. Now am I feated as my foule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.

Cla. What will your Grace haue done with Margaret,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ierusalem,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.

King. Away with her, and wast her hence to France: And now what rests, but that we spend the time With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes, Such as besits the pleasure of the Court. Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell sowre annoy, For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy.

Exeunt comness

FINIS.





The Tragedy of Richard the Third:

with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus.

Scana Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.



Ow is the Winter of our Discontent,

Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:

And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house

In the deep become of the Ocean by ind

In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried. Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes, Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments; Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings; Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures. Grim-vifag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front: And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds, To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduersaries, He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber, To the lascinious pleasing of a Lute. But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes, Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glaffe: I, that am Rudely stampt, and want loues Maiesty, To ftrut before a wonton ambling Nymph: I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion, Cheated of Feature by diffembling Nature, Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time Into this breathing World, scarse halfe made vp, And that so lamely and vnfashionable, That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them. Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace) Haue no delight to passe away the time, Vnleffe to fee my Shadow in the Sunne, And descant on mine owne Deformity. And therefore, fince I cannot proue a Louer, To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes, I am determined to proue a Villaine, And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes. Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous, By drunken Prophefies, Libels, and Dreames, To fet my Brother Clarence and the King In deadly hate, the one against the other: And if King Edward be as true and iuft, As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous, This day should Clarence closely be mew'd vp: About a Prophesie, which sayes that G, Of Edwards heyres the murtherer shall be.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded. Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard

Dive thoughts downe to my foule, here Clarence comes.

That waites vpon your Grace?

Cla. His Maiesty tendring my persons safety, Hath appointed this Conduct, to convey me to th'Tower

Rich. Vpon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is George.

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:

He should for that commit your Godsathers.

O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent,

That you should be new Christned in the Tower. But what's the matter Clarence, may I know?

Cla. Yea Richard, when I know: but I protest As yet I do not: But as I can learne, He hearkens after Prophesses and Dreames, And from the Crosser-row pluckes the letter G: And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G, His issue disinherited should be. And for my name of George begins with G, It followes in his thought, that I am he. These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these, Hath moou'd his Highnesse to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women: 'Tis not the King that fends you to the Tower, My Lady Grey his Wife, Clarence'tis shee. That tempts him to this harsh Extremity. Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship, Anthony Woodeulle her Brother there, That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower? From whence this present day he is deliuered? We are not safe.

Cla. By heaven, I thinke there is no man fecure But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds, That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris Shore. Heard you not what an humble Suppliant Lord Hastings was, for her delivery?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Liuery.
The iealous ore-worne Widdow, and her felfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.

Bra. I befeech your Graces both to pardon me, His Maiesty hath straightly given in charge, That no man shall have private Conference (Of what degree soeuer) with your Brother.

Rich.

Rich. Euen so, and please your Worship Brakenbury, You may partake of any thing we fay: We speake no Treason man; We say the King Is wife and vertuous, and his Noble Queene Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not iealious. We fay, that Shores Wife hath a pretty Foot, A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing tongue: And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes. How fay you fir? can you deny all this?

Bra. With this (my Lord) my felfe haue nought to

doo.

Rich. Naught to do with Mistris Shore? I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her (Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband Knaue, would'st thou betray me?

Bra. I do befeech your Grace To pardon me, and withall forbeare Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

Cla. We know thy charge Brakenbury, and wil obey. Rich. We are the Queenes abiects, and must obey. Brother farewell, I will vnto the King, And whatfoe're you will imploy me in, Were it to call King Edwards Widdow, Sifter,

I will performe it to infranchise you, Meane time, this deepe difgrace in Brotherhood, Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleafeth neither of vs well. Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long, I will deliuer you, or elfe lye for you:

Meane time, have patience.

Cla. I must perforce : Farewell. Exit Clar. Rich Go treade the path that thou shalt ne're return: Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee fo, That I will shortly fend thy Soule to Heauen, If Heauen will take the present at our hands. But who comes heere? the new deliuered Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Haft. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord. Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine: Well are you welcome to this open Ayre, How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Haft. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must: But I shall live (my Lord) to give them thankes That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and fo shall Clarence too, For they that were your Enemies, are his, And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you,

Hast. More pitty, that the Eagles should be mew'd, Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home: The King is fickly, weake, and melancholly, And his Physitians feare him mightily.

Rich. Now by S.Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed. O he hath kept an euill Diet long, And ouer-much confum'd his Royall Person: 'Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon. Where is he, in his bed?

Haft. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings. He cannot liue I hope, and must not dye, Till George be pack'd with post-horse vp to Heauen.

Ile in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence, With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments, And if I faile not in my deepe intent, Clarence hath not another day to liue: Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy, And leave the world for me to bussle in. For then, lle marry Warwickes yongest daughter. What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father, The readiest way to make the Wench amends, Is to become her Husband, and her Father: The which will I, not all fo much for loue, As for another fecret close intent, By marrying her, which I must reach vnto. But yet I run before my horse to Market: Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and raignes, When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. Exit

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarse of Henrie the sixt with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load, If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse; Whil'st I a-while obsequiously lament Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster. Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King, Pale Ashes of the House of Lancaster; Thou bloodleffe Remnant of that Royall Blood, Be it lawfull that I invocate thy Ghost, To heare the Lamentations of poore Anne, Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred Sonne, Stab'd by the felfesame hand that made these wounds. Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life, I powre the helplesse Balme of my poore eyes. O curfed be the hand that made thefe holes: Curfed the Heart, that had the heart to do it: Cnrfed the Blood, that let this blood from hence: More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch That makes vs wretched by the death of thee, Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades, Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues. If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it, Prodigeous, and vntimely brought to light, Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect May fright the hopefull Mother at the view, And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse. If euer he haue Wife, let her be made More miserable by the death of him, Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee. Come now towards Chertfey with your holy Lode, Taken from Paules, to be interred there. And still as you are weary of this waight, Rest you, whiles I lament King Henries Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it down. An. What blacke Magitian conjures vp this Fiend, To stop deuoted charitable deeds?

Rich. Villaines fet downe the Coarfe, or by S. Paul, Ile make a Coarse of him that disobeyes.

Gen. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe. Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge, Stand'ft thou when I commaund: Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest, Or by S. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote, And fpurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldnesse. Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid? Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall, And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell. Auant thou dreadfull minister of Hell; Thou had'ft but power ouer his Mortall body, His Soule thou canst not have: Therefore be gone. Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not fo curst. An. Foule Diuell, For Gods fake hence, and trouble vs not, For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell: Fill'd it with curfing cries, and deepe exclaimes: If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds, Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries. Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead Henries wounds, Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh. Blush, blush, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie: For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels. Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall, Prouokes this Deluge most vnnaturall. O God! which this Blood mad'ft, revenge his death: O Earth! which this Blood drink'ft, reuenge his death. Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead: Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke, As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood, Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered. Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity, Which renders good for bad, Bleffings for Curfes. An. Villaine, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man, No Beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pitty. Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beaft. An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth! Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are fo angry: Vouchsafe (divine perfection of a Woman) Of these supposed Crimes, to give me leave By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe. An. Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man) Of these knowne eails, but to give me leave By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe. Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue Some patient leyfure to excuse my selfe. An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, Thou can'ft make no excuse currant, But to hang thy felfe. Rich. By fuch dispaire, I should accuse my selfe. An. And by dispairing shalt thou stand excused, For doing worthy Vengeance on thy felfe, That did'ft vnworthy flaughter vpon others. Rich. Say that I flew them not. An. Then fay they were not flaine: But dead they are, and divellish slave by thee. Rich. I did not kill your Husband. An. Why then he is alive. Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands.

That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltleffe Shoulders. An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde, That neuer dream'ft on ought but Butcheries: Did'ft thou not kill this King? Rich. I graunt ye.

An. Do'ft grant me Hedge-hogge, Then God graunt me too Thou may'ft be damned for that wicked deede, O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous. Rich. The better for the King of heaven that hath him. An. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come. Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to fend him thither: For he was fitter for that place then earth. An. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell. Rich. Yes one place elfe, if you will heare me name it. An. Some dungeon. Rich. Your Bed-chamber. An. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest. Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you. An. I hope fo. Rich. I know fo. But gentle Lady Anne, To leave this keene encounter of our wittes, And fall fomething into a flower method. Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths Of these Plantagenets, Henrie and Edward, As blamefull as the Executioner. An. Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect. Rich. Your beauty was the cause of that effect: Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe, To vndertake the death of all the world, So I might live one houre in your fweet bosome. An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide, These Nailes should rent that beauty from my Cheekes. Rich. These eyes could not endure y beauties wrack, You should not blemish it, if I stood by; As all the world is cheared by the Sunne, So I by that: It is my day, my life. An. Blacke night ore-shade thy day, & death thy life. Rich. Curse not thy selfe faire Creature, Thou art both. An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee. Rich. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall, To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee. An. It is a quarrell just and reasonable, To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband. Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband, Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband. An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth. Rich. He lives, that loves thee better then he could. An. Name him. Rich. Plantagenet. An. Why that was he. Rich. The felfesame name, but one of better Nature. An. Where is he? Rich. Heere: Spits at bim. Why dost thou spit at me. An. Would it were mortall poyfon, for thy fake. Rich. Neuer came poyson from so sweet a place. An. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler Toade. Out of my fight, thou dost infect mine eyes. Rich. Thine eyes (fweet Lady) have infected mine.

An. Would they were Bafiliskes, to strike thee dead. Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once: For now they kill me with a liuing death. Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt Teares;

An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'ft,

But that thy Brothers beate afide the point.

Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoaking in his blood:

The which, thou once didd'ft bend against her brest,

Rich. I was prouoked by her fland'rous tongue,

Queene Margaret faw

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops: These eyes, which neuer shed remorfefull teare, No, when my Father Yorke, and Edward wept, To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made When black-fac'd Clifford shooke his fword at him. Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe, Told the fad storie of my Fathers death, And twenty times, made paufe to fob and weepe: That all the standers by had wet their cheekes Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time, My manly eyes did fcorne an humble teare: And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale, Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping. I neuer fued to Friend, nor Enemy: My Tongue could never learne fweet fmoothing word. But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee, My proud heart fues, and prompts my tongue to speake.

She lookes fornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip fuch Scorne; for it was made

For kiffing Lady, not for fuch contempt.

If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,

Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,

Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,

And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly begge the death vpon my knee.

He layes his brest open, she offers at with his sword. Nay do not pause: For I did kill King Henrie, But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.

Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabb'd yong Edward, But 'twas thy Heauenly face that set me on.

She fals the Sword. Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.

An. Arise Diffembler, though I wish thy death, I will not be thy Executioner.

Rich. Then bid me kill my felfe, and I will do it.
An. I haue already.

Rich. That was in thy rage:

Speake it againe, and even with the word, This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Love, Shall for thy love, kill a farre truer Love, To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

An. I would I knew thy heart.

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

An. I feare me, both are false.

Rich. Then neuer Man was true.

An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.

Rich. Say then my Peace is made.

An. That shalt thou know heereafter.

Rich. But shall I live in hope.

An. All men I hope live so.

Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.

Rich. Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger, Euen so thy Brest incloseth my poore heart:
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore deuoted Servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirme his happinesse for ever.

An. What is it?

Rich. That it may please you leave these sad designes, To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner, And presently repayre to Crosbie House:
Where (after I have solemnly interr'd At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King, And wet his Grave with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expedient duty see you,

For divers vnknowne Reasons, I beseech you, Grant me this Boon.

An. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too, To fee you are become so penitent.

Tressel and Barkley, go along with me.

Rich. Bid me farwell.

An. 'Tis more then you deferue:
But fince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue faide farewell already.

Exit two with Anne.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?

Rich. No: to White Friars, there attend my comming

Exit Coarse

Was euer woman in this humour woo'd? Was euer woman in this humour wonne? Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long. What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father, To take her in her hearts extreamest hate, With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes, The bleeding witnesse of my hatred by, Hauing God, her Conscience, and these bars against me, And I, no Friends to backe my fuite withall, But the plaine Diuell, and diffembling lookes? And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing. Hah! Hath fhe forgot alreadie that braue Prince, Edward, her Lord, whom I (fome three monthes fince) Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury? A fweeter, and a louelier Gentleman, Fram'd in the prodigallity of Nature: Yong, Valiant, Wise, and (no doubt) right Royal, The spacious World cannot againe affoord: And will she yet abase her eyes on me, That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince, And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed? On me, whose All not equals Edwards Moytie? On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus? My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier! I do mistake my person all this while: Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot) My selfe to be a maru'llous proper man. Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glaffe, And entertaine a score or two of Taylors, To study fashions to adorne my body: Since I am crept in fauour with my felfe, I will maintaine it with fome little coft. But first Ile turne you Fellow in his Graue, And then returne lamenting to my Loue. Shine out faire Sunne, till I have bought a glaffe, That I may fee my Shadow as I passe. exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.

Riu. Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maiesty Will soone recouer his accustom'd health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,

And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray.

If he were dead, what would betide on me? Gray. No other harme, but loffe of fuch a Lord. Qu. The loffe of fuch a Lord, includes all harmes. Gray. The Heauens haue bleft you with a goodly Son,

To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority Is put vnto the trust of Richard Glouster, A man that loues not me, nor none of you. Riu. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet: But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby. Buc. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace. Der. God make your Maiesty ioyful, as you have bin Qu. The Counteffe Richmond, good my L. of Derby. To your good prayer, will fcarfely fay, Amen. Yet Derby, notwithstanding shee's your wife, And loues not me, be you good Lord affur'd, I hate not you for her proud arrogance. Der. I do beseech you, either not beleeue The enuious flanders of her false Accusers: Or if she be accus'd on true report, Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds From wayward ficknesse, and no grounded malice.

Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby. Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I, Are come from visiting his Maiesty.

Que. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords. Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully. Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. I Madam, he defires to make attonement Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers, And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine, And fent to warne them to his Royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be, I feare our happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it, Who is it that complaines vnto the King, Thar I (forfooth) am sterne, and love them not? By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly, That fill his eares with fuch diffentious Rumors. Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire, Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceive, and cogge, Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie, I must be held a rancorous Enemy. Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme, But thus his simple truth must be abus'd, With filken, flye, infinuating Iackes?

Grey. To who in all this presence speaks your Grace? Rich. To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace: When have I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong? Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction? A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace (Whom God preserve better then you would wish) Cannot be quiet scarse a breathing while, But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter: The King on his owne Royall disposition, (And not prouok'd by any Sutor else) Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred,

That in your outward action shewes it selfe Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe, Makes him to fend, that he may learne the ground.

Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad, That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch. Since euerie Iaeke became a Gentleman, There's many a gentle person made a lacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother You enuy my advancement, and my friends: God grant we neuer may have neede of you.

Rich. Meane time, God grants that I have need of you. Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes, My selse disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie Held in contempt, while great Promotions Are daily given to ennoble those That scarse some two dayes since were worth a Noble.

Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height, From that contented hap which I injoy'd, I neuer did incense his Maiestie Against the Duke of Clarence, but have bin An earnest advocate to plead for him. My Lord you do me shamefull iniurie, Falfely to draw me in thefe vile fufpects. Rich! You may deny that you were not the meane

Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

Riu. She may my Lord, for-Rich. She may Lord Rivers, why who knowes not fo? She may do more fir then denying that: She may helpe you to many faire preferments, And then deny her ayding hand therein, And lay those Honors on your high defert. What may she not, she may, I marry may she.

Riu. What marry may she?
Ric. What marrie may she? Marrie with a King, A Batcheller, and a handsome stripling too, I wis your Grandam had a worfer match.

Qu. My Lord of Gloufter, I have too long borne Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes: By heaven, I will acquaint his Maiestie Of those grosse taunts that oft I have endur'd. I had rather be a Countrie feruant maide Then a great Queene, with this condition, To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at, Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And lefned be that fmall, God I befeech him, Thy honor, state, and seate, is due to me.

Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King? I will auouch't in presence of the King: I dare aduenture to be fent to th'Towre.

'Tis time to speake, My paines are quite forgot. Margaret. Out Divell, I do remember them too well:

Thou killd'ft my Husband Henrie in the Tower, And Edward my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.

Rich. Ere you were Queene, I, or your Husband King : I was a packe-horse in his great affaires: A weeder out of his proud Adverfaries, A liberall rewarder of his Friends, To royalize his blood, I spent mine owne. Margaret. I and much better blood Then his, or thine.

Rich.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband Grey Were factious, for the House of Lancaster; And Rivers, so were you: Was not your Husband, In Margarets Battaile, at Saint Albons, slaine? Let me put in your mindes, if you forget What you have beene ere this, and what you are: Withall, what I have beene, and what I am.

Q.M. A murth'rous Villaine, and fo still thou art. Rich. Poore Clarence did forfake his Father Warnicke, I, and forfwore himselse (which Iesu pardon.)

Q. M. Which God reuenge.

Rich. To fight on Edwards partie, for the Crowne, And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp: I would to God my heart were Flint, like Edwards, Or Edwards foft and pittifull, like mine; I am too childish foolish for this World.

2.M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leave this World

Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.

Riu. My Lord of Glofter: in those busie dayes, Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies, We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King, So should we you, if you should be our King.

Rich. If I should be ? I had rather be a Pedler: Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose You should enioy, were you this Countries King, As little ioy you may suppose in me, That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.

Q.M. A little loy enloyes the Queene thereof,
For I am shee, and altogether loylesse:
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:
Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me?

Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me?

If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subjects;

Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebells.

Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away.

Rich Foole wringland Witch what make the bells.

Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my 2.M. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,

That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Rich. Wert thou not banished, on paine of death? Q.M. I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment, Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode. A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me, And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegeance: This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours, And all the Pleasures you vsurpe, are mine.

Rich. The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee, When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper, And with thy scornes drew'st Riuers from his eyes, And then to dry them gau'st the Duke a Clowt, Steep'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie Rutland: His Curses then, from bitternesse of Soule, Denounc'd against thee, are all falne vpon thee: And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Qu. So iust is God, to right the innocent. Hast. O,'twas the soulest deed to say that Babe, And the most mercilesse, that ere was heard of. Riu. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported. Dors. No man but prophecied revenge for it. Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q.M. What? were you fnarling all before I came, Ready to catch each other by the throat, And turne you all your hatred now on me? Did Yorkes dread Curfe prevaile fo much with Heaven, That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,

Their Kingdomes loffe, my wofull Banishment, Should all but answer for that peeuish Brat? Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen? Why then give way dull Clouds to my quick Curfes. Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King, As ours by Murther, to make him a King. Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales, For Edward our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales, Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence. Thy felfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene, Out-live thy glory, like my wretched felfe: Long may'ft thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death, And see another, as I see thee now, Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine. Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death, And after many length'ned howres of griefe, Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene. Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by, And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my Sonne Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him, That none of you may liue his naturall age, But by some vnlook'd accident cut off. Rich. Haue done thy Charme, y hateful wither'd Hagge. Q.M. And leave out thee? stay Dog, for y shalt heare me.

If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in store, Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee, O let them keepe it, till thy finnes be ripe, And then hurle downe their indignation On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace. The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule, Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'st, And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends: No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine, Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills. Thou eluish mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge, Thou that wast seal'd in thy Nativitie The slaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell: Thou slander of thy heavie Mothers Wombe, Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes, Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested --

Rich. Margaret.
Q.M. Richard. Rich. Ha.
Q.M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke, That thou hadft call'd me all these bitter names.

Q.M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.

Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

Qu. Thus have you breath'd your Curse against your self.

Q.M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune, Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider, Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about? Foole, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe: The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me, To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toade.

Hast. False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse, Least to thy harme, thou moue our patience.

Q.M.Foule shame vpon you, you have all mou'd mine. Ri. Were you wel feru'd, you would be taught your duty. Q.M. To serve me well, you all should do me duty, Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subjects: O serve me well, and teach your selves that duty.

Dorf. Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.
Q.M. Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of Honor is scarce currant.

0

O that your yong Nobility could iudge What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable. They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them, And if they fall, they dash themselues to peeces. Rich. Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Mar-

Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me. Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne so high: Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,

And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne. Mar. And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas, Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death, Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath Hath in eternall darkneffe folded vp. Your avery buildeth in our averies Nest: O God that seeft it, do not suffer it, As it is wonne with blood, lost be it so.

Buc. Peace, peace for shame: If not, for Charity. Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor shame to me: Vncharitably with me haue you dealt, And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd. My Charity is outrage, Life my shame, And in that shame, still live my forrowes rage.

Buc. Haue done, haue done.

Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kiffe thy hand, In figne of League and amity with thee: Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house: Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood: Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buc. Nor no one heere : for Curses never passe The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.

Mar. I will not thinke but they ascend the sky, And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace. O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge: Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites, His venom tooth will rankle to the death. Haue not to do with him, beware of him, Sinne, death, and hell have fet their markes on him, And all their Ministers attend on him.

Rich. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham. Buc. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Mar. What dost thou scorne me

For my gentle counsell?

And footh the diuell that I warne thee from. O but remember this another day:

When he shall split thy yery heart with forrow: And fay (poore Margaret) was a Prophetesse:

Liue each of you the subiects to his hate, And he to yours, and all of you to Gods.

Buc. My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses. Riu. And so doth mine, I muse why she's at libertie. Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Mar. I neuer did her any to my knowledge. Rich. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:

I was too hot, to do fomebody good, That is too cold in thinking of it now: Marry as for Clarence, he is well repayed: He is frank'd vp to fatting for his paines, God pardon them, that are the cause thereof.

Riu. A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion To pray for them that have done scath to vs.

Rich. So do I euer, being well aduis'd. Speakes to himselfe.

For had I curst now, I had curst my selfe.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you, And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord. Qu. Catesby I come, Lords will you go with mee. Riu. We wait vpon your Grace.

Exeunt all but Gloster.

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle. The fecret Mischeefes that I set abroach, I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others. Clarence, who I indeede haue cast in darknesse, I do beweepe to many fimple Gulles, Namely to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham, And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies, That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother. Now they beleeue it, and withall whet me To be reueng'd on Rivers, Dorfet, Grey. But then I figh, and with a peece of Scripture, Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill: And thus I cloath my naked Villanie With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ, And seeme a Saint, when most I play the deuill.

Enter two murtherers.

But foft, heere come my Executioners, How now my hardy frout resolued Mates, Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

Vil. We are my Lord, and come to have the Warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Ric. Well thought vpon, I have it heare about me: When you have done, repayre to Crosby place; But firs be fodaine in the execution, Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade; For Clarence is well spoken, and perhappes May moue your hearts to pitty, if you marke him.

Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,

Talkers are no good dooers, be affur'd: We go to vie our hands, and not our tongues.

Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fooles eyes fall Teares:

I like you Lads, about your bufinesse straight. Go, go, dispatch.

Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper. Keep. Why lookes your Grace fo heauily to day. Cla. O, I have past a miserable night, So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly fights, That as I am a Christian faithfull man, I would not fpend another fuch a night Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies: So full of difmall terror was the time. Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me Cla.Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower, And was embark'd to croffe to Burgundy, And in my company my Brother Glouster, Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke, Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England, And cited vp a thousand heavy times,

During

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster That had befalne vs. As we pac'd along Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches, Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling Strooke me (that thought to flay him) ouer-boord, Into the tumbling billowes of the maine. O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne, What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares, What fights of vgly death within mine eyes. Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes: A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon: Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle, Inestimable Stones, vnvalewed Iewels, All scattred in the bottome of the Sea, Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept (As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes, That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe, And mock'd the dead bones that lay fcattred by. Keep. Had you fuch leyfure in the time of death

To gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe?

Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I striue
To yeeld the Ghost: but still the enuious Flood
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre:
But smother'd it within my panting bulke,

Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this fore Agony? Clar. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life. O then, began the Tempest to my Soule. I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood, With that fowre Ferry-man which Poets write of, Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night. The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule, Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke, Who spake alowd: What scourge for Periurie, Can this darke Monarchy affoord false Clarence? And fo he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by, A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre Dabbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out alowd Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periur'd Clarence, That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury: Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment. With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noise,

Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.

Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.

I (trembling) wak'd, and for a feafon after,

Could not beleeue, but that I was in Hell,

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things (That now give evidence against my Soule)
For Edwards sake, and see how he requits mee.
O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misseeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O spare my guiltlesse Wise, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while,
My Soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.

Keep.I will my Lord, God give your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing houres, Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:

Princes have but their Titles for their Glories, An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle, And for vnfelt Imaginations They often feele a world of reftleffe Cares: So that betweene their Titles, and low Name, There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1. Mur. Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What would'ft thou Fellow? And how camm'ft thou hither.

2. Mur. I would fpeak with Clarence, and I came hither on my Legges.

Bra. What so breefe?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:

Let him see our Commission, and talke no more. Reads
Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliver

The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands. I will not reason what is meant heereby, Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning. There lies the Duke assep, and there the Keyes. Ile to the King, and signific to him, That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

I You may fir, 'tis a point of wisedome: Far you well.

2 What, shall we stab him as he sleepes.

1 No: hee'l fay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes 2 Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudge-

ment day.

I Why then hee'l fay, we flab'd him fleeping.

2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a kinde of remorfe in me.

I What? art thou affraid?

2 Not to kill him, having a Warrant, But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which No Warrant can defend me.

I I thought thou had'ft bin resolute.

2 So I am, to let him liue.

I Ile backe to the Duke of Gloufter, and tell him fo.

2 Nay, I prythee stay a little:

I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change, It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

How do't they feels the feels the feels are and they feel they f

I How do'ft thou feele thy felfe now?

- 2 Some certaine dregges of confcience are yet within mee.
 - I Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.
 - 2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 Where's thy conscience now.

2 O, in the Duke of Glousters purse.

- I When hee opens his purse to give vs our Reward, thy Conscience flyes out.
- 2 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it.

I What if it come to thee againe?

2 Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward: A man cannot steale, but it accuseth him: A man cannot Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans bosome: It filles a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a Pursse of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any man that keepes it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Citties for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well, endeuours to trust to himselfe, and live vvithout it.

Exit.

r 'Tis euen now at my elbow, perswading me not to kill the Dkue.

2 Take the divell in thy minde, and believe him not: He would infinuate with thee but to make thee figh.

I I am strong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.

2 Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation.

Come, shall we fall to worke?

I Take him on the Costard, with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmesey-Butte in the next roome.

2 O excellent device; and make a fop of him.

I Soft, he wakes.

2 Strike.

I No, wee'l reason with him.

Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.
2 You shall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?

I A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am Royall.

1 Nor you as we are, Loyall.

Cla. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.

I My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkly, and how deadly doft thou speake?

our eves do menace me: why looke you pale?

Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale? Who fent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both. I, I.

Cla. You fcarfely have the hearts to tell me fo, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein my Friends have I offended you?

I Offended vs you have not, but the King. Cla. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.
2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cla. Are you drawne forth among a world of men To flay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the Euidence that doth accuse me? What lawfull Quest have given their Verdict vp Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd The bitter fentence of poore Clarence death, Before I be convict by course of Law? To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull. I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse, That you depart, and lay no hands on me: The deed you vndertake is damnable.

What we will do, we do vpon command.

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cla. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings Hath in the Table of his Law commanded That thou shalt do no murther. Will you then Spurne at his Edict, and sulfill a Mans? Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand, To hurle upon their heads that breake his Law.

2 And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee, For salse Forswearing, and for murther too: Thou did'st receive the Sacrament, to fight

In quarrell of the House of Lancaster.

I And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Did'st breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Vnrip'st the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.

2 Whom thou was't fworne to cherish and defend.

I How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,

When thou hast broke it in such deere degree?

Cla. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deede?

For Edward, for my Brother, for his sake.

He sends you not to murther me for this:

For in that finne, he is as deepe as I.

If God will be auenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publiquely,
Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:
He needs no indirect, or lawleffe courfe,
To cut off those that have offended him.

r Who made thee then a bloudy minister, When gallant springing braue Plantagenet, That Princely Nouice was strucke dead by thee?

Cla. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.

I Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults,

Prouoke vs hither now, to flaughter thee.

Cla. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me: I am his Brother, and I loue him well. If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe, And I will fend you to my Brother Glouster: Who shall reward you better for my life, Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2 You are deceiu'd, Your Brother Glouster hates you.

Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere: Go you to him from me.

I I fo we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke, Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme, He little thought of this divided Friendship: Bid Glouster thinke on this, and he will weepe.

I I Milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe. Cla. O do not slander him, for he is kinde.

r Right, as Snow in Haruest: Come, you deceive your selfe,

'Tis he that fends vs to destroy you heere.

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune, And hugg'd me in his armes, and fwore with fobs, That he would labour my deliuery.

1 Why so he doth, when he deliuers you From this earths thraldome, to the loyes of heauen.

2 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord. Cla. Haue you that holy feeling in your soules, To counsaile me to make my peace with God, And are you yet to your owne soules so blinde, That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me. O firs consider, they that set you on To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.

2 What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and faue your foules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two fuch murtherers as your felues came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my diftreffe.

r Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

Cla. Not to relent, is beaftly, sauage, diuellish:

My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes:

O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,

A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.

2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.

I Take that, and that, if all this will not do, Stabs him.

Ile drowne you in the Malmesey-But within.

Exit.

2 A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht: How faine (like *Pilate*) would I wash my hands Of this most greeuous murther. Enter 1. Murtherer

I How now? what mean'ft thou that thou help'st me not? By Heauen the Duke shall know how slacke you have beene.

r 3

2 I

Exit

2. Mur. I would he knew that I had sau'd his brother, Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say, For I repent me that the Duke is slaine.

Exit.

I. Mur. So do not I: go Coward as thou art. Well, He go hide the body in some hole, Till that the Duke give order for his buriall: And when I have my meede, I will away, For this will out, and then I must not stay.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.

Rich.Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.

King, Happy indeed, as we have spent the day: Gloster, we have done deeds of Charity, Made peace of enmity, faire love of hate, Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

Rich. A bleffed labour my most Soueraigne Lord: Among this Princely heape, if any heere By false intelligence, or wrong surmize Hold me a Foe: If I vnwillingly, or in my rage, Haue ought committed that is hardly borne, To any in this presence, I desire To reconcile me to his Friendly peace: 'Tis death to me to be at enmitie: I hate it, and defire all good mens loue, First Madam, I intreate true peace of you, Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice. Of you my Noble Cofin Buckingham, If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs. Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset, That all without defert haue frown'd on me: Of you Lord Wooduill, and Lord Scales of you, Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all. I do not know that Englishman aliue, With whom my foule is any iot at oddes, More then the Infant that is borne to night: I thanke my God for my Humility.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept heereafter: I would to God all strifes were well compounded. My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse To take our Brother Clarence to your Grace.

Rich. Why Madam, haue I offred loue for this,
To be so flowted in this Royall presence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead?
You do him injurie to scorne his Coarse.

All flart.

King. Who knowes not he is dead? Who knowes he is?

Qu. All-feeing heauen, what a world is this? Buc. Looke I so pale Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the prefence, But his red colour hath for looke his cheekes.

King. Is Clarence dead? The Order was reuerst. Rich. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed, And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to see him buried.
God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from Suspition.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my feruice done.

King. I prethee peace, my foule is full of forrow.

Der. I will not rife, vnleffe your Highnes heare me.

King. Then fay at once, what is it thou requests.

Der. The forseit (Soueraigne) of my feruants life,

Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman, Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.

King. Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death? And shall that tongue giue pardon to a slaue? My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought, And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Actus Secundus. Scana Prima.

Flourifs.
Enter the King sicke, the Queene, Lord Marquesse
Dorset, Riuers, Hastings, Gatesby,
Buckingham, Wooduill.

King. Why so: now haue I done a good daies work. You Peeres, continue this vnited League:
I, euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorset and Rivers, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, Sweare your loue.

Riu. By heauen, my foule is purg'd from grudging hate And with my hand I feale my true hearts Loue.

Haft. So thriue I, as I truly fweare the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Left he that is the fupreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden fallhood and award

Confound your hidden falshood, and award Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

Ri. And I, as I loue Hastings with my heart,

King. Madam, your selfe is not exempt from this:

King. Madam, your felfe is not exempt from this Nor you Sonne Dorfet, Buckingham nor you; You have bene factious one against the other. Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiffe your hand, And what you do, do it vnseignedly.

Qu. There Hastings, I will never more remember Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.

King. Dorset, imbrace him: Hastings, loue Lord Marquesse.

Dor. This interchange of loue, I heere protest

Vpon my part, shall be inuiolable.

Haft. And so sweare I.

King. Now Princely Buckingham, seale y this league With thy embracements to my wines Allies,

And make me happy in your vnity.

Buc. When ever Buckingham doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious love,
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love,
When I have most need to imploy a Friend,
And most assured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

Embrace

King. A pleafing Cordiall, Princely Buckingham.

Is this thy Yow, vnto my fickely heart:
There wanteth now our Brother Gloster heere,

To make the bleffed period of this peace.

Buc. And in good time,

Heere comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the Duke.

Who fued to me for him? Who (in my wrath) Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd? Who fpoke of Brother-hood? who fpoke of loue? Who told me how the poore foule did forfake The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me? Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury, When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me: And faid deare Brother liue, and be a King? Who told me, when we both lay in the Field, Frozen(almost) to death, how he did lap me Euen in his Garments, and did give himselfe (All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night? All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you Had fo much grace to put it in my minde. But when your Carters, or your wayting Vasfalls Haue done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd The precious Image of our deere Redeemer, You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon, And I (vniustly too) must grant it you. But for my Brother, not a man would speake, Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all, Haue bin beholding to him in his life: Yet none of you, would once begge for his life. O God! I feare thy justice will take hold On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this. Come Hastings helpe me to my Closset. Ah poore Clarence. Exeunt some with K.O Queen.

Rich. This is the fruits of rashnes: Markt you not, How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene Look'd pale, when they did heare of Clarence death. O! they did vrge it still vnto the King, God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,

To comfort Edward with our company. Buc. We wait vpon your Grace.

exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead? Dutch. No Boy.

Daugh. Why do weepe so oft? And beate your Brest?

And cry, O Clarence, my vnhappy Sonne. Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head, And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Castawayes,

If that our Noble Father were aliue?

Dut. My pretty Cofins, you mistake me both, I do lament the ficknesse of the King, As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death: It were loft forrow to waile one that's loft.

Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead: The King mine Vnckle is too blame for it. God will reuenge it, whom I will importune With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And fo will I.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel. Incapeable, and shallow Innocents,

You cannot gueffe who caus'd your Fathers death. Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnkle Gloster Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene, Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him; And when my Vnckle told me fo, he wept, And pittied me, and kindly kift my cheeke: Bad me rely on him, as on my Father, And he would loue me deerely as a childe.

Dut. Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape, And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice. He is my fonne, I, and therein my shame, Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did diffemble Grandam?

Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noise is this?

Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears, Rivers & Dorset after ber.

Qu. Ahl who shall hinder me to waile and weepe? To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe. Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule, And to my selfe, be come an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience? Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence. Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead. Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone? Why wither not the leaves that want their fap? If you will live, Lament: if dye, be breefe, That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings, Or like obedient Subjects follow him, To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.

Dut. Ah so much interest have in thy sorrow, As I had Title in thy Noble Husband: I have be wept a worthy Husbands death, And liu'd with looking on his Images: But now two Mirrors of his Princely femblance, Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death, And I for comfort, have but one false Glaffe, That greeues me, when I fee my shame in him. Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother, And hast the comfort of thy Children left, But death hath fnatch'd my Husband from mine Armes, And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands, Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I, (Thine being but a moity of my moane) To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.

Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death: How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?

Daugh. Our fatherleffe diffreffe was left vnmoan'd, Your widdow-dolour, likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in Lamentation, I am not barren to bring forth complaints: All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes, That I being gouern'd by the waterie Moone, May fend forth plenteous teares to drowne the World. Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord Edward.

Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord Clarence. Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence. Qu. What stay had I but Edmard, and hee's gone? Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Dut. What stayes had I, but they? and they are gone. Qu. Was never widdow had fo deere a loffe. Chil. Were neuer Orphans had so deere a losse.

Dut. Was neuer Mother had so deere a losse. Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes, Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall. She for an Edward weepes, and so do I:

I for a Clarence weepes, fo doth not fhee: These Babes for Clarence weepe, so do not they. Alas! you three, on me threefold diffrest: Power all your teares, I am your forrowes Nurse, And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd, That you take with vnthankfulnesse his doing. In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull, With dull vnwillingnesse to repay a debt, Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent: Much more to be thus opposite with heaven, For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.

Rivers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother Of the young Prince your sonne: send straight for him, Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues. Drowne desperate sorrow in dead Edwards grave, And plant your loyes in living Edwards Throne.

> Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derbie, Hastings, and Ratcliffe.

Rich. Sifter have comfort, all of vs have cause To waile the dimming of our shining Starre: But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them. Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie, I did not fee your Grace. Humbly on my knee, I craue your Bleffing.

Dut. God bleffe thee, and put meeknes in thy breaft,

Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man, That is the butt-end of a Mothers bleffing; I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out.

Buc. You clowdy-Princes, & hart-forowing-Peeres, That beare this heavie mutuall loade of Moane, Now cheere each other, in each others Loue: Though we have spent our Haruest of this King, We are to reape the Haruest of his Sonne. The broken rancour of your high-fwolne hates, But lately splinter'd, knit, and ioyn'd together, Must gently be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept : Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine, Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Rivers. Why with fome little Traine,

My Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Marrie my Lord, least by a multitude, The new-heal'd wound of Malice should breake out, Which would be so much the more dangerous, By how much the estate is greene, and yet vngouern'd. Where every Horse beares his commanding Reine, And may direct his course as please himselfe, As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant, In my opinion, ought to be preuented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs, And the compact is firme, and true in me.

Riu. And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all. Yet fince it is but greene, it should be put To no apparant likely-hood of breach, Which haply by much company might be vrg'd: Therefore I fay with Noble Buckingham, That it is meete fo few should fetch the Prince.

Haft. And so fay I. Rich. Then be it fo, and go we to determine Who they shall be that strait shall poste to London. Madam, and you my Sifter, will you go To give your censures in this businesse.

Manet Buckingham, and Richard. Buc. My Lord, who euer journies to the Prince, For God fake let not vs two ftay at home: For by the way, Ile fort occasion, As Index to the story we late talk'd of, To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rich. My other felfe, my Counsailes Confistory, My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cosin, I, as a childe, will go by thy direction, Toward London then, for wee'l not flay behinde. Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1. Cit. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away fo

2. Cit. I promise you, I scarlely know my selfe: Heare you the newes abroad?

1. Yes, that the King is dead.

2. Ill newes byrlady, seldome comes the better: I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed.

1. Giue you good morrow fir.

3. Doth the newes hold of good king Edwards death?

2. I fir, it is too true, God helpe the while.

3. Then Mafters looke to fee a troublous world. 1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.

3. Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe.

2. In him there is a hope of Gouernment, Which in his nonage, counsell vnder him, And in his full and ripened yeares, himfelfe No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.

r. So flood the State, when Henry the fixt Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

3. Stood the State fo? No, no, good friends, God wot For then this Land was famously enrich'd With politike graue Counfell; then the King Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.

1. Why fo hath this, both by his Father and Mother.

3. Better it were they all came by his Father: Or by his Father there were none at all: For emulation, who shall now be neerest, Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not. O full of danger is the Duke of Glouster, And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud: And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule, This fickly Land, might folace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well. 3. When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their clokes; When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand : When the Sun fets, who doth not looke for night? Vntimely stormes, makes men expect a Dearth: All may be well; but if God fort it fo, 'Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare: You cannot reason (almost) with a man, That lookes not heavily, and full of dread.

3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it fo, By a divine instinct, mens mindes mistrust

Enfuing

Pursuing danger: as by proofe we see The Water swell before a boyst'rous storme: But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 Marry we were fent for to the Iustices. 3 And fo was I: Ile beare you company.

Exennt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop , yong Yorke, the Queene, and the Dutchesse.

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford, And at Northampton they do rest to night: To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.

Dut. I long with all my heart to fee the Prince: I hope he is much growne fince last I saw him.

Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke Ha's almost ouertane him in his growth.

Yorke. I Mother, but I would not have it so. Dut. Why my good Cosin, it is good to grow. Yor. Grandam, one night as we did fit at Supper,

My Vnkle Rivers talk'd how I did grow More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Glouster, Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace. And fince, me thinkes I would not grow fo fast, Because sweet Flowres are slow, and Weeds make hast.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the faying did not hold In him that did obiect the same to thee. He was the wretched'ft thing when he was yong,

So long a growing, and fo leyfurely,

That if his rule were true, he should be gracious. Yor. And fo no doubt he is, my gracious Madam. Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt. Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,

I could have given my Vnkles Grace, a flout, To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.

Dut. How my yong Yorke, I prythee let me heare it.

Yor. Marry (they fay) my Vnkle grew fo fast, That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old, 'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth. Grandam, this would have beene a byting Iest.

Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

Yor. Grandam, his Nurse.

Dut. His Nurse? why she was dead, ere y wast borne. Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Qu. A parlous Boy:go too, you are too shrew'd. Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe. Qu. Pitchers haue eares.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes? Mef. Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to report. Qu. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well Madam, and in health. Dut. What is thy Newes?

Meff. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, Are fent to Pomfret, and with them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Mef. The mighty Dukes, Glouster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mef. The fumme of all I can, I have disclos'd: Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed, Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord.

Qu. Aye me! I see the ruine of my House: The Tyger now hath feiz'd the gentle Hinde, Infulting Tiranny beginnes to Jutt Vpon the innocent and awelesse Throne: Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre,

I fee (as in a Map) the end of all.

Dut. Accurfed, and vnquiet wrangling dayes, How many of you have mine eyes beheld? My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne, And often vp and downe my fonnes were tost For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaine and loffe. And being feated, and Domesticke broyles Cleane ouer-blowne, themselues the Conquerors, Make warre vpon themselues, Brother to Brother; Blood to blood, felfe against felfe: O prepostorous And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene, Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.

Madam, farwell.

Dut. Stay, I will go with you. Qu. You have no cause. Arch. My gracious Lady go, And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes, For my part, Ile refigne vnto your Grace The Seale I keepe, and fo betide to me, As well I tender you, and all of yours. Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius. Scana Prima.

The Trumpets found. Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham, Lord Cardinall, with others.

Buc. Welcome fweete Prince to London, To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome deere Cofin, my thoughts Soueraign

The wearie way hath made you Melancholly. Prin. No Vnkle, but our croffes on the way, Haue made it tedious, wearifome, and heauie.

I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit: No more can you distinguish of a man, Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes, Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart. Those Vnkles which you want, were dangerous: Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,

But look'd not on the poyfon of their hearts: God keepe you from them, and from fuch false Friends. Prin. God keepe me from false Friends,

But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Maior. God bleffe your Grace, with health and happie dayes.

Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:

I thought my Mother, and my Brother Yorke, Would long, ere this, have met vs on the way. Fie, what a Slug is Hastings, that he comes not To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the fweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I; The Queene your Mother, and your Brother Yorke, Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace, But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene, to send the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely Brother presently?
If she denie, Lord Hassings goe with him,
And from her icalous Armes pluck him persorce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke, Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate To milde entreaties, God forbid We should infringe the holy Priviledge Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,

Would I be guiltie of fo great a finne.

Buck. You are too fencelesse obstinate, my Lord, Too ceremonious, and traditionall.

Weigh it but with the grossensses of this Age, You breake not Sanctuarie, in seizing him:

The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those, whose dealings have deserved the place, And those who have the wit to clayme the place:
This Prince hath neyther claymed it, nor deserved it, And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there, You breake no Priviledge, nor Charter there:
Oft have I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now.

Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once. Come on, Lord Hastings, will you goe with me?

Haft. I goe, my Lord. Exit Cardinall and Haftings.
Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie haft you may.
Say, Vnckle Glocester, if our Brother come,

Where shall we solourne, till our Coronation?

Glo.Where it think'st best vnto your Royall selfe. If I may counsaile you, some day or two
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:

Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower: Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit

For your best health, and recreation.

Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place: Did Iulius Cæsar build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place, Which fince, fucceeding Ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it vpon record? or elfe reported

Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Vpon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred,

Me thinkes the truth should live from age to age.

Me thinkes the truth should live from age to age, As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie, Euen to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wife, so young, they say doe neuer liue long. Prince. What say you, Vnckle?

Glo. I fay, without Characters, Fame liues long. Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie, I morallize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Iulius Cæfar was a famous man, With what his Valour did enrich his Wit, His Wit fet downe, to make his Valour liue: Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror, For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life. Ile tell you what, my Cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?
Prince. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Prince. Richard of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother?

Yorke. Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now. Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:

Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that Title,

Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that Title, Which by his death hath loft much Maiestie. Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?

You faid, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:

The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre. Glo. He hath, my Lord.

Yorke. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Coufin, I must not say so.
Yorke. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.
Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne,

Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne,
But you have power in me, as in a Kinfman.

Yorke. I pray you. Vnckle give me this Dagger.

Yorks. I pray you, Vnckle, give me this Dagger. Glo. My Dagger, little Coufin? with all my heart. Prince. A Begger, Brother?

Yorke. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue, And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Coufin.

Yorke. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I, gentle Coufin, were it light enough.

Yorke. O then I fee, you will part but with light gifts,

In weightier things you'le fay a Begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.

Yorke. I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.

Glo. What, would you have my Weapon, little Lord? Yorks. I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you call me.

Glo. How?

Yorke. Little.

Prince. My Lord of Yorke will still be crosse in talke: Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yorke. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me: Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,

Because that I am little, like an Ape,

He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharpe provided wit he reasons:

To mittigate the scorne he gives his Vnckle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you passe along?

My selfe and my good Cousin Rucking have

My felfe, and my good Cousin Buckingham, Will to your Mother, to entreat of her To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yorke. What,

Yorke. What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord? Prince. My Lord Protector will have it fo. Yorke. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower. Glo. Why, what should you feare? Yorke. Marry, my Vnckle Clarence angry Ghost: My Grandam told me he was murther'd there. Prince. I feare no Vnckles dead. Glo. Nor none that live, I hope. Prince. And if they live, I hope I need not feare.

But come my Lord: and with a heavie heart, Thinking on them, goe I vato the Tower.

A Senet. Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset.

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating Yorke Was not incenfed by his fubtile Mother, To taunt and fcorne you thus opprobrioufly?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy, Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:

Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe. Buck. Well, let them rest: Come hither Catesby, Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend, As closely to conceale what we impart: Thou know'ft our reasons vrg'd vpon the way. What think'ft thou? is it not an easie matter, To make William Lord Hastings of our minde, For the installment of this Noble Duke In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?

Cates. He for his fathers fake fo loues the Prince, That he will not be wonne to ought against him.

Buck. What think'ft thou then of Stanley?

Cates. Hee will doe all in all as Hastings doth. Buck. Well then, no more but this: Goe gentle Catesby, and as it were farre off, Sound thou Lord Hastings, How he doth stand affected to our purpose, And fummon him to morrow to the Tower, To fit about the Coronation. If thou do'ft finde him tractable to vs, Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons: If he be leaden, yoie, cold, vnwilling,

Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke, And give vs notice of his inclination: For we to morrow hold divided Councels, Wherein thy felfe shalt highly be employ'd.

Rich. Commend me to Lord William: tell him Catesby, His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduersaries To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,

And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes, Give Mistresse Shore one gentle Kisse the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, goe effect this businesse soundly. Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can. Rich. Shall we heare from you, Catesby, ere we sleepe? Cates. You shall, my Lord.

Rich. At Crosby House, there shall you find vs both. Exit Catesby.

Buck. Now, my Lord, What shall wee doe, if wee perceive Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our Complots? Rich. Chop off his Head: Something wee will determine: And looke when I am King, clayme thou of me The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moueables Whereof the King, my Brother, was poffest.

Buck. Ile clayme that promise at your Graces hand. Rich. And looke to have it yeelded with all kindnesse. Come, let vs fuppe betimes, that afterwards Wee may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord. Hast. Who knockes?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley. Hast. What is't a Clocke?

Meff. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious

Mess. So it appeares, by that I have to fay: First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.

Haft. What then?
Meff. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night He dreamt, the Bore had rased off his Helme: Besides, he sayes there are two Councels kept; And that may be determin'd at the one, Which may make you and him to rue at th'other. Therefore he fends to know your Lordships pleasure, If you will presently take Horse with him, And with all speed post with him toward the North, To shun the danger that his Soule divines.

Hast. Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord, Bid him not feare the seperated Councell: His Honor and my felfe are at the one, And at the other, is my good friend Catesby; Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs, Whereof I shall not have intelligence: Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance. And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's fo fimple, To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet sumbers. To flye the Bore, before the Bore purfues, Were to incense the Bore to follow vs, And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase. Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me, And we will both together to the Tower, Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly. Mess. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you fay.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord. Hast. Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring: What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State? Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord: And I beleeue will neuer stand vpright, Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. How weare the Garland?

Doeft thou meane the Crowne?

Cates. I, my good Lord. Hast. Ile haue this Crown of mine cut fro my shoulders, Before Ile see the Crowne so soule mis-plac'd: But canft thou gueffe, that he doth ayme at it?

Cates. I,

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward, Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he fends you this good newes,
That this fame very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes, Because they have beene still my adversaries:
But, that Ile give my voice on Richards side,
To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

Cates. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue-month hence, That they which brought me in my Masters hate, I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie.
Well Catesby, ere a fort-night make me older,

Ile fend fome packing, that yet thinke not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.

Hast: O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill doe With some men else, that thinke themselves as safe As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you, For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.

Haß. I know they doe, and I haue well deferu'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man?

Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprouided?

Stan My Lord good morrows good morrows. Cates

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow Catesby: You may least on, but by the holy Rood,

I doe not like these severall Councels, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest,
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now:
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Sta. The Lords at Pomfret, whe they rode from London,

Were iocund, and suppos'd their states were sure, And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast.
This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you: Wot you what, my Lord,

To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded. Sta. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads, Then fome that have accus'd them, weare their Hats. But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuiuant.

Hast. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.

Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.

How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to aske.

Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,

Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:

Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the Queenes Allyes.

But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)

This day those Enemies are put to death,

And I in better state then ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your Honors good content.

Haft. Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.

Throwes bim his Purse.

Purs. I thanke your Honor. Exit Pursuiuant.

Enter a Priest.

Prieft. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to fee your Honor.

Hast. I thanke thee, good Sir Iohn, with all my heart. I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:

Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you.

Priest. Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Prieft, Lord Chamberlaine? Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Prieft, Your Honor hath no shriving worke in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man, The men you talke of, came into my minde.

What, goe you toward the Tower?

Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:

I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.

Hast. New like enough for I stay Dinner there.

Hast. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.

Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.

Come, will you goe?

Hast. Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Rivers. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this, To day shalt thou behold a Subject die, For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.

Grey. God bleffe the Prince from all the Pack of you, A Knot you are, of damned Blood-fuckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this heere-

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.
Rivers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!
Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie Closure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:
And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,

Wee give to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

Grey. Now Margarets Curse is falne upon our Heads,
When shee exclaim'd on Hassings, you, and I,

For standing by, when Richard stab'd her Sonne.
Rivers. Then curs'd shee Richard,

Then curs'd shee Buckingham,
Then curs'd shee Hastings. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:
And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,
Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.

Riuers. Come Grey, come Vaughan, let vs here embrace.

Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.

Exeunt. Scena

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Louell, with others, at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met, Is to determine of the Coronation:
In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?
Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time?
Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To morrow then I judge a happie day.
Buck. Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his minde.

Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,

He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord Hastings, you and he are neere in loue.
Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I have not founded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,
Which I presume hee'le take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himfelfe.
Rich. My Noble Lords, and Coufins all, good morrow:
I have beene long a fleeper: but I truft,
My absence doth neglect no great defigne,
Which by my presence might have beene concluded.

Buck. Had you not come vpon your Q my Lord, William, Lord Hastings, had pronounc'd your part; I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.

Rich. Then my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder, His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well. My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne, I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there, I doe beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

Catesby hath founded Hastings in our businesse,

And findes the testie Gentleman so hot,

That he will lose his Head, ere give consent

His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it,

Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne.

Buck Withdraw your selfe a while. He goe with your

Buck. Withdraw your felfe a while, Ile goe with you.

Darb. We have not yet fet downe this day of Triumph: To morrow, in my iudgement, is too fudden, For I my felfe am not fo well provided, As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster?

I haue fent for these Strawberries.

Ha.His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning,

There's some conceit or other likes him well, When that he bids good morrow with such spirit. I thinke there's neuer a man in Christendome Can lesser hide his loue, or hate, then hee, For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.

Darb. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face, By any livelyhood he shew'd to day?

Haft. Mary, that with no man here he is offended: For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deferue, That doe confpire my death with diuellish Plots Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue prevail'd Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.

Haft. The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord, Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence, To doome th'Offendors, whosoe're they be: I fay, my Lord, they have deserved death.

Rich. Then be your eyes the witnesse of their euill.

Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp:

And this is Edwards Wise, that monstrous Witch,
Conforted with that Harlot, Strumpet Shore,
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.

Haft. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord.
Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Is: thou art a Traytor,
Off with his Head; now by Saint Paul I sweare,
I will not dine, vntill I see the same.
Louell and Ratcliffe, looke that it be done:
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

Manet Louell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me, For I, too fond, might have prevented this:

Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes, And I did scorne it, and distaine to flye:

Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did stumble, And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower, As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.

O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:
I now repent I told the Pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my selfe secure, in grace and sauour.

Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavie Curse
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched Head.

Ra.Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner: Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

Hast. O momentarie grace of mortall men, Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God! Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes, Liues like a drunken Sayder on a Mast, Readie with every Nod to tumble downe, Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.

Lou. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaime. Hast. O bloody Richard: miserable England,
I prophecie the fearefull'st time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd vpon.
Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

ſ

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, maruellous ill-fauoured.

Richard. Come Coufin, Canft thou quake, and change thy colour, Murther thy breath in middle of a word, And then againe begin, and stop againe, As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian, Speake, and looke backe, and prie on every fide, Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw: Intending deepe suspition, gastly Lookes Are at my feruice, like enforced Smiles; And both are readie in their Offices, At any time to grace my Stratagemes. But what, is Catesby gone?

Rich. He is, and fee he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Major, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.

Rich. Catesby, o're-looke the Walls.

Buck. Lord Major, the reason we have sent.

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies. Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: Ratcliffe, and Louell. Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,

The dangerous and vnfuspected Haftings.

Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe: I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse Creature, That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Christian. Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded The Historie of all her secret thoughts. So fmooth he dawb'd his Vice with shew of Vertue, That his apparant open Guilt omitted, I meane, his Conversation with Shores Wife, He liu'd from all attainder of fuspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred Traytor

That euer liu'd.

Would you imagine, or almost beleeve, Wert not, that by great preservation We live to tell it, that the fubtill Traytor This day had plotted, in the Councell-House, To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloster.

Maior. Had he done fo?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels? Or that we would, against the forme of Law, Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death, But that the extreme perill of the case, The Peace of England, and our Persons safetie, Enforc'd vs to this Execution.

Maior. Now faire befall you, he deseru'd his death, And your good Graces both have well proceeded, To warne false Traytors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands, After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore: Yet had we not determin'd he should dye, Vntill your Lordship came to see his end, Which now the louing haste of these our friends, Something against our meanings, have prevented; Because, my Lord, I would have had you heard The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:

That you might well have fignify'd the same Vnto the Citizens, who haply may Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words shal ferue, As well as I had feene, and heard him fpeake: And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both, But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens With all your iust proceedings in this case.

Rich. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here, T'auoid the Cenfures of the carping World.

Buck. Which fince you come too late of our intent, Yet witnesse what you heare we did intend: And fo, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell. Exit Major.

Rich. Goe after, after, Cousin Buckingham. The Maior towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poste: There, at your meetest vantage of the time, Inferre the Bastardie of Edwards Children: Tell them, how Edward put to death a Citizen, Onely for faying, he would make his Sonne Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House, Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed fo. Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie, And beaftiall appetite in change of Luft, Which stretcht vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues, Euen where his raging eye, or fauage heart, Without controll, lusted to make a prey. Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person: Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child Of that insatiate Edmard; Noble Yorke, My Princely Father, then had Warres in France, And by true computation of the time, Found, that the Issue was not his begot : Which well appeared in his Lineaments, Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father: Yet touch this sparingly, as'twere farre off, Because, my Lord, you know my Mother liues.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator, As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,

Were for my felfe: and fo, my Lord, adue.

Rich. If you thrive wel, bring them to Baynards Castle, Where you shall finde me well accompanied With reverend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affoords. Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe Louell with all speed to Doctor Shaw, Goe thou to Fryer Peuker, bid them both Meet me within this houre at Baynards Caftle. Exit. Now will I goe to take fome privie order, To draw the Brats of Clarence out of fight, And to give order, that no manner person Haue any time recourse vnto the Princes. Exeunt.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings, Which in a fet Hand fairely is engross'd, That it may be to day read o're in Paules. And marke how well the fequell hangs together: Eleuen houres I have fpent to write it ouer, For yester-night by Catesby was it sent me, The Precedent was full as long a doing, And yet within these five houres Hastings liu'd, Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie. Here's a good World the while. Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable device?

Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not? Bad is the World, and all will come to nought, When fuch ill dealing must be seene in thought. Exit.

Enter Richard and Buckingham at Severall Doores.

Rich. How now, how now, what fay the Citizens? Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord, The Citizens are mum, fay not a word. Rich. Toucht you the Bastardie of Edwards Children? Buck I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy,

And his Contract by Deputie in France, Th'vnfatiate greedinesse of his desire, And his enforcement of the Citie Wives, His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie, As being got, your Father then in France, And his resemblance, being not like the Duke. Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments, Being the right Idea of your Father, Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde: Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,

Your Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace, Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie: Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose, Vntoucht, or fleightly handled in discourse.

And when my Oratorie drew toward end, I bid them that did loue their Countries good, Cry, God faue Richard, Englands Royall King.

Rich. And did they fo?

Buck. No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word, But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones, Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale: Which when I faw, I reprehended them, And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull filence? His answer was, the people were not vsed To be spoke to, but by the Recorder. Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe: Thus fayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd, But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe. When he had done, some followers of mine owne, At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps, And some tenne voyces cry'd, God saue King Richard: And thus I tooke the vantage of those few. Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I, This generall applause, and chearefull showt, Argues your wifdome, and your loue to Richard: And even here brake off, and came away.

Rich. What tongue-leffe Blockes were they,

Would they not speake?

Will not the Major then, and his Brethren, come? Buck. The Major is here at hand: intend some feare, Be not you spoke with, but by mightie suit: And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand, And stand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord, For on that ground Ile make a holy Descant: And be not easily wonne to our requests, Play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.

Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them, As I can fay nay to thee for my felfe,

No doubt we bring it to a happie iffue.

Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here, I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now Catesby, what fayes your Lord to my

Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord, To vifit him to morrow, or next day: He is within, with two right reverend Fathers, Divinely bent to Meditation, And in no Worldly fuites would he be mou'd,

To draw him from his holy Exercise.

Buck. Returne, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke, Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen, In deepe defignes, in matter of great moment, No leste importing then our generall good, Are come to have some conference with his Grace. Catesby. Ile fignifie so much vnto him straight. Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward,

He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed, But on his Knees, at Meditation: Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans, But meditating with two deepe Diuines: Not fleeping, to engroffe his idle Body, But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule. Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince Take on his Grace the Soueraigntie thereof. But fure I feare we shall not winne him to it.

Maior. Marry God defend his Grace should say vs

Buck. I feare he will: here Catesby comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now Catesby, what fayes his Grace? Catesby. He wonders to what end you have affembled Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him, His Grace not being warn'd thereof before: He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Coufin should Suspect me, that I meane no good to him: By Heauen, we come to him in perfit loue, And so once more returne, and tell his Grace. Exit. When holy and devout Religious men Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence, So fweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Bishops. Major. See where his Grace stands, tweene two Clergie

Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince, To stay him from the fall of Vanitie: And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand, True Ornaments to know a holy man. Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince, Lend fauourable eare to our requests, And pardon vs the interruption Of thy Deuotion, and right Christian Zeale.

Rich. My Lord, there needes no fuch Apologie: I doe befeech your Grace to pardon me, Who earnest in the service of my God, Deferr'd the vifitation of my friends. But leaving this, what is your Graces pleafure?

Buck. Euen that (I hope) which pleaseth God aboue, And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.

Rich. I doe suspect I have done some offence, That feemes difgracious in the Cities eye, And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You

Buck. You have, my Lord: Would it might please your Grace, On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Rich. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land. Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you refigne The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiesticall, The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors, Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth, The Lineall Glory of your Royall House, To the corruption of a blemisht Stock; Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepie thoughts, Which here we waken to our Countries good, The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes: His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie, His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants, And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe Of darke Forgetfulnesse, and deepe Obliuion. Which to recure, we heartily folicite Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge And Kingly Gouernment of this your Land: Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute, Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine; But as successively, from Blood to Blood, Your Right of Birth, your Empyrie, your owne. For this, conforted with the Citizens, Your very Worshipfull and louing friends, And by their vehement instigation,

In this iust Cause come I to move your Grace.

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in filence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
If not to answer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraigntie,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithfull love to me,
Then on the other side I check'd my friends.
Therefore to speake, and to avoid the first,
And then in speaking, not to incurre the last,
Desinitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thankes, but my desert Vnmeritable, shunnes your high request. First, if all Obstacles were cut away, And that my Path were even to the Crowne, As the ripe Revenue, and due of Birth: Yet so much is my povertie of spirit, So mightie, and so manie my desects, That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse, Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea; Then in my Greatnesse couet to be hid,

And in the vapour of my Glory fmother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need:
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the ftealing howres of time,
Will well become the Seat of Maiestie,
And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.

And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne. On him I lay that, you would lay on me, The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres, Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace, But the respects thereof are nice, and triviall, All circumstances well considered. You say, that Edward is your Brothers Sonne, So say we too, but not by Edwards Wife:

For first was he contract to Lady Lucie, Your Mother liues a Witnesse to his Vow; And afterward by fubstitute betroth'd To Bona, Sister to the King of France. These both put off, a poore Petitioner, A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes, A Beautie-waining, and diffreffed Widow, Euen in the after-noone of her best dayes, Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye, Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree, To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie. By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince. More bitterly could I expostulate, Saue that for reverence to some alive, I give a sparing limit to my Tongue. Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie: If not to bleffe vs and the Land withall, Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie From the corruption of abusing times, Vnto a Lineall true deriued course.

Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you. Buck. Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue. Catesb. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit. Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?

I am vnfit for State, and Maiestie: I doe beseech you take it not amisse, I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your tendernesse of heart,
And gentle, kinde, esseminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
And egally indeede to all Estates:
Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,
Your Brothers Sonne shall never reigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the disgrace and downe-fall of your House:
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come Citizens, we will entreat no more.

Execute

Catesb. Call him againe, fweet Prince, accept their fuit: If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares. Call them againe, I am not made of Stones, But penetrable to your kinde entreaties, Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.

Enter Buckingham, and the reft.
Coufin of Buckingham, and fage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen, where I will or no.
I must have patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the sequell of your Imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staynes thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire of this.

Maior. God bleffe your Grace, wee fee it, and will fay it.

Rich. In faying fo, you shall but fay the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this Royall Title,
Long liue King Richard, Englands worthie King.

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd. Rich. Euen when you please, for you will haue it so.

Buck. To

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace, And fo most ioyfully we take our leaue.

Rich. Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe. Farewell my Coufins, farewell gentle friends. Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset.

Duch. Yorke. Who meetes vs heere? My Neece Plantagenet, Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster? Now, for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower, On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince. Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both, a happie

And a joyfull time of day.

Qu. As much to you, good Sifter: whither away? Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueffe, Vpon the like denotion as your felues, To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Qu. Kind Sister thankes, wee'le enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes. Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue, How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of Yorke? Lieu. Right well, deare Madame : by your patience, I may not fuffer you to visit them,

The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Qu. The King? who's that? Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title. Hath he fet bounds betweene their loue, and me? I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?

Duch. Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will fee

them.

Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother: Then bring me to their fights, Ile beare thy blame, And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.

Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it so: I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me. Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence, And Ile falute your Grace of Yorke as Mother, And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes. Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster, There to be crowned Richards Royall Queene.

Qu. Ah, cut my Lace afunder, That my pent heart may have some scope to beat, Or elfe I swoone with this dead-killing newes.

Anne. Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes. Dors. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your

Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee gone, Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles, Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas, And liue with Richmond, from the reach of Hell. Goe hye thee, hye thee from this flaughter-house, Lest thou encrease the number of the dead, And make me dye the thrall of Margarets Curfe, Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stanley. Full of wife care, is this your counfaile, Madame: Take all the fwift advantage of the howres: You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne, In your behalfe, to meet you on the way: Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwise delay.

Duch. Yorke. O ill dispersing Winde of Miserie, O my accurfed Wombe, the Bed of Death: A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,

Whose vnauoided Eye is murtherous. Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all hafte was fent. Anne. And I with all vnwillingnesse will goe.

O would to God, that the inclusive Verge Of Golden Mettall, that must round my Brow, Were red hot Steele, to feare me to the Braines, Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome, And dye ere men can fay, God faue the Queene.

Qu. Goe, goe, poore foule, I enuie not thy glory, To feed my humor, wish thy selfe no harme.

Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now, Came to me, as I follow'd Henries Corfe, When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands, Which iffued from my other Angell Husband, And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd: O, when I fay I look'd on Richards Face, This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurate, For making me, so young, so old a Widow: And when thou wed'ft, let forrow haunt thy Bed; And be thy Wife, if any be so mad, More miserable, by the Life of thee, Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death. Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe, Within so small a time, my Womans heart Groffely grew captine to his honey words, And prou'd the subject of mine owne Soules Curse, Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest: For neuer yet one howre in his Bed Did I enioy the golden deaw of sleepe, But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd. Besides, he hates me for my Father Warnicke, And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining. Anne. No more, then with my foule I mourne for

Dors. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory. Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leave

Du. Y. Go thou to Richmond, & good fortune guide thee, Go thou to Richard, and good Angels tend thee, Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts possesse thee, I to my Graue, where peace and rest lye with mee. Eightie odde yeeres of forrow haue I feene, And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower. Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes, Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls, Rough Cradle for fuch little prettie ones, Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow, For tender Princes: vse my Babies well; So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.

Exeunt.

Sound

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Louel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Coufin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Soueraigne.

Sound. Rich. Giue me thy hand.

Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy affistance,

Is King Richard feated:

But shall we weare these Glories for a day? Or shall they last, and we reloyce in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last. Rich. Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch,

To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:

Young Edward lives, thinke now what I would speake.

Buck. Say on my louing Lord.

Rich. Why Buckingham, I fay I would be King. Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord. Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis so: but Edward lines.

Buck True, Noble Prince. Rich. O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should live true Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull. Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead,

And I would have it fuddenly perform'd. What fay'ft thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.
Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:

Say, haue I thy confent, that they shall dye?

Buc. Giue me some litle breath, some pawse, deare Lord,

Before I positively speake in this: I will resolve you herein presently. Exit Buck. Catesby. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe. Rich. I will converse with Iron-witted Fooles,

And vnrespective Boyes: none are for me, That looke into me with confiderate eyes, High-reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold

Will tempt vnto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman, Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit: Gold were as good as twentie Orators,

And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing. Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tirrell.

Rich. I partly know the man : goe call him hither, Exit.

The deepe revoluing wittie Buckingham, No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes. Hath he fo long held out with me, vntyr'd, And stops he now for breath? Well, be it fo.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newes? Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse Dorset As I heare, is fled to Richmond, In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad, That Anne my Wife is very grieuous ficke,

I will take order for her keeping close. Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman, Whom I will marry straight to Clarence Daughter: The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him. Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, give out, That Anne, my Queene, is ficke, and like to dye. About it, for it stands me much vpon To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me. I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter, Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse: Murther her Brothers, and then marry her, Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in So farre in blood, that finne will pluck on finne, Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. Iames Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dar'ft thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies, Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers, Are they that I would have thee deale vpon: Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them, And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

Rich. Thou fing'st sweet Musique: Hearke, come hither Tyrrel, Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare,

Whifters. There is no more but so: say it is done,

And I will love thee, and preferre thee for it. Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. Exit.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have confider'd in my minde,

The late request that you did found me in. Rich. Well, let that rest: Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.

Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wives Sonne: well, looke

Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promise, For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd, Th'Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables, Which you have promifed I shall possesse.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if the conucy

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What sayes your Highnesse to my just request? Rich. I doe remember me, Henry the Sixt Did prophecie, that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a little peeuish Boy.

A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to resolue me in my suit. Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. Exit. Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe service With fuch contempt? made I him King for this? O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone To Brecnock, while my fearefull Head is on. Exit.

Enter Tyrrel. Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done, The most arch deed of pittious massacre

That

That euer yet this Land was guilty of: Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborne To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery, Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges, Melted with tendernesse, and milde compassion, Wept like to Children, in their deaths fad Story. O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle Babes: Thus, thus (quoth Forrest) girdling one another Within their Alablaster innocent Armes: Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke, And in their Summer Beauty kist each other. A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay, Which one (quoth Forrest) almost chang'd my minde: But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt: When Dighton thus told on, we smothered The most replenished sweet worke of Nature, That from the prime Creation ere she framed. Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse, They could not speake, and so I left them both, To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord. Ric. Kinde Tirrell, am I happy in thy Newes. Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge, Be get your happinesse, be happy then, For it is done.

Rich. But did'ft thou fee them dead. Tir. I did my Lord.

Rich. And buried gentle Tirrell.

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them, But where (to fay the truth) I do not know.

Rich. Come to me Tirrel foone, and after Supper, When thou shalt tell the processe of their death. Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good, And be inheritor of thy defire.

Farewell till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leaue.

Rich. The Sonne of Clarence have I pent vp close, His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage, The Sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome, And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night. Now for I know the Britaine Richmond aymes At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter, And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne, To her go I, a iolly thriuing wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'ft in fo bluntly?

Rat. Bad news my Lord, Mourton is fled to Richmond, And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen

Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere, Then Buckingham and his rash leuied Strength. Come, I have learn'd, that fearfull commenting Is leaden feruitor to dull delay. Delay leds impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery: Then fierie expedition be my wing, Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King: Go muster men: My counsaile is my Sheeld,

We must be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow, And drop into the rotten mouth of death: Heere in these Confines slily have I lurkt, To watch the waining of mine enemies. A dire induction, am I witnesse to, And will to France, hoping the confequence Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall. Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes heere?

Enter Dutchesse and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes: My vnblowed Flowres, new appearing fweets: If yet your gentle foules flye in the Ayre, And be not fixt in doome perpetuall, Houer about me with your avery wings, And heare your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.

Dut. So many miseries have craz'd my voyce, That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet, Edward for Edward, payes a dying debt.

Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from fuch gentle Lambs, And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe? When didft thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Mar. When holy Harry dyed, and my fweet Sonne. Dut Dead life, blind fight, poore mortall living ghoft, Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graues due, by life vsurpt, Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes, Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth, Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.

Qu. Ah that thou would'st assoone assoord a Graue, As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seate: Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere, Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee?

Mar. If ancient forrow be most reverent, Giue mine the benefit of figneurie, And let my greefes frowne on the vpper hand If forrow can admit Society. I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him: I had a Husband, till a Richard kill'd him: Thou had'ft an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him: Thou had'ft a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Dut. I had a Richard too, and thou did'ft kill him; I had a Rutland too, thou hop'ft to kill him.

Mar. Thou had'ft a Clarence too,

And Richard kill'd him. From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death: That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes, To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood: That foule defacer of Gods handy worke: That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping foules: That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth, Thy wombe let loofe to chase vs to our graves. O vpright, iust, and true-disposing God, How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Prayes

Prayes on the iffue of his Mothers body, And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.

Dut. Oh Harries wife, triumph not in my woes: God witnesse with me, I have wept for thine.

Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for reuenge, And now I cloy me with beholding it. Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward, The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward: Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they Matcht not the high perfection of my losse. Thy Clarence he is dead, that stab'd my Edward, And the beholders of this franticke play, Th'adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray, Vntimely fmother'd in their dusky Graues. Richard yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer, Onely referu'd their Factor, to buy foules, And fend them thither: But at hand, at hand Infues his pittious and vnpittied end. Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray, To have him fodainly convey'd from hence: Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray, That I may live and fay, The Dogge is dead.

Qu. O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come, That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad.

Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune: I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen, The presentation of but what I was; The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant; One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below: A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes; A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge To be the ayme of euery dangerous Shot; A figne of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble; A Queene in least, onely to fill the Scene. Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers? Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein doft thou Ioy? Who fues, and kneeles, and fayes, God faue the Queene? Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee? Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee? Decline all this, and fee what now thou art. For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow: For loyfull Mother, one that wailes the name: For one being fued too, one that humbly fues: For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care: For the that fcorn'd at me, now fcorn'd of me: For the being feared of all, now fearing one: For the commanding all, obey'd of none. Thus hath the course of Iustice whirl'd about, And left thee but a very prey to time, Hauing no more but Thought of what thou wast. To torture thee the more, being what thou art, Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not Vsurpe the iust proportion of my Sorrow? Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke, From which, euen heere I slip my wearied head, And leave the burthen of it all, on thee. Farwell Yorkes wife, and Queene of fad mischance, These English woes, shall make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curfes, stay a-while, And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day: Compare dead happinesse, with living woe: Thinke that thy Babes were fweeter then they were, And he that flew them fowler then he is: Bett'ring thy loffe, makes the bad causer worse,

Revoluing this, will teach thee how to Curfe. Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe, And pierce like mine. Exit Margaret.

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words? Qu. Windy Atturnies to their Clients Woes,

Ayery fucceeders of intestine ioyes, Poore breathing Orators of miseries,

Let them have scope, though what they will impart, Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.

Dut. If so then, be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me, And in the breath of bitter words, let's fmother My damned Son, that thy two fweet Sonnes fmother'd. The Trumpet founds, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard, and his Traine. Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition? Dut. O she, that might have intercepted thee By strangling thee in her accurfed wombe, From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne Where't should be branded, if that right were right? The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne, And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers. Tell me thou Villaine-slaue, where are my Children?

Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade, Where is thy Brother Clarence? And little Ned Plantagenet his Sonne?

Qu. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?

Dut. Where is kinde Hastings?

Rich. A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes: Let not the Heavens heare these Tell-tale women Raile on the Lords Annointed. Strike I fay.

Flourish. Either be patient, and intreat me fayre, Or with the clamorous report of Warre, Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my Sonne?
Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your felfe.

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,

That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut. O let me speake.

Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.

Dut: I will be milde, and gentle in my words. Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in haft. Dut. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee

(God knowes) in torment and in agony.

Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you? Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well, Thou cam'ft on earth, to make the earth my Hell. A greeuous burthen was thy Birth to me, Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie. Thy School-daies frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious, Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous: Thy Age confirm'd, proud, fubtle, flye, and bloody, More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred: What comfortable houre canst thou name, That euer grac'd me with thy company?

Rich. Faith none, but Humfrey Homer, That call'd your Grace To Breakefast once, forth of my company. If I be fo difgracious in your eye, Let me march on, and not offend you Madam. Strike vp the Drumme.

Dut. I prythee heare me speake.

Rich.

Rich. You speake too bitterly.

Dut. Heare me a word:

For I shall never speake to thee againe.

Rich. So.

Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods inft ordinance Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:
Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perish,
And neuer more behold thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my most greeuous Curse,
Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more
Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.
My Prayers on the aduerse party sight,
And there the little soules of Edwards Children,
Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promise them Successe and Victory:
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. Exit.

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse

Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

Rich. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.

Qu. I have no more sonnes of the Royall Blood

For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (Richard)

They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes:

And therefore level not to hit their lives.

Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth, Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?

Qu. And must she dye for this? O let her liue, And Ile corrupt her Manners, staine her Beauty, Slander my Selfe, as false to Edwards bed: Throw ouer her the vaile of Insamy, So she may liue vnscarr'd of bleeding slaughter, I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.

Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princesse.

Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.

Rich. Her life is safest onely in her byrth.

Qu. And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.

Rich. Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite.

Qu. No, to their lives, ill friends were contrary.

Rich! All vnauoyded is the doome of Destiny.

Qu. True: when auoyded grace makes Destiny.

My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death, If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Rich, You speake as if that I had slaine my Cosins?

Qu. Cosins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,
Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,
Whose hand soeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.
But that still vse of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame.

But that still vse of greese, makes wilde greese tame, My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes, Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes: And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death,

Like a poore Barke, of failes and tackling reft, Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome.

Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize And dangerous successe of bloody warres, As I intend more good to you and yours, Then ever you and yours by me were harm'd.

Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heaven,

To be discouered, that can do me good.

Rich. Th'aduancement of your children, gentle Lady Ou. Vp to fome Scaffold, there to lose their heads. Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune, The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my forrow with report of it: Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor, Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.

Rich. Euen all I haue; I, and my felfe and all, Will I withall indow a childe of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry foule,
Thou drowne the fad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.

Qu. Be breefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse

Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date. Rich. Then know,

That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.

Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her foule.

Rich. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soule So from thy Soules love didst thou love her Brothers, And from my hearts love, I do thanke thee for it.

Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning: I meane that with my Soule I love thy daughter, And do intend to make her Queene of England.

Qu Well then, who dost y meane shallbe her King.

Rich. Euen he that makes her Queene:

Who elfe should bee?

2). What, thou?

Rich. Euen fo: How thinke you of it?

Qu. How canst thou woo her?

Rich. That I would learne of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me? Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers, A paire of bleeding hearts: thereon ingraue Edward and Yorke, then haply will she weepe: Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret Did to thy Father, steept in Rutlands blood, A hand-kercheefe, which say to her did dreyne The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body, And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall. If this inducement moue her not to loue, Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds: Tell her, thou mad'st away her Vnckle Clarence, Her Vnckle Rivers, I (and for her sake)

Mad'ft quicke conueyance with her good Aunt Anne.

Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way

To win your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,

Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape, And not be Richard, that hath done all this.

Ric. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Qu. Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee Hauing bought love, with such a bloody spoyle.

Raing bought love, with luch a bloody ipoyle.

Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:

Men shall deale vnaduisedly sometimes,

Which after-houres gives leysure to repent.

If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,

To make amends, Ile give it to your daughter:

If I have kill'd the iffue of your wombe,

To quicken your encrease, I will beget

Mine yssue of your blood, vpon your Daughter:

A Grandams name is little lesse in love,

Then is the doting Title of a Mother;

They are as Children but one steppe below,

Euen of your mettall, of your very blood:

Of all one paine, saue for a night of groanes

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like forrow.

Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age, The loffe you have, is but a Sonne being King, And by that loffe, your Daughter is made Queene. I cannot make you what amends I would, Therefore accept fuch kindnesse as I can. Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle, This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home To high Promotions, and great Dignity. The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife, Familiarly shall call thy Dorset, Brother: Againe shall you be Mother to a King: And all the Ruines of distressefull Times, Repayr'd with double Riches of Content. What? we have many goodly dayes to see: The liquid drops of Teares that you have shed, Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle, Aduantaging their Loue, with interest Often-times double gaine of happineffe. Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go, Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience, Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale. Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princesse With the fweet filent houres of Marriage ioyes: And when this Arme of mine hath chastised The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd Buckingham, Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come, And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed: To whom I will retaile my Conquest wonne, And the shalbe sole Victoresse, Casars Casar. Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother Would be her Lord ? Or shall I say her Vnkle?

Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle? Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles? Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee, That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue, Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares?

Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance. Qu Which she shall purchase with stil lasting warre. Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats. Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids. Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene. Qu. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth. Rich. Say I will loue her euerlastingly. Qu. But how long shall that title euer last? Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire lives end. Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last? Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it. Qu. As long as Hell and Richard likes of it. Rich. Say I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low. Qu. But she your Subject, lothes such Soueraignty. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her. Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told. Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale. Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style. Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke. Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead, Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues, Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.

Rich. Harpe not on that firing Madam, that is past.

Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt.

Rich. I fweare.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;

Thy Crowne vsurp'd, difgrac'd his Kingly Glory: If something thou would'st sweare to be beleeu'd, Sweare then by fomething, that thou hast not wrong'd. Rich. Then by my Selfe. Qu. Thy Selfe, is felfe-misvs'd. Rich. Now by the World. Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs. Rich. My Fathers death. Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd. Rich. Why then, by Heauen. Qu. Heanens wrong is most of all: If thou didd'st feare to breake an Oath with him, The vnity the King my husband made, Thou had'ft not broken, nor my Brothers died. If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him, Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head, Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child, And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,

What can'ft thou fweare by now. Rich. The time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past: For I my selfe have many teares to wash Heereaster time, for time past, wrong'd by thee. The Children live, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd, Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age: The Parents live, whose Children thou hast butcher'd, Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age. Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast Misv'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repast.

Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for duft,

Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.

Rich. As I entend to prosper, and repent: So thriue I in my dangerous Affayres Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound: Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres: Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy reft. Be opposite all Planets of good lucke To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue, Immaculate denotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter. In her, confists my Happinesse, and thine: Without her, followes to my felfe, and thee; Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule, Death, Defolation, Ruine, and Decay: It cannot be auoyded, but by this: It will not be auoyded, but by this. Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so) Be the Atturney of my loue to her: Pleade what I will be, not what I have beene; Not my deserts, but what I will deserue: Vrge the Necessity and state of times, And be not peeuish found, in great Designes.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?

Rich. I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.

Qu. Shall I forget my felfe, to be my felfe.

Rich. I, if your felfes remembrance wrong your felfe.

Qu. Yet thou didft kil my Children.

Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them. Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed

Selues of themselues, to your recomforture.

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.

Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,

And you shal vnderstand from me her mind. Exit Q Rich. Beare her my true loues kiffe, and so farewell. Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

How

How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast Rideth a puissant Nauie: to our Shores Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends, Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beat them backe. 'Tis thought, that Richmond is their Admirall: And there they hull, expecting but the aide Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to y Duke of Norfolk : Ratcliffe thy felfe, or Catesby, where is hee? Cat. Here, my good Lord. Rich. Catesby, flye to the Duke.

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient hafte. Rich. Catesby come hither, poste to Salisbury: When thou com'ft thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine, Why flay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke? Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure, What from your Grace I shall deliuer to him.

Rich. O true, good Catesby, bid him leuie straight The greatest strength and power that he can make, And meet me fuddenly at Salisbury.

Cat. I goe. Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury ?

Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I goe?

Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should poste before. Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you? Sta. None, good my Liege, to please you with y hearing,

Nor none fo bad, but well may be reported. Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad: What need'ft thou runne fo many miles about, When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neerest way? Once more, what newes?

Stan. Richmond is on the Seas.

Rich. There let him finke, and be the Seas on him, White-liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by gueffe. Rich. Well, as you gueffe.

Stan. Stirr'd vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton, He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.

Rich. Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnfway'd? Is the King dead? the Empire vnpoffest? What Heire of Yorke is there aliue, but wee?

And who is Englands King, but great Yorkes Heire? Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas? Stan. Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.

Rich. Vnleffe for that he comes to be your Liege, You cannot gueffe wherefore the Welchman comes. Thou wilt revolt, and flye to him, I feare.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not. Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back? Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore, Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes? Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the

Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North, When they should serve their Soueraigne in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King: Pleaseth your Maiestie to give me leave, Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace, Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please. Rich. I, thou would'ft be gone, to ioyne with Richmond: But Ile not trust thee.

Stan. Most mightie Soueraigne, You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull, I neuer was, nor neuer will be false.

Rich. Goe then, and muster men: but leave behind Your Sonne George Stanley: looke your heart be firme, Or else his Heads affurance is but fraile.

Stan. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonshire, As I by friends am well aduertifed, Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate, Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother, With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In Kent, my Liege, the Guilfords are in Armes, And every houre more Competitors Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Armie of great Buckingham. Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death, He Ariketh bim.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes. Meff. The newes I have to tell your Maiestie, Is, that by fudden Floods, and fall of Waters, Buckinghams Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd, And he himselfe wandred away alone, No man knowes whither.

Rich. I cry thee mercie: There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine. Hath any well-aduised friend proclaym'd Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

Mess. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir Thomas Louell, and Lord Marquesse Dorset, 'Tis faid, my Liege, in Yorkeshire are in Armes: But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse, The Brittaine Nauie is dispers'd by Tempest. Richmond in Dorfetshire sent out a Boat Vnto the shore, to aske those on the Banks, If they were his Assistants, yea, or no? Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham, Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them, Hoys'd fayle, and made his course againe for Brittaine.

Rich. March on, march on, fince we are vp in Armes, If not to fight with forraine Enemies, Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken, That is the best newes: that the Earle of Richmond

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.
Rich. Away towards Salsbury, while we reason here,
A Royall batteil might be wonne and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salsbury, the rest march on with me. Florish. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby , and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me, That in the ftye of the most deadly Bore, My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold: If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head, The feare of that, holds off my prefent ayde. So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord. Withall fay, that the Queene hath heartily confented He should espouse Elizabeth hir daughter. But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now? Chri. At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales. Der. What men of Name refort to him. Chri, Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned Souldier, Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley, Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir Iames Blunt, And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant Crew, And many other of great name and worth: And towards London do they bend their power, If by the way they be not fought withall. Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kiffe his hand, My Letter will resolue him of my minde. Farewell. Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him? Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. Hashings, and Edwards children, Gray & Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By vnder-hand corrupted soule iniustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clowds behold this present houre,
Even for revenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not?
Sher. It is.

Buc. Why then Al-foules day, is my bodies doomsday This is the day, which in King Edmards time I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found False to his Children, and his Wiues Allies. This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted. This, this All-soules day to my fearfull Soule, Is the determin'd respit of my wrongs: That high All-seer, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest, what I begg'd in iest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.
Thus Margarets curse falles heavy on my necke:
When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with forrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Exeunt Buckingbam with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Frends Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of Tyranny, Thus farre into the bowels of the Land, Haue we marcht on without impediment; And heere receive we from our Father Stanley Lines of faire comfort and encouragement: The wretched, bloody, and vsurping Boare, (That spoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines) Swilles your warm blood like wash, & makes his trough In your embowel'd bosomes: This foule Swine Is now euen in the Centry of this Isle, Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne: From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march. In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends, To reape the Haruest of perpetuall peace, By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre. Oxf. Euery mans Conscience is a thousand men, To fight against this guilty Homicide.

Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his deerest neede will flye from him.

Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and slyes with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolke, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bosworth field, My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

Rich. My Lord of Norfolke. Nor. Heere most gracious Liege.

Rich. Norfolke, we must have knockes:

Ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take my louing Lord. Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night, But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that. Who hath descried the number of the Traitors?

Nor. Six or feuen thousand is their vtmost power. Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account: Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength, Which they vpon the adverse Faction want. Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen, Let vs survey the vantage of the ground. Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's

Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay, For Lords, to morrow is a busie day.

Exeunt

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Ox-

ford, and Dorfet.

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden fet, And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre, Giues token of a goodly day to morrow. Sir William Brandon, you shall beare my Standard: Giue me some Inke and Paper in my Tent: Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile, Limit each Leader to his feuerall Charge, And part in iust proportion our small Power. My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon, And your Sir Walter Herbert stay with me: The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment; Good Captaine Blunt, beare my goodnight to him, And by the fecond houre in the Morning, Defire the Earle to fee me in my Tent: Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me: Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know? Blunt. Vnlesse I have mistane his Colours much, (Which well I am affur'd I have not done) His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least South, from the mighty Power of the King. Richm. If without perill it be possible, Sweet Blunt, make fome good meanes to speak with him And give him from me, this most needfull Note. Blunt. Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it, And so God give you quiet rest to night. Richm. Good night good Captaine Blunt: Come Gentlemen, Let vs confult vpon to morrowes Bufinesse; Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold. They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, & Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?

Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.

King. I will not sup to night,

Giue me some Inke and Paper:

What, is my Beauer easier then it was? And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.

Rich. Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,

Vse carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels,

Nor. I go my Lord.

Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

Rich. Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Send out a Pursuivant at Armes To Stanleys Regiment : bid him bring his power Before Sun-rising, least his Sonne George fall Into the blinde Caue of eternall night. Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch,

Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow: Look that my Staues be found, & not too heavy. Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Saw'ft the melancholly Lord Northumberland? Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe, Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope

Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers. King. So, I am satisfied : Giue me a Bowle of Wine,

I have not that Alacrity of Spirit,

Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue. Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me. Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent Exit Ratclif. And helpe to arme me. Leaue me I fay.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory fit on thy Helme. Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord, Be to thy Person, Noble Father in Law.

Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother? Der. I by Attourney, bleffe thee from thy Mother, Who prayes continually for Richmonds good: So much for that. The filent houres steale on, And flakie darkenesse breakes within the East. In breefe, for so the season bids vs be, Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning, And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement Of bloody stroakes, and mortall staring Warre: I, as I may, that which I would. I cannot, With best advantage will deceive thetime, And ayde thee in this doubtfull shocke of Armes. But on thy fide I may not be too forward, Least being seene, thy Brother, tender George Be executed in his Fathers fight. Farewell: the leyfure, and the fearfull time Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue, And ample enterchange of fweet Discourse, Which so long fundred Friends should dwell vpon: God give vs leyfure for these rites of Loue. Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.

Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment: Ile striue with troubled noise, to take a Nap, Lest leaden slumber peize me downe to morrow, When I should mount with wings of Victory: Once more, good night kinde Lords, and Gentlemen.

Exeunt. Manet Richmond.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my felfe, Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye: Put in their hands thy bruifing Irons of wrath, That they may crush downe with a heavy fall, Th'vfurping Helmets of our Aduersaries: Make vs thy ministers of Chasticement, That we may praise thee in thy victory: To thee I do commend my watchfull foule, Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes: Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the fixt.

Gh.to Ri. Let me fit heavy on thy foule to morrow: Thinke how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth At Teukesbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye.

Ghost to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond, For the wronged Soules

Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe: King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixt. Ghost. When I was mortall, my Annointed body By thee was punched full of holes

Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye, Harry the fixt, bids thee dispaire, and dye.

To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror: Harry that prophefied thou should'st be King, Doth comfort thee in sleepe: Liue, and flourish.

Enter

Sleeps.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence. Ghost. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow. I that was wash'd to death with Fulsome Wine: Poore Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death: To morrow in the battell thinke on me, And fall thy edgeleffe Sword, dispaire and dye.

To Richm. Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee, Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan. Riu. Let me fit heavy in thy foule to morrow, Rivers, that dy'de at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye. Grey. Thinke vpon Grey, and let thy foule dispaire. Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guilty feare

Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye. All to Richm. Awake,

And thinke our wrongs in Richards Bosome, Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day. Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake, And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes. Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye. Hast. to Rich. Quiet vntroubled foule,

Awake, awake:

Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands fake. Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Ghosts. Dreame on thy Cousins Smothered in the Tower: Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard, And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,

Thy Nephewes foule bids thee dispaire and dye. Ghosts to Richm. Sleepe Richmond, Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy, Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy, Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings,

Edwards vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife. Ghost to Rich. Richard, thy Wife, That wretched Anne thy Wife, That neuer flept a quiet houre with thee, Now filles thy sleepe with perturbations, To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me, And fall thy edgeleffe Sword, dispaire and dye:

Ghost to Richm. Thou quiet soule, Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe: Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory,

Thy Aduersaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost to Rich. The first was I That help'd thee to the Crowne: The last was I that felt thy Tyranny. O, in the Battaile think on Buckingham, And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse. Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,

Fainting dispaire; dispairing yeeld thy breath. Ghost to Richm. I dyed for hope Ere I could lend thee Ayde; But cheere thy heart, and be thou not difmayde: God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds fide, And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

Richard starts out of his dreame. Rich. Giue me another Horse, bind vp my Wounds: Haue mercy Iesu. Soft, I did but dreame. O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me? The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight. Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling slesh.

What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none elfe by, Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I. Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am: Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reason: why? Lest I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe? Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good That I my Selfe, have done vnto my Selfe? O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe, For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe. I am a VIllaine: yet I Lye, I am not. Foole, of thy Selfe speake well : Foole, do not flatter. My Conscience hath a thousand seuerall Tongues, And euery Tongue brings in a feuerall Tale, And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine; Periurie, in the high'ft Degree, Murther, sterne murther, in the dyr'st degree, All feuerall finnes, all vs'd in each degree, Throng all to'th'Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty. I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me; And if I die, no foule shall pittie me. Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe, Finde in my Selfe, no pittle to my Selfe. Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd Came to my Tent, and every one did threat To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord. King. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliffe my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock Hath twice done falutation to the Morne, Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.

King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows. King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night Haue stroke more terror to the foule of Richard, Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers Armed in proofe, and led by shallow Richmond. 'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me, Vnder our Tents Ile play the Ease-dropper, To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

Exeunt Richard & Ratliffe,

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

Richm. Good morrow Richmond. Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen, That you have tane a tardie fluggard heere? Lords. How have you slept my Lord? Rich. The sweetest sleepe, And fairest boading Dreames, That euer entred in a drowfie head, Haue I fince your departure had my Lords. Me thought their Soules, whose bodies Rich. murther'd, Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory: I promise you my Heart is very iocond, In the remembrance of so faire a dreame, How farre into the Morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and give direction. His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I haue faid, louing Countrymen, The leyfure and inforcement of the time Forbids to dwell vpon : yet remember this,

God

God, and our good cause, fight vpon our fide, The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged foules, Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces, (Richard except) those whom we fight against, Had rather have vs win, then him they follow. For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen, A bloudy Tyrant, and a Homicide: One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd; One that made meanes to come by what he hath, And flaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him: A base foule Stone, made precious by the soyle Of Englands Chaire, where he is falfely fet : One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy. Then if you fight against Gods Enemy, God will in instice ward you as his Soldiers. If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe, You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine: If you do fight against your Countries Foes, Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre. If you do fight in safegard of your wives, Your wives shall welcome home the Conquerors. If you do free your Children from the Sword, Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age. Then in the name of God and all these rights, Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords. For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt, Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face. But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt, The least of you shall share his part thereof. Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully, God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What faid Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained vp in Armes.
King. He faid the truth: and what faid Surrey then?
Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there.
Clocke strikes.
Giue me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he dissaines to shine: for by the Booke
He should have brau'd the East an houre ago,
A blacke day will it be to somebody.
Ratclisse.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be seene to day.

King. The Sun will not be seene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lowre vpon our Army.
I would these dewy teares were from the ground.
Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the selfe-same Heauen
That frownes on me, lookes sadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.

King. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.

Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,

I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,

And thus my Battell shal be ordred.

My Foreward shall be drawne in length,

Confishing equally of Horse and Foot:

Our Archers shall be placed in the mid'st;

Iohn Duke of Norsolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horse.

They thus directed, we will fllow

In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side Shall be well-winged with our cheefest Horse: This, and Saint George to boote. What think'ft thou Norfolke. Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne, This found I on my Tent this Morning. Iockey of Norfolke, be not so bold, For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold. King. A thing deuised by the Enemy. Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge, Let not our babling Dreames affright our foules: For Conscience is a word that Cowards vse, Deuis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe, Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law. March on, loyne brauely, let vs too't pell mell, If not to heaven, then hand in hand to Hell. What shall I say more then I have inferr'd? Remember whom you are to cope withall, A fort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-awayes, A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants, Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth To desperate Aduentures, and affur'd Destruction. You fleeping fafe, they bring you to vnrest: You having Lands, and bleft with beauteous wives, They would restraine the one, distaine the other, And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow? Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers coft, A Milke-fop, one that neuer in his life Felt so much cold, as ouer shooes in Snow: Let's whip thefe straglers o're the Seas againe, Lash hence these over-weening Ragges of France, These famish'd Beggers, weary of their lines, Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit) For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themselues. If we be conquered, let men conquer vs, And not these bastard Britaines, whom our Fathers Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd, And on Record, left them the heires of shame. Shall thefe enioy our Lands? lye with our Wiues? Drum afarre off Rauish our daughters? Hearke, I heare their Drumme, Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen, Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head, Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,

Enter a Messenger.

What sayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

Mess. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

King. Off with his sonne Georges head.

Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:

After the battaile, let George Stanley dye.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

Advance our Standards, set vpon our Foes,

Advance our Standards, set vpon our Foes, Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. George Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons: Vpon them, Victorie sits on our helpes.

Amaze the welkin with your broken staues.

Alarum, excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescue my Lord of Norfolke, Rescue, Rescue: The King enacts more wonders then a man, Daring an opposite to every danger: His horse is slaine, and all on soot he sights, Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death: Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarums.

Enter

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.
Cates. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horse
Rich. Slaue, I have set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Five have I staine to day, in stead of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

Alatum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is flaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloudy Dogge is dead.

Der. Couragious Richmond,
Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere these long vsurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloudy Wretch,
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all:

But tell me, is yong George Stanley living?

Der. He is my Lord, and fafe in Leicester Towne,
Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

Richm. What men of name are slaine on either side?

Der. Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris, Sir Robert Brokenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births, Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled, That in submission will returne to vs. And then as we have tane the Sacrament, We will vnite the White Rose, and the Red. Smile Heaven vpon this faire Coniunction, That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity: What Traitor heares me, and fayes not Amen? England hath long beene mad, and fcarr'd her felfe; The Brother blindely shed the Brothers blood; The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonne; The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire; All this divided Yorke and Lancaster, Divided, in their dire Division. Onow, let Richmond and Elizabeth, The true Succeeders of each Royall House, By Gods faire ordinance, conjoyne together : And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so) Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace, With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes. Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord, That would reduce these bloudy dayes againe, And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood; Let them not live to taste this Lands increase, That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace. Now Ciuill wounds are ftopp'd, Peace liues agen; That she may long live heere, God say, Amen. Exeunt

FINIS.





The Famous History of the Life of

King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGUE.

Come no more to make you laugh, Things now, Toat beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brom, Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe: Such Noble Scoenes, as draw the Eye to flow We now present. Those that can Pitty, heere May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare, The SubieEt will deserve it. Such as give Their Money out of hope they may believe, May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to see Onely a show or two, and so a gree, The Play may passe: If they be still, and willing, Ile undertake may see away their shilling Richly in two (bort houres. Onely they That come to beare a Merry, Bandy Play, A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,

Will be deceyu'd. For gentle Hearers, know To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show As Foole, and Fight is, beside for feyting Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring To make that onely true, we now intend, Will leave vs never an understanding Friend. Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne, Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see The very Persons of our Noble Story, As they were Living: Thinke you see them Great, And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery: And if you can be merry then, Ile Say, A Man may weepe upon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scana Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aburgauenny.

Buckingham. Ood morrow, and well met. How have ye done Since last we saw in France?

Norf. I thanke your Grace:

Healthfull, and ever since a fresh Admirer

Of what I faw there. Buck. An vntimely Ague Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when

Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde, I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke, Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung In their Embracement, as they grew together, Which had they, What foure Thron'd ones could have weigh'd Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you loft The view of earthly glory: Men might fay Till this time Pompe was fingle, but now married To one aboue it selfe. Each following day Became the next dayes master, till the last Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French, All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they Made Britaine, India: Euery man that stood, Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too, Not vs'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beare The Pride vpon them, that their very labour Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske Was cry'de incompareable; and th'enfuing night Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings Equall in luftre, were now best, now worst As presence did present them: Him in eye, Still him in praise, and being present both, 'Twas faid they faw but one, and no Difcerner Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes (For so they phrase'em) by their Heralds challeng'd The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe t 3

Beyond

Beyond thoughts Compasse, that former fabulous Storie Being now seene, possible enough, got credit That Beuis was beleeu'd.

Buc. Oh you go farre.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect In Honor, Honesty, the tract of eu'ry thing, Would by a good Discourser loose some life, Which Actions selfe, was tongue too.

Buc. All was Royall,

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd, Order gaue each thing view. The Office did Distinctly his full Function: who did guide, I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you gueffe:

One certes, that promifes no Element In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordered by the good Discretion Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke.

Buc. The divell speed him: No mans Pye is freed From his Ambitious singer. What had he To do in these sierce Vanities? I wonder, That such a Keech can with his very bulke Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun, And keepe it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends:
For being not propt by Auncestry, whose grace
Chalkes Successors their way; nor call'd vpon
For high seats done to'th'Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selse-drawing Web. O gives vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guist that heaven gives for him, which buyes

A place next to the King. Abur. I cannot tell

What Heauen hath given him: let fome Grauer eye Pierce into that, but I can fee his Pride Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that, If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard, Or ha's given all before, and he begins A new Hell in himselfe.

Buc. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him
(Without the privity o'th'King) t'appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay vpon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Boord of Councell, out

Must fetch him in, he Papers.

Abur. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that haue
By this, so sicken'd their Estates, that neuer
They shall abound as formerly.

Buc. O many

Haue broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em For this great Iourney. What did this vanity But minister communication of

A most poore issue.

Nor. Greeningly I thinke, The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes The Cost that did conclude it.

Buc. Euery man, After the hideous storme that follow'd, was A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke Into a generall Prophesie; That this Tempest Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded The sodaine breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out,

For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd Our Merchants goods at Burdeux.

Abur. Is it therefore Th'Ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd At a superfluous rate.

Buc. Why all this Bufineffe Our Reuerend Cardinall carried. Nor. Like it your Grace,

The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I adulfe you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Revengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and't may be saide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosome vp my counsell,
You'l finde it wholesome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I aduice your shunning.

Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certaine of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The Cardinall in his passage, fixeth his eye on Buckham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdaine.

Car. The Duke of Buckinghams Surveyor? Ha? Where's his Examination?

Secr. Heere so please you. Car. Is he in person, ready?

Secr. I, please your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham

Shall lessen this bigge looke.

Exeunt Cardinall, and his Traine.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggers booke,

Out-worths a Nobles blood. Nor. What are you chaff'd?

Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely

Which your disease requires.

Buc. I read in's looks

Matter against me, and his eye reuil'd Me as his abiect obiect, at this instant

He bores me with some tricke; He's gone to'th'King:

Ile follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay my Lord,

And let your Reason with your Choller question What 'tis you go about: to climbe steepe hilles Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his way Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England Can aduise me like you: Be to your selfe, As you would to your Friend.

Buc. Ile to the King,

And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This

This Ipswich fellowes insolence; or proclaime, There's difference in no persons.

Norf. Be aduif'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe fo hot
That it do findge your felfe. We may out-runne
By violent fwiftnesse that which we run at;
And lose by ouer-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
In seeming to augment it, wasts it: be aduif'd;
I say againe there is no English Soule
More stronger to direct you then your selfe;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From fincere motions, by Intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in Inly, when
Wee see each graine of grauell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Norf. Say not treasonous.

Buck. To th'King Ile fay't, & make my vouch as strong As shore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foxe, Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous As he is subtile, and as prone to mischiefe, As able to perform't) his minde, and place Infecting one another, yea reciprocally, Only to shew his pompe, as well in France, As here at home, suggests the King our Master To this last costly Treaty: Th'enteruiew, That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse Did breake ith'wrenching.

Norf. Faith, and fo it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour Sir: This cunning Cardinall The Articles o'th' Combination drew As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified As he cride thus let be, to as much end, As give a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall Has done this, and tis well: for worthy Wolfey Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes, (Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie To th'old dam Treason) Charles the Emperour, Vnder pretence to fee the Queene his Aunt, (For twas indeed his colour, but he came To whisper Wolfey) here makes visitation, His feares were that the Interview betwixt England and France, might through their amity Breed him some prejudice; for from this League, Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Privily Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa Which I doe well; for I am fure the Emperour Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made And pau'd with gold: the Emperor thus defir'd, That he would please to alter the Kings course, And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know (As foone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall Does buy and fell his Honour as he pleafes,

Norf. I am forry
To heare this of him; and could wish he were
Somthing mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a fillable: I doe pronounce him in that very shape He shall appeare in proofe.

And for his owne aduantage.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and two or theee of the Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it. Sergeant. Sir,

My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earle Of Hertford, Stafford and Northampton, I Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name Of our most Soueraigne King.

Buck. Lo you my Lord, The net has falne vpon me, I shall perish Vnder deuice, and practise:

Bran. I am forry,

To fee you tane from liberty, to looke on The busines present. This his Highnes pleasure You shall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part, black. The will of Heau'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord Aburgany: Fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must be are you company. The King Is pleas'd you shall to th'Tower, till you know

How he determines further. Abur. As the Duke faid,

The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleasure By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord Mountacute, as

The King, t'attach Lord Mountacute, and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confessor, Iohn de la Car,
One Gilbert Pecke, his Councellour.
Buck, So, so;

These are the limbs o'th' Plot: no more I hope.

Bra. A Monke o'th' Chartreux.

Buck: O Michaell Hopkins?

Bra. He.

Buck. My Surveyor is falce: The ore-great Cardinall Hath fhew'd him gold; my life is fpand already: I am the shadow of poore Buckingbam, Whose Figure even this instant Clowd puts on, By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell. Exe.

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoulder, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Louell: the Cardinall places himselfe under the Kings seete on his right side.

King. My life it felfe, and the best heart of it, Thankes you for this great care: I stood i'th' leuell Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and give thankes To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before vs That Gentleman of Bucking hams, in person, Ile heare him his confessions instifie, And point by point the Treasons of his Maister, He shall againe relate.

A noyse within crying roome for the Queene, wher'd by the Duke of Norfolke. Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Snffolke: she kneels. King riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor. King. Arise, and take place by vs; halse your Suit Neuer name to vs; you have halse our power:

The

The other moity ere you aske is giuen, Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thanke your Maiefty
That you would loue your felfe, and in that loue
Not vnconfidered leave your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt
Of my Petition.

Kin. Lady mine proceed.

Queen. I am folicited not by a few,
And those of true condition; That your Subiects
Are in great grievance: There have beene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister (not
Whose Honor Heaven shield from soile; even he escapes
Language vnmannerly; yea, such which breakes
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares
In lowd Rebellion.

Norf. Not almost appeares, It doth appeare; for, vpon these Taxations, The Clothiers all not able to maintaine The many to them longing, have put off The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weavers, who Vnsit for other life, compeld by hunger And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner Daring th'event too th'teeth, are all in vprore, And danger serves among them.

Kin. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,

Know you of this Taxation?

Card. Please you Sir,
I know but of a fingle part in ought
Pertaines to th'State; and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholfome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Soueraigne would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say
They are deuis'd by you, er else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

Kin. Still Exaction: The nature of it, in what kinde let's know, Is this Exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects griefe
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The fixt part of his Substance, to be leuied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegeance in them; their curses now
Liue where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a Slaue
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse
Would give it quicke consideration; for
There is no primer basenesse.

Kin. By my life, This is against our pleasure.

Card. And for me, I have no further gone in this, then by A fingle voice, and that not past me, but By learned approbation of the ludges: If I am Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know My faculties nor person, yet will be The Chronicles of my doing: Let me fay, 'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake That Vertue must goe through: we must not sint Our necessary actions, in the feare To cope malicious Censurers, which euer, As rau'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow That is new trim'd; but benefit no further Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best, By ficke Interpreters (once weake ones) is Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft Hitting a groffer quality, is cride vp For our best Act: if we shall stand still, In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at, We should take roote here, where we sit; Or fit State-Statues onely.

Kin. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselues from seare:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Haue you a President
Of this Commission? I beleeue, not any.
We must not rend our Subiects from our Lawes,
And sticke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution; why we take
From euery Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber:
And though we leaue it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To euery County
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;
I put it to your care.

Card. A word with you.

Let there be Letters writ to every Shire,

Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeved Commons

Hardly conceive of me. Let it be nois'd,

That through our Interceffion, this Revokement

And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you

Further in the proceeding.

Exit Secret.

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am forry, that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

Kin. It grieues many: The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker, To Nature none more bound; his trayning fuch, That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers, And neuer feeke for ayd out of himselfe: yet see, When these so Noble benefits shall proue Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt, They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly Then euer they were faire. This man fo compleat, Who was enrold 'mongst wonders; and when we Almost with rauish'd listning, could not finde His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady) Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces That once were his, and is become as blacke, As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall heare (This was his Gentleman in truft) of him Things to strike Honour fad. Bid him recount The fore-recited practifes, whereof We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you Most like a carefull Subject have collected Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

Kin. Speake freely.

Sur. First, it was vsuall with him; euery day It would infect his Speech: That if the King Should without issue dye; hee'l carry it so To make the Scepter his. These very words I'ue heard him vtter to his Sonne in Law, Lord Aburgany, to whom by oth he menac'd Reuenge vpon the Cardinall.

Card. Please your Highnesse note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not frended by his wish to your High person;
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinall,

Deliuer all with Charity.

Kin. Speake on;

How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne Vpon our faile; to this poynt hast thou heard him, At any time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought to this, By a vaine Prophesie of Nicholas Henton.

Kin. What was that Henton? Sur. Sir, a Chartreux Fryer, His Confessor, who fed him every minute

With words of Soueraignty.

Kin. How know'ft thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Hignesse sped to France, The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish Saint Laurence Poultney, did of me demand What was the speech among the Londoners, Concerning the French Iourney. I replide, Men feare the French would proue perfidious To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted 'Twould proue the verity of certaine words Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, fayes he, Hath fent to me, wishing me to permit Iohn de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre To heare from him a matter of some moment: Whom after vnder the Commissions Seale, He follemnly had fworne, that what he fpoke My Chaplaine to no Creature liuing, but To me, should vtter, with demure Confidence, This paufingly ensu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres (Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him striue To the loue o'th'Commonalty, the Duke Shall gouerne England.

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surueyor, and lost your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your spleene a Noble person,
And spoyle your nobler Soule; I say, take heed;

Yes, heartily befeech you.

Kin. Let him on: Goe forward.
Sur. On my Soule, Ile speake but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Diuels illusions
The Monke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this so farre, vntill
It forg'd him some designe, which being beleeu'd
It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his last Sicknesse faild,
The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Louels heads

Should have gone off.

Kin. Ha? What, fo rancke? Ah, ha, There's mischiese in this man; canst thou say further?

Sur. I can my Liedge.

Kin. Proceed.

Sur. Being at Greenwich,

After your Highnesse had reprou'd the Duke

About Sir William Blumer. (uant, Kin. I remember of fuch a time, being my fworn fer-

The Duke retein'd him his. But on: what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,

As to the Tower, I thought; I would have plaid The Part my Father meant to act vpon Th'Vfurper Richard, who being at Salsbury, Made fuit to come in's presence; which if granted, (As he made semblance of his duty) would

Haue put his knife into him. Kin. A Gyant Traytor.

Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes live in freedome, And this man out of Prison.

Queen. God mend all.

Kin. Ther's fomthing more would out of thee; what Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife He ftretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,

Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes, He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor Was, were he euill vs'd, he would outgoe His Father, by as much as a performance

Do's an irrefolute purpose.

Kin. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryall: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of vs: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' height.

Exeunt.

Scana Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine, and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't possible the spels of France should iuggle Men into such strange mysteries?

L. San. New customes,

Though they be never fo ridiculous,

(Nay let 'em be vnmanly) yet are follow'd.

L. Cb. As farre as I fee, all the good our English
Haue got by the late Voyage, is but meerely
A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are shrewd ones)

For when they hold 'em, you would sweare directly Their very noses had been Councellours

To Pepin or Clotharius, they keepe State fo. L. San. They have all new legs,

And lame ones; one would take it, That neuer fee'em pace before, the Spauen A Spring-halt rain'd among'em.

L. Ch. Death my Lord,

Their cloathes are after fuch a Pagan

Their cloathes are after fuch a Pagan cut too't, That fure th'have worne out Ch iftendome:how now? What newes, Sir *Thomas Louell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Louell.

Louell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt vpon the Court Gate.

L. Cham.

L. Cham. What is't for? Lou. The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants, That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.

L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there; Now I would pray our Monfieurs To thinke an English Courtier may be wise,

And neuer fee the Louure.

Lou: They must either (For fo run the Conditions) leave those remnants Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France, With all their honourable points of ignorance Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes, Abusing better men then they can be Out of a forreigne wisedome, renouncing cleane The faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings, Short bliftred Breeches, and those types of Trauell; And vnderstand againe like honest men, Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it, They may Cum Pruiilegio, wee away The lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at.

L. San. Tis time to give 'em Physicke, their diseases

Are growne fo catching.

L. Cham What a loffe our Ladies Will have of these trim vanities?

Louell. I marry, There will be woe indeed Lords, the flye whorfons Haue got a speeding tricke to lay downe Ladies. A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.

L. San. The Diuell fiddle 'em, I am glad they are going,

For fure there's no converting of 'em: now An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten A long time out of play, may bring his plaine fong, And haue an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady

Held currant Musicke too. L. Cham. Well faid Lord Sands, Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?

L. San. No my Lord,

Nor shall not while I have a stumpe.

L. Cham. Sir Thomas, Whither were you a going? Lou. To the Cardinals; Your Lordship is a guest too.
L. Cham. O, 'tis true;

This night he makes a Supper, and a great one, To many Lords and Ladies; there will be The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile affure you.

Lou. That Churchman Beares a bounteous minde indeed, A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs, His dewes fall enery where.

L. Cham. No doubt hee's Noble; He had a blacke mouth that faid other of him.

L. San. He may my Lord, Ha's wherewithall in him; Sparing would shew a worse sinne, then ill Doctrine, Men of his way, should be most liberall, They are fet heere for examples.

L. Cham. True, they are fo; But few now give fo great ones:

My Barge stayes : Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir Thomas, We shall be late else, which I would not be,

For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford This night to be Comptrollers.

L. San. I am your Lordships.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Hoboies. A small Table under a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Guests. Then Enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Guests at one Doore; at an other Doore enter Sir Henry Guilford.

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladyes, A generall welcome from his Grace Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her One care abroad: hee would have all as merry: As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome, Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Louell. O my Lord, y'are tardy; The very thought of this faire Company, Clapt wings to me.

Cham. You are young Sir Harry Guilford. San. Sir Thomas Louell, had the Cardinall But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these Should finde a running Banket, ere they rested, I thinke would better please 'em: by my life, They are a sweet society of saire ones.

Lou. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,

To one or two of these. San. I would I were,

They should finde easie pennance.

Lou. Faith how easie?

San. As easie as a downe bed would affoord it. Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you sit; Sir Harry Place you that fide, Ile take the charge of this: His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze, Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather: My Lord Sands, you are one will keepe 'em waking: Pray fit betweene thefe Ladies.

San. By my faith, And thanke your Lordship : by your leave fweet Ladies, If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgiue me:

I had it from my Father. An. Bul. Was he mad Sir?

San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too; But he would bite none, iust as I doe now, He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath. Cham. Well faid my Lord: So now y'are fairely feated: Gntlemen, The pennancelyes on you; if these faire Ladies Paffe away frowning.

San. For my little Cure,

Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolsey, and takes his State. Card Y'are wel ome my faire Guests; that noble Lady Or Gentleman that is not freely merry Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome, And to you all good health.

San. Your Grace is Noble, Let me haue fuch a Bowle may hold my thankes, And faue me fo much talking.

Card. My Lord Sands,

I am beholding to you : cheere your neighbours: Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen, Whose fault is this?

San. The red wine first must rife

In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall have 'em,

An. B. You are a merry Gamster

My Lord Sands.

San. Yes, if I make my play:

Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam: For tis to fuch a thing.

An.B. You cannot shew me.

Drum and Trumpet, Chambers dischargd. San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon. Card. What's that?

Cham. Looke out there, some of ye.

Card. What warlike voyce,

And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not; By all the lawes of Warre y'are priviledg'd.

Enter a Seruant.

Cham. How now, what is't? Seru. A noble troupe of Strangers,

For fo they seeme; th'haue left their Barge and landed, And hither make, as great Embassadors

From forraigne Princes.

Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine, Go, giue 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty Shall shine at full vpon them. Some attend him. All rife, and Tables remou'd.

You have now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it. A good digestion to you all; and once more I showre a welcome on yee: welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepheards, "osher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully sa-

A noble Company: what are their pleafures? Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid To tell your Grace: That having heard by fame Of this so Noble and so faire affembly,

This night to meet heere they could doe no leffe, (Out of the great respect they beare to beauty) But leave their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct

Craue leave to view these Ladies, and entreat

An houre of Reuels with 'em.

Card. Say, Lord Chamberlaine, They have done my poore house grace: For which I pay'em a thousand thankes,

And pray'em take their pleafures.

Choose Ladies, King and An Bullen. King. The fairest hand I euer touch'd: O Beauty, Till now I neuer knew thee.

Musicke, Dance.

Card. My Lord.

Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell'em thus much from me: There should be one amongst'em by his person More worthy this place then my felfe, to whom (If I but knew him) with my loue aud duty I would furrender it.

Cham. I will my Lord. Card. What fay they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse There is indeed, which they would have your Grace Find out, and he will take it.

Card. Let me see then,

By all your good leaues Gentlemen; heere Ile make My royall choyce.

Kin. Ye haue found him Cardinall,

You hold a faire Affembly; you doe well Lord: You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall, I should judge now vnhappily.

Card. I am glad

Your Grace is growne so pleasant. Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine,

Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace,

Sir Thomas Bullens Daughter, the Viscount Rochford, One of her Highnesse women.

Kin. By Heauen she is a dainty one. Sweet heart, I were vnmannerly to take you out,

And not to kiffe you. A health Gentlemen,

Let it goe round.

Card. Sir Thomas Louell, is the Banket ready I'th' Priuy Chamber?

Lou. Yes, my Lord. Card. Your Grace

I feare, with dancing is a little heated.

Kin. I feare too much.

Card. There's fresher ayre my Lord,

In the next Chamber.

Kin, Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one : Sweet Partner, I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry, Good my Lord Cardinall: I have halfe a dozen healths, To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame Who's best in fauour. Let the Musicke knock it.

Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at severall Doores.

1. Whether away fo fast?

2. O, God faue ye:

Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

I. Ile faue you

That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony Of bringing backe the Prifoner.

2. Were you there? 1. Yes indeed was I.

2. Pray speake what ha's happen'd.

1. You may guesse quickly what.

2. Is he found guilty?

1. Yes truely is he, And condemn'd vpon't.

2. I am forry fort.

I. So are a number more.

2. But pray how past it?

I. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations He pleaded still not guilty, and alleadged Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law. The Kings Atturney on the contrary,

Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confessions

Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd To him brought viua voce to his face; At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor Sir Gilbert Pecke his Chancellour, and Iohn Car, Confessor to him, with that Divell Monke, Hopkins, that made this mischiefe.

2. That was hee

That fed him with his Prophecies.

1. The same,

All these accus'd him strongly, which he faine
Would have slung from him; but indeed he couldnot;
And so his Peeres vpon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high Treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.

2. After all this, how did he beare himselfe?

1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was stir'd With such an Agony, he sweat extreamly, And somthing spoke in choller, ill, and hasty: But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly, In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience.

2. I doe not thinke he feares death.

1. Sure he does not,

He neuer was so womanish, the cause He may a little grieue at.

2. Certainly,

The Cardinall is the end of this.

1. Tis likely,

By all coniectures: First Kildares Attendure; Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd Earle Surrey, was sent thither, and in hast too, Least he should helpe his Father.

2. That tricke of State Was a deepe enuious one,

No doubt he will requite it; this is noted (And generally) who ever the King favours, The Cardnall instantly will finde imployment, And farre enough from Court too.

2. All the Commons

Hate him perniciously, and o'my Conscience Wish him ten saddom deepe: This Duke as much They loue and doate on: call him bounteous Buckingham, The Mirror of all courtesse.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, Tipstaues before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Louell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,

And fee the noble ruin'd man you speake of.

2. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck All good people,

You that thus farre have come to pitty me;

Heare what I say, and then goe home and lose me.

I have this day receiv'd a Traitors indgement,
And by that name must dye; yet Heaven beare witnes,
And if I have a Conscience, let it sincke me,
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
Thas done vpon the premises, but Justice:
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians:

(Be what they will) I heartily forgiue 'em; Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischiese; Nor build their euils on the graues of great men; For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against'em. For further life in this world I ne're hope, Nor will I sue, although the King haue mercies More then I dare make faults. You sew that lou'd me, And dare be bold to weepe for Buckingham, His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue Is only bitter to him, only dying: Goe with me like good Angels to my end, And as the long diuorce of Steele sals on me, Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrisice, And lift my Soule to Heauen.

Lead on a Gods name.

Louell. I doe befeech your Grace, for charity
If euer any malice in your heart

Were hid against me, now to forgiue me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Louell, I as free forgiue you

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberless offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Enuy shall make my Grave.
Commend mee to his Grace:
And if he speake of Buckingham; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heaven: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer then I have time to tell his yeares;
Euer belou'd and loving, may his Rule be;

Goodnesse and he, fill vp one Monument.

Lou. To th' water side I must conduct your Grace;
Then give my Charge vp to Sir Nicholas Vaux,

Who vndertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with fuch furniture as fuites
The Greatnesse of his Person.

And when old Time shall lead him to his end,

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of Buckingham: now, poore Edward Bohun;
Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,
That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now seale it;

And with that bloud will make 'em one day groane for't. My noble Father Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against Vsurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his Seruant Banister,
Being distrest; was by that wretch betraid,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Harry the Sequenth succeeding tryly pittying

And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him. Henry the Seauenth succeeding, truly pittying My Fathers losse; like a most Royall Prince Restor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne, Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all That made me happy; at one stroake ha's taken For euer from the World. I had my Tryall, And must needs say a Noble which makes me

A little happier then my wretched Father: Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both Fell by our Servants, by those Men we lou'd most: A most vnnaturall and faithlesse Service.

Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me, This from a dying man receive as certaine: Where you are liberall of your loues and Councels, Be fure you be not loose; for those you make friends,

And

And giue your hearts to; when they once perceiue
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, neuer found againe
But where they meane to finke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last houre
Of my long weary life is come vpon me:
Farewell; and when you would say somthing that is sad,
Speake how I fell.

I have done; and God forgive me.

Execunt Duke and Traine.

1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir, it cals
I feare, too many curfes on their heads
That were the Authors.

2. If the Duke be guiltleffe,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inckling
Of an enfuing euill, if it fall,
Greater then this.

I. Good Angels keepe it from vs:

What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is fo weighty, 'twill require

A strong faith to conceale it.

I: Let me haue it:

I doe not talke much.

2. I am confident; You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare A buzzing of a Separation

Betweene the King and Katherine?

I. Yes, but it held not;

For when the King once heard it, out of anger He fent command to the Lord Mayor straight To stop the rumor; and allay those tongues That durst disperse it.

2. But that flander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Fresher then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or some about him neere, haue out of malice
To the good Queene, possess him with a scruple
That will vndoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,

As all thinke for this busines.

1. Tis the Cardinall;

And meerely to reuenge him on the Emperour, For not bestowing on him at his asking,
The Archbishopricke of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2. I thinke

You have hit the marke; but is't not cruell, That she should feele the smart of this: the Cardinall Will have his will, and she must fall.

I. 'Tis wofull.

Wee are too open heere to argue this:

Let's thinke in private more.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

N I Lord, the Horses your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the hest breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commission, and maine power tooke'em from me, with this reason: his maister would bee serv'd be-

fore a SubieEt, if not before the King, which stop'd our mouthes

I feare he will indeede; well, let him haue them; hee will haue all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke.

Norf. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine. Cham. Good day to both your Graces. Suff. How is the King imployd? Cham. I left him private,

Full of fad thoughts and troubles.

Norf. What's the cause?

Cham. It feemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife Ha's crept too neere his Confcience.

Suff. No, his Conscience

Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.

Norf. Tis fo; This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,

That blinde Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune, Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day. Suff. Pray God he doe,

Hee'l neuer know himselfe else.

Norf. How holily he workes in all his businesse, And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League Between vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew) He dives into the Kings Soule, and there scatters Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience, Feares, and despaires, and all these for his Marriage. And out of all these, to restore the King, He counsels a Divorce, a losse of her That like a Iewell, ha's hung twenty yeares About his necke, yet never loss there lustre; Of her that loves him with that excellence, That Angels love good men with: Even of her, That when the greatest stroake of Fortune falls

Cham. Heauen keep me from such councel: tis most true These newes are every where, every tongue speaks 'em, And every true heart weepes for't. All that dare Looke into these affaires, see this maine end, The French Kings Sister. Heaven will one day open The Kings eyes, that so long have slept vpon This bold bad man.

Will bleffe the King: and is not this course pious?

Suff. And free vs from his slauery.
Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lumpe before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suff. For me, my Lords,
I loue him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, fo Ile stand,
If the King please: his Curses and his blessings
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not beleeue in.
I knew him, and I know him: so I leaue him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.

Norf. Let's in;
And with fome other busines, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much vpon him:
My Lord, youle beare vs company?

Cham. Excuse me,
The King ha's sent me otherwhere: Besides
You'l finde a most vnsit time to disturbe him:
Health to your Lordships.

Nor.

Norfolke. Thankes my good Lord Chamberlaine. Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Curtaine and sits reading pensively.

Suff. How fad he lookes; fure he is much afflicted. Kin. Who's there? Ha?

Norff. Pray God he be not angry. (felues Kin. Who's there I fay? How dare you thrust your Into my private Meditations?

Who am I? Ha?

Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way, Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come To know your Royall pleafure.

Kin. Ye are too bold:

Go too; Ile make ye know your times of bufineffe: Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.
Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my Wolsey, The quiet of my wounded Conscience; Thou art a cure fit for a King; you'r welcome Most learned Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdome, Vie vs, and it: My good Lord, haue great care, I be not found a Talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot; I would your Grace would give vs but an houre Of private conference.

Rin. We are busie; goe.

Norff. This Priest ha's no pride in him?

Suff. Not to speake of:

I would not be so sicke though for his place: But this cannot continue.

Norff. If it doe, Ile venture one; haue at him.

Suff. I another.

Exeunt Norfolke and Suffolke. Wol. Your Grace ha's given a Prefident of wisedome Aboue all Princes, in committing freely Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome: Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you? The Spaniard tide by blood and fauour to her, Must now confesse, if they have any goodnesse, The Tryall, iust and Noble. All the Clerkes, (I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes) Haue their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Indgement) Inuited by your Noble felfe, hath fent One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man, This iust and learned Priest, Cardnall Campeius, Whom once more, I present vnto your Highnesse. Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome, And thanke the holy Conclave for their loves, They have fent me fuch a Man, I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers loues, You are fo Noble: To your Highnesse hand I tender my Commission; by whose vertue, The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord Cardinall of Yorke, are ioyn'd with me their Seruant,
In the vnpartiall iudging of this Businesse. (ted
Kin. Two equal men: The Queene shall be acquainForthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Maiesty, ha's alwayes lou'd her So deare in heart, not to deny her that A Woman of lesse Place might aske by Law; Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.

Kin. I, and the best she shall haue; and my favour To him that does best, God forbid els: Cardinall, Prethee call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary.

Ifind him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Giue me your hand: much ioy & fauour to you; You are the Kings now.

Gard. But to be commanded

For euer by your Grace, whose hand ha's rais'd me.

Kin. Come hither Gardiner.

Walkes and whispers.

Camp. My Lord of Yorke, was not one Doctor Pace In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camp. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes furely.

Camp. Beleeue me, there's an ill opinion spread then, Euen of your selfe Lord Cardinall.

Wol. How? of me?

Camp They will not sticke to say, you enuide him; And fearing he would rife (he was so vertuous) Kept him a forraigne man still, which so greeu'd him,

That he ran mad, and dide.

Wol. Heau'ns peace be with him: That's Christian care enough: for living Murmurers, There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole; For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow, If I command him followes my appointment, I will have none so neere els. Learne this Brother, We liue not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

Kin. Deliuer this with modesty to th' Queene.

Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place, that I can thinke of For fuch receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers: There ye shall meete about this waighty busines. My Wolsey, see it furnish'd, O my Lord, Would it not grieve an able man to leave So fweet a Bedfellow? But Confcience, Confcience; O'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches. His Highnesse, having liu'd so long with her, and she So good a Lady, that no Tongue could euer Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life, She neuer knew harme-doing: Oh, now after So many courses of the Sun enthroaned, Still growing in a Maiesty and pompe, the which To leave, a thousand fold more bitter, then 'Tis sweet at first t'acquire. After this Processe. To give her the auaunt, it is a pitty Would moue a Monster.

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper

Melt and lament for her. An. Oh Gods will, much better She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,

Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do diuorce It from the bearer, 'tis a fufferance, panging As foule and bodies feuering.

Old L. Alas poore Lady,

Shee's a stranger now againe. An. So much the more

Must pitty drop vpon her; verily I fweare, tis better to be lowly borne,

And

And range with humble liuers in Content, Then to be perk'd vp in a gliftring griefe, And weare a golden forrow.

Old L. Our content Is our best hauing.

Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,

I would not be a Queene.

Old. L. Beshrew me, I would,

And venture Maidenhead for't, and fo would you For all this fpice of your Hipocrifie:

You that haue so faire parts of Woman on you, Haue (too) a Womans heart, which euer yet

Affected Eminence, Wealth, Soueraignty; Which, to fay footh, are Bleffings; and which guifts

(Sauing your mincing) the capacity
Of your foft Chiuerell Conscience, would receive,

If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches vnder Heauen.

Old L. Tis strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,

What thinke you of a Dutchesse? Haue you limbs To beare that load of Title?

An. No in truth.

Old. L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little, I would not be a young Count in your way, For more then blushing comes to: If your backe Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, tis too weake Euer to get a Boy.

An. How you doe talke; I fweare againe, I would not be a Queene, For all the world:

Old. L. In faith, for little England
You'ld venture an emballing: I my felfe
Would for Carnaruanshire, although there long'd
No more to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine. (know L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to The fecret of your conference?

An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Mistris Sorrowes we were pittying.

Cham. It was a gentle businesse, and becomming The action of good women, there is hope All will be well.

An. Now I pray God, Amen.
Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heau'nly bleffings
Follow fuch Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
Perceiue I speake fincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Maiesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing,
Then Marchionesse of Pembrooke; to which Title,
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall support,

A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall supp Out of his Grace, he addes.

An. I doe not know
What kinde of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. 'Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speake my thankes, and my obedience,
As from a blush ng Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady;
I shall not faile t'approue the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I have perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a Iemme,
To lighten all this sle. Ple to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An. My honour'd Lord.
Old. L. Why this it is: See, fee,
I have beene begging fixteene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any fuit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fish heere; fye, fye, fye vpon
This compel'd fortune: have your mouth fild vp,
Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tasks it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no: There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would she not For all the mud in Egypt; have you heard it?

An. Come you are pleafant.
Old. L. With your Theame, I could
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchionesse of Pembrooke?
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promises mo thousands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutchesse. Say.

I know your backe will beare a Dutcheffe. Say,
Are you not fironger then you were?

An. Good Lady,

Make your felfe mirth with your particular fancy, And leaue me out on't. Would I had no being If this falute my blood a iot; it faints me To thinke what followes.

The Queene is comfortlesse, and wee forgetfull In our long absence: pray doe not deliuer,

What heere y'haue heard to her.

Old L. What doe you thinke me Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two Scribes in the habite of Dostors; after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne, Ely, Rochester, and S. Asaph: Next them, with some small distance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bearing each a Silver Crosse: Then a Gentleman Vsher barebeaded, accompanyed with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a Silver Mace: Then two Gentleman bearing two great Silver Pillers: Asier them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls sit under him as Iudges. The Queene takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court in manner of a Consistory: Below them the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.

Card.

Car. Whil'ft our Commission from Rome is read, Let filence be commanded.

King. What's the need? It hath already publiquely bene read, And on all fides th'Authority allow'd, You may then spare that time.

Car. Bee't fo, proceed.

Scri. Say, Henry K. of England, come into the Court. Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Heere.

Scribe. Say, Katherine Queene of England,

Come into the Court.

Crier. Katherine Queene of England, &c.

The Queene makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire,
goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at
his Feete. Then speakes.

Sir, I defire you do me Right and Iustice, And to bestow your pitty on me; for I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger, Borne out of your Dominions: having heere No Iudge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir: In what have I offended you? What cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure. That thus you should proceede to put me off, And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witnesse, I have bene to you, a true and humble Wife, At all times to your will conformable: Euer in feare to kindle your Dislike, Yea, Subject to your Countenance: Glad, or forry, As I faw it inclin'd? When was the houre I euer contradicted your Desire? Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends Haue I not stroue to loue, although I knew He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine, That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde, That I have beene your Wife, in this Obedience, Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene bleft With many Children by you. If in the course And processe of this time, you can report, And proue it too, against mine Honor, aught; My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name Turne me away: and let the fowl'ft Contempt Shut doore vpon me, and so give me vp To the sharp'st kinde of Iustice. Please you, Sir, The King your Father, was reputed for A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. Ferdinand My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one The wifest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many A yeare before. It is not to be question'd, That they had gather'd a wise Councell to them Of every Realme, that did debate this Bufineffe, Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly Befeech you Sir, to spare me, till I may Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whose Counsaile I will implore. If not, i'th'name of God Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Wol. You have heere Lady,
(And of your choice) these Reverend Fathers, men
Of singular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o'th'Land, who are assembled
To pleade your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlesse,

That longer you defire the Court, as well For your owne quiet, as to rectifie What is vnfetled in the King.

Camp. His Grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Session do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I speake. Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.

Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that We are a Queene (or long have dream'd fo) certaine The daughter of a King, my drops of teares, Ile turne to sparkes of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before, Or God will punish me. I do beleeue (Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge, You shall not be my Iudge. For it is you Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me; (Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I say againe, I vtterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule Refuse you for my Iudge, whom yet once more I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not At all a Friend to truth.

Wol. I do professe You speake not like your selfe: who ever yet Haue stood to Charity, and displayd th'effects Of disposition gentle, and of wisedome, Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong I have no Spleene against you, nor injustice For you, or any: how farre I have proceeded, Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted By a Commission from the Consistorie, Yea, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me, That I have blowne this Coale: I do deny it, The King is present: If it be knowne to him, That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound, And worthily my Falsehood, yea, as much As you have done my Truth. If he know That I am free of your Report, he knowes I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to Remoue these Thoughts from you. The which before His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your speaking,

And to fay so no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord, I am a fimple woman, much too weake T'oppose your eunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd You figne your Place, and Calling, in full feeming, With Meekenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride. You have by Fortune, and his Highnesse fauors, Gone flightly o're lowe steppes, and now are mounted Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words (Domestickes to you) serve your will, as't please Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you, You tender more your persons Honor, then Your high profession Spirituall. That agen I do refuse you for my Judge, and heere Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope, To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holinesse, And to be judg'd by him.

She Curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp.

Camp. The Queene is obstinate, Stubborne to Iustice, apt to accuse it, and Disdainfull to be tride by't; tis not well. Shee's going away.

Kin. Call her againe.

Crier. Katherine, Q of England, come into the Court.

Gent. Usb. Madam, you are cald backe.

Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way, When you are cald returne. Now the Lord helpe, They vexe me past my patience, pray you passe on; I will not tarry: no, nor euer more Vpon this bufinesse my appearance make, In any of their Courts.

Exit Queene, and her Attendants.

Kin. Goe thy wayes Kate, That man i'th' world, who shall report he ha's A better Wife, let him in naught be trufted, For speaking false in that; thou art alone (If thy rare qualities, fweet gentleneffe, Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Gouernment, Obeying in commanding, and thy parts Soueraigne and Pious els, could speake thee out) The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne; And like her true Nobility, she ha's Carried her felfe towards me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir, In humblest manner I require your Highnes, That it shall please you to declare in hearing Of all these eares (for where I am rob'd and bound, There must I be vnloos'd, although not there At once, and fully satisfide) whether euer I Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or Laid any scruple in your way, which might Induce you to the question on't:or ever Haue to you, but with thankes to God for fuch A Royall Lady, spake one, the least word that might Be to the prejudice of her prefent State, Or touch of her good Person?

Kin. My Lord Cardinall, I doe excuse you; yea, vpon mine Honour, I free you from't: You are not to be taught That you have many enemies, that know not Why they are fo; but like to Village Curres, Barke when their fellowes doe. By some of these The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd: But will you be more iustifi'de? You euer Haue wish'd the sleeping of this busines, neuer defir'd It to be stir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft The passages made toward it; on my Honour, I speake my good Lord Cardnall, to this point;

And thus farre cleare him. Now, what mou'd me too't, I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't: Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; give heede My Conscience first receiu'd a tendernes, Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd By th'Bishop of Bayon, then French Embassador, Who had beene hither fent on the debating

And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleance, and Our Daughter Mary: I'th' Progresse of this busines, Ere a determinate resolution, hee

(I meane the Bishop) did require a respite, Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertife, Whether our Daughter were legitimate,

Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager, Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke The bosome of my Conscience, enter'd me; Yea, with a spitting power, and made to tremble The region of my Breast, which forc'd such way, That many maz'd confiderings, did throng And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought I stood not in the smile of Heauen, who had Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, should Doe no more Offices of life too't; then The Grave does to th' dead: For her Male Issue, Or di'de where they were made, or shortly after This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought, This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome (Well worthy the best Heyre o'th' World) should not Be gladded in't by me. Then followes, that I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes stood in By this my Issues faile, and that gaue to me Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steere Toward this remedy, whereupon we are Now present heere together:that's to fay, I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which I then did feele full ficke, and yet not well, By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land, And Doctors learn'd. First I began in private, With you my Lord of Lincolne; you remember How vnder my oppression I did reeke When I first mou'd you.

B. Lin. Very well my Liedge. Kin. I have spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say

How farre you satisfide me.

Lin. So please your Highnes, The question did at first so stagger me, Bearing a State of mighty moment in't, And confequence of dread, that I committed The daringst Counsaile which I had to doubt, And did entreate your Highnes to this course, Which you are running heere.

Kin. I then mou'd you, My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leaue To make this present Summons vnsolicited. I left no Reuerend Person in this Court; But by particular confent proceeded Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on, For no dislike i'th' world against the person Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points Of my alleadged reasons, drives this forward: Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life And Kingly Dignity, we are contented To weare our mortall State to come, with her, (Katherine our Queene) before the primest Creature That's Parragon'd o'th' World

Camp. So please your Highnes, The Queene being absent, 'tis a needfull fitnesse, That we adjourne this Court till further day; Meane while, must be an earnest motion Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale She intends vnto his Holinesse.

Kin. I may perceiue These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre This dilatory floth, and trickes of Rome. My learn'd and welbeloued Seruant Cranmer, Prethee returne, with thy approch: I know, My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court; I fay, fet on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

AETUS

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke. Queen. Take thy Lute wench, My Soule growes fad with troubles, Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave working:

SONG. Rpheus with his Lute made Trees, And the Mountaine tops that freeze, Bow themselues when he did sing. To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers Euer sprung; as Sunne and Showers, There had made a lasting Spring. Euery thing that beard him play, Euen the Billowes of the Sea, Hung their heads, & then lay by. In sweet Musicke is such Art, Killing care, & griefe of heart, Fall asleepe, or hearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speake with me? Gent. They wil'd me fay so Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come neere: what can be their busines With me, a poore weake woman, falne from fauour? I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't, They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous: But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campian.

Wolf. Peace to your Highnesse.

Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houswife, (I would be all) against the worst may happen: What are your pleasures with me, reuerent Lords?

Wol. May it please you Nobse Madam, to withdraw Into your private Chamber; we shall give you

The full cause of our comming.

Queen. Speake it heere, There's nothing I have done yet o' my Conscience Deserves a Corner: would all other Women Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe. My Lords, I care not (fo much I am happy Aboue a number) if my actions Were tri'de by eu'ry tongue, eu'ry eye faw 'em, Enuy and base opinion set against 'em, I know my life so euen. If your busines Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in; Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing.

Card. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima. Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin; I am not such a Truant fince my comming, As not to know the Language I have liu'd in: A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspiti-

Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you, If you speake truth, for their poore Mistris sake; Beleeue me she ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall, The willing'ft finne I euer yet committed,

May be absolu'd in English.

Card. Noble Lady,

I am forry my integrity shoul breed, (And feruice to his Maiesty and you) So deepe suspition, where all faith was meant; We come not by the way of Accusation, To taint that honour every good Tongue bleffes; Nor to betray you any way to forrow; You have too much good Lady: But to know How you stand minded in the waighty difference Betweene the King and you, and to deliuer (Like free and honest men) our just opinions, And comforts to our cause.

Camp. Most honour'd Madam, My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature, Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace, Forgetting (like a good man) your late Cenfure Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)

Offers, as I doe, in a figne of peace, His Seruice, and his Counfell.

Queen. To betray me. My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills, Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proue so) But how to make ye fodainly an Answere In fuch a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour, (More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit; And to fuch men of grauity and learning; In truth I know not. I was fet at worke, Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking Either for fuch men, or fuch businesse; For her sake that I have beene, for I feele The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces Let me haue time and Councell for my Cause: Alas, I am a Woman frendlesse, hopelesse. Wol. Madam,

You wrong the Kings love with thefe feares,

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England, But little for my profit can you thinke Lords, That any English man dare giue me Councell? Or be a knowne friend gainst his Highnes pleasure, (Though he be growne so desperate to be honest) And live a Subject? Nay forfooth, my Friends, They that must weigh out my affiliations, They that my trust must grow to, live not heere, They are (as all my other comforts) far hence In mine owne Countrey Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace Would leave your greefes, and take my Counfell.

Queen. How Sir?

Camp. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection, Hee's louing and most gracious. 'Twill be much, Both for your Honour better, and your Cause: For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye, You'l part away difgrac'd.

Wol. He tels you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine: Is this your Christian Councell? Out vpon ye. Heauen is aboue all yet; there fits a Judge. That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage mistakes vs.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Vpon my Soule two reverend Cardinall Vertues: But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye: Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort? The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady? A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scornd? I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,

I have more Charity. But fay I warn'd ye; Take heed, for heavens fake take heed, leaft at once The burthen of my forrowes, fall vpon ye.

Car. Madam, this is a meere diffraction, You turne the good we offer, into enuy.

Quee. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye, And all fuch false Professors. Would you have me (If you have any lustice, any Pitty, If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits) Put my sicke cause into his hands, that hates me? Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already, His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords, And all the Fellowship I hold now with him Is onely my Obedience. What can happen To me, aboue this wretchednesse? All your Studies Make me a Curse, like this.

Camp. Your feares are worfe.

Qu Haue I liu'd thus long (let me speake my selse, Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wise, a true one? A Woman (I dare say without Vainglory)

Neuer yet branded with Suspition?

Haue I, with all my full Affections

Still met the King? Lou'd him next Heau'n? Obey'd him? Bin (out of fondnesse) superstitious to him? Almost forgot my Prayres to content him? And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords. Bring me a constant woman to her Husband, One that ne're dream'd a Ioy, beyond his pleasure; And to that Woman (when she has done most)

Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience.

Car. Madam, you wander from the good

We ayme at.

Qu. My Lord,
I dare not make my felfe fo guiltie,
To giue vp willingly that Noble Title
Your Mafter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e're diuorce my Dignities.

Car. Pray heare me.

Qu. Would I had neuer trod this English Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon it:
Ye haue Angels Faces; but Heauen knowes your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched Lady?
I am the most vnhappy Woman liuing.
Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?
Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?
Almost no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly
That once was Mistris of the Field, and flourish'd,
Ile hang my head, and perish.

Car. If your Grace Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honest, Youl'd feele more comfort. Why shold we (good Lady) Vpon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Places, The way of our Profession is against it; We are to Cure such forrowes, not to sowe'em. For Goodnesse sake, consider what you do, How you may hurt your felfe: I, vtterly Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage. The hearts of Princes kiffe Obedience, So much they loue it. But to stubborne Spirits, They swell and grow, as terrible as stormes. I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper, A Soule as euen as a Calme; Pray thinke vs, Those we professe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants. Camp. Madam, you'l finde it so:

You wrong your Vertues

With these weake Womens seares. A Noble Spirit As yours was, put into you, euer casts Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loues you, Beware you loose it not: For vs (if you please To trust vs in your businesse) we are ready To vse our vtmost Studies, in your service.

Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords:
And pray forgiue me;
If I haue vs'd my felfe vnmannerly,
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
To make a feemely answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his Maiestie,
He ha's my heart yet, and shall haue my Prayers
While I shall haue my life. Come reverend Fathers,
Bestow your Councels on me. She now begges
That little thought when she set footing heere,
She should have bought her Dignities so deere.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey, and Lord Chamberlaine.

Norf. If you will now vnite in your Complaints, And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinall Cannot stand vnder them. If you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise, But that you shall sustaine moe new disgraces, With these you beare alreadie.

Sur. I am joyfull
To meete the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peeres Haue vncontemn'd gone by him, or at least Strangely neglected? When did he regard The stampe of Noblenesse in any person Out of himselse?

Cham. My Lords, you fpeake your pleasures: What he deserves of you and me, I know: What we can do to him (though now the time Gives way to vs) I much search. If you cannot Barre his accesse to th'King, never attempt Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcrast Ouer the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O feare him not, His spell in that is out: the King hath found Matter against him, that for ever marres The Hony of his Language. No, he's setled (Not to come off) in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir, I should be glad to heare such Newes as this Once every houre.

Nor. Beleeue it, this is true.
In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all vnfolded: wherein he appeares,
As I would wish mine Enemy.

Sur. How came
His practifes to light?
Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O how? how?
Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,

And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse To stay the Judgement o'th'Diuorce; for if It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue My King is tangled in affection, to

A Creature of the Queenes, Lady Anne Bullen

Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Beleeue it.

Sur. Will this worke?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts And hedges his owne way. But in this point, All his trickes founder, and he brings his Phyficke After his Patients death; the King already Hath married the faire Lady.

Sur. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your wish my Lord,

For I professe you have it. Sur. Now all my joy Trace the Conjunction.

Suf. My Amen too't. Nor. All mens.

Suf. There's order giuen for her Coronation: Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left To fome eares vnrecounted. But my Lords She is a gallant Creature, and compleate In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her Will fall fome bleffing to this Land, which shall In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King Digest this Letter of the Cardinals? The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry Amen.

Suf. No, no: There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose, Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall Campeius, Is stolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leaue,

Ha's left the cause o'th'King vnhandled, and Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall, To fecond all his plot. I do affure you,

The King cry'de Ha, at this.

Cham. Now God incense him, And let him cry Ha, lowder.

Norf. But my Lord When returnes Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which Haue fatisfied the King for his Diuorce, Together with all famous Colledges Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleeve) His second Marriage shall be published, and Her Coronation. Katherine no more Shall be call'd Queene, but Princesse Dowager, And Widdow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's

A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine In the Kings businesse.

Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him

For it, an Arch-byshop. Nor. So I heare.

Suf. 'Tis fo.

Enter Wolfey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.

Nor. Observe, observe, hee's moody. Car. The Packet Cromwell,

Gau't you the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber. Card. Look'd he o'th'infide of the Paper?

Crom. Prefently He did vnseale them, and the first he view'd, He did it with a Serious minde : a heede Was in his countenance. You he bad Attend him heere this Morning. Card. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I thinke by this he is.

Exit Cromwell. Card. Leaue me a while.

It shall be to the Dutches of Alanson, The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her. Anne Bullen? No: Ile no Anne Bullens for him, There's more in't then faire Vifage. Bullen?

No, wee'l no Bullens: Speedily I wish To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbroke? Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he heares the King Does whet his Anger to him.

Sur. Sharpe enough,

Lord for thy Iustice.

Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?

A Knights Daughter To be her Mistris Mistris? The Queenes, Queene? This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it, Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous And well deferuing? yet I know her for A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholsome to Our cause, that she should lye i'th'bosome of Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung vp An Heretique, an Arch-one; Cranmer, one Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King, And is his Oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Sur. I would 'twer fomthing y would fret the string, The Master-cord on's heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th'name of Thrift Does he rake this together? Now my Lords, Saw you the Cardinall?

Nor. My Lord, we have Stood heere observing him. Some strange Commotion Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts, Stops on a fodaine, lookes vpon the ground, Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe, Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts His eye against the Moone : in most strange Postures

We have seene him set himselfe.

King. It may well be, There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning, Papers of State he sent me, to peruse As I requir'd: and wot you what I found There (on my Conscience put vnwittingly) Forfooth an Inventory, thus importing The seuerall parcels of his Plate his Treasure, Rich Stuffes and Ornaments of Houshold, which I finde at fuch proud Rate, that it out-speakes Possession of a Subject.

Nor. It's Heauens will, Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet, To bleffe your eye withall.

King. If we did thinke

His

His Contemplation were aboue the earth, And fixt on Spirituall object, he should still Dwell in his Musings, but I am affraid His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth His ferious confidering.

King takes his Seat, whispers Louell, who goes to the Cardinall.

Car. Heauen forgiue me, Euer God bleffe your Highneffe.

King. Good my Lord, You are full of Heavenly stuffe, and beare the Inventory Of your best Graces, in your minde; the which You were now running o're: you have fearfe time To steale from Spirituall leysure, a briefe span To keepe your earthly Audit, fure in that I deeme you an ill Husband, and am gald To haue you therein my Companion. Car. Sir,

For Holy Offices I have a time; a time To thinke vpon the part of bufinesse, which I beare i'th'State : and Nature does require Her times of preservation, which perforce I her fraile fonne, among'ft my Brethren mortall, Must give my tendance to.

King. You have faid well.

Car. And ever may your Highnesse yoake together,
(As I will lend you cause) my doing well,

With my well faying.

King. 'Tis well faid agen, And 'tis a kinde of good deede to fay well, And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you, He faid he did, and with his deed did Crowne His word vpon you. Since I had my Office, I have kept you next my Heart, have not alone Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home, But par'd my present Hauings, to bestow My Bounties vpon you.

Car. What should this meane? Sur. The Lord increase this businesse.

King. Haue I not made you The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me, If what I now pronounce, you have found true: And if you may confesse it, say withall If you are bound to vs, or no. What fay you?

Car. My Soueraigne, 1 confesse your Royall graces Showr'd on me daily, haue bene more then could My studied purposes requite, which went Beyond all mans endeauors. My endeauors, Haue euer come too short of my Desires, Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends Haue beene mine fo, that euermore they pointed To'th'good of your most Sacred Person, and The profit of the State. For your great Graces Heap'd vpon me (poore Vndeseruer) I Can nothing render but Allegiant thankes, My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing, Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairely answer'd: A Loyall, and obedient Subject is Therein illustrated, the Honor of it Does pay the Act of it, as i'th'contrary The fowlenesse is the punishment. I presume, That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you, My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more On you, then any : So your Hand, and Heart,

Your Braine, and euery Function of your power, Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, As 'twer in Loues particular, be more To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do professe, That for your Highnesse good, I euer labour'd More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be (Though all the world should cracke their duty to you, And throw it from their Soule, though perils did Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty, As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood, Should the approach of this wilde River breake, And stand vnshaken yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken: Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall brest, For you have seene him open't. Read o're this, And after this, and then to Breakfast with What appetite you haue.

Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinall, the Nobles throng after him smiling, and whispering.

Car. What should this meane? What fodaine Anger's this? How have I reap'd it? He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon Vpon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him: Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper: I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so: This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tisth' Accompt Of all that world of Wealth I have drawne together For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome, And fee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence! Fit for a Foole to fall by: What croffe Diuell Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet I fent the King? Is there no way to cure this? No new deuice to beate this from his Braines? I know 'twill stirre him strongly; yet I know A way, if it take right, in fpight of Fortune Will bring me off againe. What's this? To th' Pope? The Letter (as I live) with all the Businesse I writ too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell: I have touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse, And from that full Meridian of my Glory, I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall Like a bright exhalation in the Euening, And no man fee me more.

Enter to Woolsey, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinall, Who commands you To render up the Great Seale presently Into our hands, and to Confine your felfe To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchesters, Till you heare further from his Highnesse. Car. Stay:

Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie Authority fo weighty.

Suf. Who dare croffe 'em,

Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressely? Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it, (I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords, I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Enuy, How eagerly ye follow my Difgraces

As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your envious courses, men of Malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gave me:
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gaue it. Car. It must be himselfe then.

Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.

Car. Proud Lord, thou lyeft: Within these fortie houres, Surrey durf

Within these fortie houres, Surrey durst better Haue burnt that Tongue, then saide so.

Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet finne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,
You sent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his succour; from the King, from all
That might have mercie on the fault, thou gav'st him:
Whil'st your great Goodnesse, out of holy pitty,
Absolv'd him with an Axe.

Wol. This, and all elfe
This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His Noble Iurie, and foule Cause can witnesse.
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You have as little Honessie, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,
Toward the King, my ever Roiall Master,
Dare mate a sounder man then Surrie can be,

And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my Soule, Your long Coat (Prieft) protects you, Thou should'st feele My Sword i'th'life blood of thee elfe. My Lords,

Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?

And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus Iaded by a peece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,

And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.

Card. All Goodnesse
Is poyson to thy Stomacke.
Sur. Yes, that goodnesse

Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets
You writ to'th'Pope, against the King: your goodnesse
Since you prouoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
As you respect the common good, the State
Of our despis'd Nobilitie, our Issues,
(Whom if he liue, will scarse be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand summe of his sinnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. Ile startle you
Worse then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kissing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.

Car. How much me thinkes, I could despise this man,

But that I am bound in Charitie against it.

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand: But thus much, they are foule ones.

Wol. So much fairer

And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arise, When the King knowes my Truth.

Sur. This cannot faue you:

I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember Some of these Articles, and out they shall. Now, if you can blush, and crie guiltie Cardinall,

You'l shew a little Honestie.

Wol. Speake on Sir, I dare your worst Objections: If I blush, It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, then my head; Haue at you.

First, that without the Kings affent or knowledge, You wrought to be a Legate, by which power You maim'd the Iurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else To Forraigne Princes, Ego & Rex meus Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King

To be your Seruant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge Either of King or Councell, when you went Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.

Sur. Item, You fent a large Commission To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude Without the Kings will, or the States allowance, A League betweene his Highnesse, and Ferrara.

Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you have caus'd Your holy-Hat to be stampt on the Kings Coine.

Sur. Then, That you have fent inumerable fubstance, (By what meanes got, I leave to your owne confcience) To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes You have for Dignities, to the meere vndooing Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are, Which fince they are of you, and odious, I will not taint mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Presse not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to see him
So little, of his great Selse.

Sur. I forgiue him.

Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is, Because all those things you have done of late By your power Legative within this Kingdome, Fall into th'compasse of a Premunire; That therefore such a Writ be sued against you, To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements, Castles, and whatsoever, and to be Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.

Nor. And so wee'l leave you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your stubborne answer
About the giving backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shall thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exeunt all but Wolfey.

Wol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.

Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.

This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth

The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,

And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:

The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,

And when he thinkes, good easie man, full furely

His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote, And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd Like little wanton Boyes that fwim on bladders: This many Summers in a Sea of Glory, But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy Of a rude streame, that must for euer hide me. Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye, I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauours? There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too, That fweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine, More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue; And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer, Neuer to hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speake Sir.

Car. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep I am falne indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace. Card. Why well:

Neuer fo truly happy, my good Crommell, I know my selfe now, and I feele within me, A peace aboue all earthly Dignities, A still, and quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me, I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders These ruin'd Pillers, out of pitty, taken A loade, would finke a Nauy, (too much Honor.)
O'tis a burden Cromwel, 'tis a burden Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heaven. Crom. I am glad your Grace,

Ha's made that right vie of it. Card. I hope I haue: I am able now (me thinkes) (Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele) To endure more Miseries, and greater farre Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer. What Newes abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst, Is your displeasure with the King.

Card. God bleffe him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas Moore is chosen

Lord Chancellor, in your place. Card. That's fomewhat fodain. But he's a Learned man. May he continue Long in his Highnesse fauour, and do Iustice For Truths-fake, and his Conscience; that his bones, When he ha's run his course, and sleepes in Bleffings, May have a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;

Install'd Lord Arch-byshop of Canterbury.

Card. That's Newes indeed. Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne, Whom the King hath in secrecie long married, This day was view'd in open, as his Queene, Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now

Onely about her Corronation. Card. There was the waight that pull'd me downe.

What more?

The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories In that one woman, I have lost for ever.

No Sun, shall euer vsher forth mine Honors, Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted Vpon my smiles. Go get thee from me Cromwel, I am a poore falne man, vnworthy now To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King (That Sun, I pray may neuer set) I have told him, What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee: Some little memory of me, will stirre him (I know his Noble Nature) not to let Thy hopefull feruice perish too. Good Cromwell Neglect him not; make vie now, and prouide For thine owne future fafety.

Crom. O my Lord, Must I then leave you? Must I needes forgo So good, so Noble, and so true a Master? Beare witnesse, all that have not hearts of Iron, With what a forrow Cromwel leaves his Lord. The King shall have my service; but my prayres

For euer, and for euer shall be yours. Card. Crommel, I did not thinke to shed a teare In all my Miseries: But thou hast forc'd me (Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman. Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me Cromwel, And when I am forgotten, as I shall be, And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee; Say Wolfey, that once trod the wayes of Glory, And founded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor, Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to rife in: A fure, and fafe one, though thy Master mist it. Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me: Crommel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition, By that finne fell the Angels: how can man then (The Image of his Maker)hope to win by it? Loue thy felfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee; Corruption wins not more then Honesty. Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace To filence enuious Tongues. Be iuft, and feare not; Let all the ends thou aym'ft at, be thy Countries, Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (O Cromwell) Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr. Serue the King: And prythee leade me in: There take an Inventory of all I have, To the last peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe, And my Integrity to Heauen, is all, I dare now call mine owne. O Crommel, Crommel, Had I but feru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale I feru'd my King : he would not in mine Age Haue left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, haue patience. Card. So I haue. Farewell The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

I Y'are well met once againe.

2 So are you.

I You come to take your stand heere, and behold The Lady Anne, passe from her Corronation.

'Tis

2 'Tis all my bufineffe. At our last encounter, The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.

1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd forrow,

This generall ioy.

'Tis well: The Citizens

I am fure have shewne at full their Royall minds, As let 'em haue their rights, they are euer forward In Celebration of this day with Shewes, Pageants, and Sights of Honor.

1 Neuer greater,

Nor Ile affure you better taken Sir.

2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,

That Paper in your hand.

I Yes, 'tis the Lift Of those that claime their Offices this day, By custome of the Coronation. The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke, He to be Earle Marshall: you may reade the rest.

I I thanke you Sir: Had I not known those customs, I should have beene beholding to your Paper: But I beseech you, what's become of Katherine The Princesse Dowager? How goes her businesse?

I That I can tell you too. The Archbishop Of Canterbury, accompanied with other Learned, and Reverend Fathers of his Order, Held a late Court at Dunstable; fixe miles off From Ampthill, where the Princesse lay, to which She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not: And to be short, for not Appearance, and The Kings late Scruple, by the maine affent Of all these Learned men, she was divorc'd, And the late Marriage made of none effect: Since which, she was remou'd to Kymmalton, Where she remaines now sicke.

2 Alas good Lady. The Trumpets found : Stand close,

The Queene is comming.

Ho-boyes.

The Order of the Coronation.

I A lively Flourish of Trumpets.

2 Then, two Iudges.

3 Lord Chancellor, with Purfe and Mace before him.

4 Quirrifters singing. Muficke.

Maior of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper

6 Marquesse Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of Surrey, bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Esses.

7 Duke of Suffolke, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his head, hearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With bim, the Duke of Norfolke, with the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses.

8 A Canopy, borne by foure of the Cinque-Ports, under it the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each fide her, the Bishops of London, and Winchester.

The Olde Dutchesse of Norfolke, in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traine.

10 Certaine Ladies or Countesses, with plaine Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.

Exeunt, first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.

2 A Royall Traine beleeue me : Thefe I know : Who's that that beares the Scepter?

1 Marquesse Dorset,

And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.

2 A bold braue Gentleman. That should bee The Duke of Suffolke.

1 'Tis the same: high Steward.

2 And that my Lord of Norfolke? I Yes.

2 Heauen bleffe thee, Thou hast the sweetest face I euer look'd on. Sir, as I have a Soule, she is an Angell; Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes, And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady, I cannot blame his Conscience.

I They that beare The Cloath of Honour ouer her, are foure Barons Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Those men are happy, And so are all, are neere her. I take it, she that carries vp the Traine, Is that old Noble Lady, Dutcheffe of Norfolke.

I It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed, And fometimes falling ones.

2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

I God faue you Sir. Where have you bin broiling?

3 Among the crow'd i'th'Abbey, where a finger Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled With the meere ranknesse of their ioy.

2 You faw the Ceremony?

That I did. I How was it?

3 Well worth the feeing.

2 Good Sir, speake it to vs?

As well as I am able. The rich streame Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queene To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off A distance from her; while her Grace sate downe To rest a while, some halfe an houre, or so, In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely The Beauty of her Person to the People. Beleeue me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman That euer lay by man: which when the people Had the full view of, fuch a noyse arose, As the shrowdes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempest, As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes, (Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces Bin loofe, this day they had beene loft. Such ioy I neuer saw before. Great belly'd women, That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes In the old time of Warre, would shake the prease

And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing

Could fay this is my wife there, all were wouen

So strangely in one peece. 2 But what follow'd?

3 At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like Cast her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd deuoutly. Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people: When by the Arch-byshop of Canterbury, She had all the Royall makings of a Queene; As holy Oyle, Edward Confessors Crowne, The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all fuch Emblemes Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

With

With all the choyfest Musicke of the Kingdome, Together fung Te Deum. So she parted, And with the same full State pac'd backe againe To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held.

You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past: For fince the Cardinall fell, that Titles loft, 'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.

3 I know it: But 'tis fo lately alter'd, that the old name Is fresh about me.

2 What two Reuerend Byshops Were those that went on each fide of the Queene?

3 Stokeley and Gardiner, the one of Winchester, Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary: The other London.

2 He of Winchester

Is held no great good louer of the Archbishops, The vertuous Cranmer.

3 All the Land knowes that: How ever, yet there is no great breach, when it comes Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrinke from him.

2 Who may that be, I pray you.

3 Thomas Cromwell, A man in much efteeme with th'King, and truly A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him Master o'th'Iewell House,

And one already of the Priuy Councell. 2 He will deserue more.

3 Yes without all doubt. Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way, Which is to'th Court, and there ye shall be my Guests: Something I can command. As I walke thither, Ile tell ye more.

Both. You may command vs Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Domager, sicke, lead betweene Griffith, ber Gentleman Vsher, and Patience ber Woman.

Grif. How do's your Grace? Kath. O Griffith, ficke to death: My Legges like loaden Branches bow to'th'Earth, Willing to leave their burthen: Reach a Chaire, So now (me thinkes) I feele a little eafe. Did'ft thou not tell me Griffith, as thou lead'ft mee, That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall Wolfey

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace Out of the paine you fuffer'd, gaue no eare too't. Kath. Pre'thee good Griffith, tell me how he dy'de.

If well, he stept before me happily

For my example. Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam, For after the flout Earle Northumberland Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward As a man forcly tainted, to his Answer, He fell ficke fodainly, and grew fo ill He could not fit his Mule.

Kath. Alas poore man. Grif. At last, with easie Rodes, he came to Leicester, Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot With all his Couent, honourably receiu'd him; To whom he gaue thefe words. O Father Abbot, An old man, broken with the stormes of State, Is come to lay his weary bones among ye: Giue him a little earth for Charity. So went to bed; where eagerly his ficknesse Purfu'd him still, and three nights after this, About the houre of eight, which he himselfe Foretold should be his last, full of Repentance, Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes, He gaue his Honors to the world agen, His bleffed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest, His Faults lye gently on him: Yet thus farre Griffith, give me leave to speake him, And yet with Charity. He was a man Of an vnbounded stomacke, euer ranking Himfelfe with Princes. One that by fuggestion Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symonic, was taire play, His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th'presence He would fay vntruths, and be euer double Both in his words, and meaning. He was neuer (But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull. His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty: But his performance, as he is now, Nothing: Of his owne body he was ill, and gaue

The Clergy ill example. Grif. Noble Madam:

Mens euill manners, liue in Braffe, their Vertues We write in Water. May it please your Highnesse To heare me speake his good now?

Kath. Yes good Griffith, I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinall, Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one: Exceeding wife, faire spoken, and perswading: Lofty, and fowre to them that lou'd him not: But, to those men that fought him, sweet as Summer. And though he were vnfatisfied in getting, (Which was a finne) yet in bestowing, Madam, He was most Princely: Euer witnesse for him Those twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you, Ipswich and Oxford : one of which, fell with him, Vnwilling to out-line the good that did it. The other (though vnfinish'd) yet so Famous, So excellent in Art, and still fo rising, That Christendome shall euer speake his Vertue. His Ouerthrow, heap'd Happinesse vpon him: For then, and not till then, he felt himfelfe, And found the Bleffedneffe of being little. And to adde greater Honors to his Age Then man could give him; he dy'de, fearing God.

Kath. After my death, I wish no other Herald, No other speaker of my living Actions, To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption, But fuch an honest Chronicler as Griffith. Whom I most hated Living, thou hast made mee With thy Religious Truth, and Modestie, (Now in his Ashes) Honor : Peace be with him. Patience, be neere me still, and set me lower, I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith, Cause the Musitians play me that sad note I nam'd my Knell; whil'st I sit meditating

On

On that Coleffiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemne Musicke. Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's fit down quiet, For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision.

Enter solemnely tripping one after another, sixe Personages, clad in white Robes, mearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They first Conge unto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her Head, at which the other foure make reuerend Curtsies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliuer the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two: who likewise observe the same Order. At which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes of reioycing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so, in their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Musicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone? And leave me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere. Kath. It is not you I call for, Saw ye none enter fince I flept?

Grif. None Madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not euen now a bleffed Troope Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces Cast thousand beames vpon me, like the Sun? They promis'd me eternall Happinesse, And brought me Garlands (Griffith) which I feele I am not worthy yet to weare : I shall affuredly. Grif. I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreames

Possesse your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Muficke leaue, They are harsh and heavy to me.

Musicke ceases.

Pati. Do you note How much her Grace is alter'd on the fodaine? How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes, And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray. Pati. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. And't like your Grace-Kath. You are a fawcy Fellow, Deferue we no more Reuerence?

Grif. You are too blame,

Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatnesse To vse so rude behauiour. Go too, kneele.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon, My hast made me vnmannerly. There is staying A Gentleman fent from the King, to fee you.

Kath. Admit him entrance Griffith. But this Fellow Let me ne're see againe. Exit Messeng.

Enter Lord Capuchius. If my fight faile not,

You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor, My Royall Nephew, and your name Capuchius. Cap. Madam the same. Your Servant.

Kath. O my Lord,

The Times and Titles now are alter'd ftrangely With me, fince first you knew me. But I pray you,

What is your pleafure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady, First mine owne service to your Grace, the next The Kings request, that I would visit you, Who greeues much for your weaknesse, and by me Sends you his Princely Commendations, And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath.O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late, 'Tis like a Pardon after Execution; That gentle Physicke giuen in time, had cur'd me: But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.

How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health. Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourish, When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name Banish'd the Kingdome. Patience, is that Letter I caus'd you write, yet fent away?

Pat. No Madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing Madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodnesse The Modell of our chafte loues : his yong daughter, The dewes of Heaven fall thicke in Bleffings on her, Befeeching him to give her vertuous breeding. She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature, I hope the will deferue well; and a little To loue her for her Mothers fake, that lou'd him, Heauen knowes how deerely. My next poore Petition, Is, that his Noble Grace would have fome pittie Vpon my wretched women, that fo long Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully, Of which there is not one, I dare anow (And now I should not lye) but will deserve For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule, For honestie, and decent Carriage A right good Husband (let him be a Noble) And fure those men are happy that shall have 'em. The last is for my men, they are the poorest, (But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me) That they may have their wages, duly paid 'em, And fomething ouer to remember me by. If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life And able meanes, we had not parted thus. These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord, By that you loue the deerest in this world, As you wish Christian peace to soules departed, Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heauen I will, Or let me loose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse: Say his long trouble now is passing Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him (For fo I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell My Lord. Griffith farewell. Nay Patience, Vou must not leave me yet. I must to bed, Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench, Let me be vs'd with Honor; strew me ouer With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me, Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me. I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Scena

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Louell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.

Boy. It hath strooke.

Gard. These should be houres for necessities, Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature With comforting repose, and not for vs To waste these times. Good houre of night Sir Thomas: Whether so late?

Lou. Came you from the King, my Lord? Gar. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero With the Duke of Suffolke.

Lou. I must to him too

Before he go to bed. Ile take my leaue.

Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas Louell: what's the matter? It feemes you are in hast: and if there be No great offence belongs too't, give your Friend Some touch of your late businesse: A staires that walke (As they say Spirits do) at midnight, haue In them a wilder Nature, then the bufinesse That feekes dispatch by day.

Lou. My Lord, I loue you; And durst commend a secret to your eare Much waightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor They fay in great Extremity, and fear'd Shee'l with the Labour, end.

Gard. The fruite she goes with I pray for heartily, that it may finde Good time, and live: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd vp now. Lou. Me thinkes I could

Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes Shee's a good Creature, and fweet-Ladie do's Deferue our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir,

Heare me Sir Thomas, y'are a Gentleman Of mine owne way. I know you Wife, Religious, And let me tell you, it will ne're be well, 'T will not Sir Thomas Louell, tak't of me, Till Cranmer, Crommel, her two hands, and shee Sleepe in their Graues.

Louell. Now Sir, you speake of two The most remark'd i'th'Kingdome : as for Cromwell, Beside that of the Iewell-House, is made Master O'th'Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir, Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments, With which the Lime will loade him. Th'Archbyshop Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak One fyllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,

There are that Dare, and I my felfe haue ventur'd To speake my minde of him : and indeed this day, Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I have Incenst the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is (For fo I know he is, they know he is) A most Arch-Heretique, a Pestilence That does infect the Land: with which, they moued Haue broken with the King, who hath so farre Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace, And Princely Care, fore-feeing those fell Mischiefes,

Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord He be convented. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas, And we must root him out. From your Assaires I hinder you too long : Good night, Sir Thomas.

Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lou. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your servant. Enter King and Suffolke.

King. Charles, I will play no more to night, My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me. Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before.

King. But little Charles,

Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play. Now Louel, from the Queene what is the Newes.

Lou. I could not perfonally deliuer to her What you commanded me, but by her woman, I fent your Message, who return'd her thankes In the great'ft humbleneffe, and defir'd your Highneffe Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What fay'ft thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What, is she crying out?

Lou. So said her woman, and that her suffrance made Almost each pang, a death.

King. Alas good Lady. Suf. God fately quit her of her Burthen, and With gentle Trauaile, to the gladding of Your Highnesse with an Heire.

King. 'Tis midnight Charles, Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember Th'estate of my poore Queene. Leaue me alone, For I must thinke of that, which company

Would not be friendly too. Suf. I wish your Highnesse

A quiet night, and my good Mistris will

Remember in my Prayers. King. Charles good night.

Exit Suffolke. Well Sir, what followes?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-byshop, As you commanded me.

King. Ha? Canterbury? Den. I my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true : where is he Denny?

Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Bring him to Vs. Lou. This is about that, which the Byshop spake,

I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Denny. King. Auoyd the Gallery. Louel seemes to stay.

Ha? I haue faid. Be gone. What? Exeunt Louell and Denny.

Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus? 'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.

King. How now my Lord? You do desire to know wherefore

I fent for you.

Cran. It is my dutie.

T'attend your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Pray you arise

My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie: Come, you and I must walke a turne together:

I haue Newes to tell you. Come, come, giue me your hand.

Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I speake, And am right forrie to repeat what followes. I have, and most vnwillingly of late

Heard

Heard many greeuous. I do fay my Lord Greeuous complaints of you; which being confider'd, Haue mou'd Vs, and our Councell, that you shall This Morning come before vs, where I know You cannot with fuch freedome purge your felfe, But that till further Triall, in those Charges Which will require your Answer, you must take Your patience to you, and be well contented To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of vs It fits we thus proceed, or else no witnesse Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thanke your Highnesse, And am right glad to catch this good occasion Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe And Corne shall flye asunder. For I know There's none stands vnder more calumnious tongues,

Then I my felfe, poore man.

King. Stand yp, good Canterbury, Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted In vs thy Friend. Give me thy hand, stand vp, Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame, What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd You would have given me your Petition, that I should have tane some paines, to bring together Your felfe, and your Accusers, and to have heard you Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege, The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honestie: If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not, Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing What can be faid against me.

King. Know you not How your state stands i'th'world, with the whole world? Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practifes Must beare the same proportion, and not ever The Iustice and the Truth o'th'question carries The dew o'th' Verdict with it; at what ease Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaues as corrupt To fweare against you : Such things have bene done. You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke, I meane in periur'd Witnesse, then your Master, Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liu'd Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too, You take a Precepit for no leape of danger, And woe your owne destruction.

Cran. God, and your Maiesty Protect mine innocence, or I fall into

The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere, They shall no more prevaile, then we give way too: Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see You do appeare before them. If they shall chance In charging you with matters, to commit you: The best perswasions to the contrary Faile not to vse, and with what vehemencie Th'occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties Will render you no remedy, this Ring Deliuer them, and your Appeale to vs There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps: He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother, I fweare he is true-hearted, and a foule None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone, And do as I haue bid you. Exit Cranmer. He ha's strangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe : what meane you? Lady. He not come backe, the tydings that I bring Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person Vnder their bleffed wings.

King. Now by thy lookes
I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliuer'd?

Say I, and of a boy. Lady. I, I my Liege,

And of a louely Boy: the God of heaven Both now, and euer bleffe her: 'Tis a Gyrle Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen Defires your Visitation, and to be Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you, As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Louell. Lou. Sir.

King. Giue her an hundred Markes.

Ile to the Queene. Exit King. Lady, An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more. An ordinary Groome is for fuch payment. I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this, the Gyrle was like to him? Ile Haue more, or elfe vnfay't : and now, while 'tis hot, Ile put it to the iffue.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbyshop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman That was fent to me from the Councell, pray'd me To make great haft. All fast? What meanes this? Hoa? Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper. Keep. Yes, my Lord:

But yet I cannot helpe you. Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for. Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran. So.

Buts. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad I came this way so happily. The King Shall vnderstand it presently.

Cran. 'Tis Buts.

The Kings Physitian, as he past along How earnestly he cast his eyes vpon me: Pray heaven he found not my difgrace : for certaine This is of purpose laid by some that hate me, (God turne their hearts, I neuer fought their malice) To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me Wait else at doore: a fellow Councellor 'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes. But their pleasures Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Buts, at a Windowe

Buts. Ile shew your Grace the strangest fight. King. What's that Buts?

Buts

Exit Buts

Butts. I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day. Kin. Body a me: where is it?

Butts. There my Lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury, Who holds his State at dore 'mongst Purseuants, Pages, and Foot-boyes.

Kin. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.

Is this the Honour they doe one another? 'Tis well there's one aboue 'em yet; I had thought They had parted so much honesty among 'em, At least good manners; as not thus to suffer A man of his Place, and fo neere our fauour To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures, And at the dore too, like a Post with Packets: By holy Mary (Butts) there's knauery; Let'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close: We shall heare more anon.

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places bimselfe at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A Seate being left word aboue him, as for Canterburies Seate. Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey, Lord Chamberlaine, Gardiner, seat themselves in Order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speake to the bufinesse, M. Secretary;

Why are we met in Councell? Crom. Please your Honours,

The chiefe cause concernes his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.
Norf. Who waits there?
Keep. Without my Noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbishop:

And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Cranmer approches the Councell Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very forry To fit heere at this present, and behold That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men In our owne natures fraile, and capable Of our flesh, few are Angels; out of which frailty And want of wisedome, you that best should teach vs, Haue misdemean'd your selfe, and not a little: Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines (For fo we are inform'd) with new opinions,

Divers and dangerous; which are Herefies; And not reform'd, may proue pernicious.

Gard. Which Reformation must be sodaine too My Noble Lords; for those that tame wild Horses, Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle; But stop their mouthes with stubborn Bits & spurre 'em, Till they obey the mannage. If we suffer Out of our easinesse and childish pitty To one mans Honour, this contagious sicknesse; Farewell all Phyficke: and what followes then? Commotions, vprores, with a generall Taint Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,

The vpper Germany can deerely witnesse:

Yet freshly pittied in our memories. Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progresse

Both of my Life and Office, I have labour'd, And with no little study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my Authority, Might goe one way, and fafely; and the end Was euer to doe well: nor is there liuing, (I speake it with a single heart, my Lords) A man that more detests, more stirres against, Both in his private Conscience, and his place, Defacers of a publique peace then I doe: Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart With leffe Allegeance in it, Men that make Enuy, and crooked malice, nourishment; Dare bite the best. I doe beseech your Lordships, That in this case of Iustice, my Accusers, Be what they will, may stand forth face to face, And freely vrge against me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord,

That cannot be; you are a Counfellor,

And by that vertue no man dare accuse you. (ment, Gard. My Lord, because we have busines of more mo-We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highnesse pleasure And our confent, for better tryall of you, From hence you be committed to the Tower, Where being but a private man againe, You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,

More then (I feare) you are prouided for. Cran. Ah my good Lord of Winchester: I thanke you, You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe, I shall both finde your Lordship, Judge and Juror, You are so mercifull. I see your end, 'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meekenesse, Lord

Become a Churchman, better then Ambition: Win straying Soules with modesty againe, Cast none away: That I shall cleere my selfe, Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience, I make as little doubt as you doe conscience, In doing dayly wrongs. I could fay more, But reverence to your calling, makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary, That's the plaine truth; your painted gloffe discouers To men that vnderstand you, words and weaknesse.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, y' are a little, By your good fauour, too sharpe; Men so Noble, How ever faultly, yet should finde respect For what they have beene: 'tis a cruelty, To load a falling man.

Gard. Good M. Secretary,

I cry your Honour mercie; you may worst

Of all this Table fay fo.

Crom. Why my Lord? Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer

Of this new Sect? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found? Gard. Not found I fay.

Crom. Would you were halfe so honest:

Mens prayers then would feeke you, not their feares.

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language. Crom. Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;

Forbeare for shame my Lords. Gard. I haue done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,

You be conuaid to th' Tower a Prisoner; There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure

Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to th' Tower my Lords?

Gard. What other,

Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome: Let some o'th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?

Must I goe like a Traytor thither?

Gard. Receive him, And fee him fafe i'th' Tower.

Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I have a little yet to fay. Looke there my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruell men, and give it
To a most Noble Iudge, the King my Maister.

Cham. This is the Kings Ring. Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suff. 'Ts the right Ring, by Heau'n: I told ye all, When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling, 'T wold fall vpon our selues.

Norf. Doe you thinke my Lords The King will fuffer but the little finger

Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. Tis now too certaine; How much more is his Life in value with him? Would I were fairely out on't.

Crom. My mind gaue me,
In feeking tales and Informations
Against this man, whose honesty the Diuell
And his Disciples onely enuy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now have at ye.

Enter King froming on them, takes his Seate.
Gard. Dread Soueraigne,
How much are we bound to Heauen,
In dayly thankes; that gaue vs fuch a Prince;
Not onely good and wife, but most religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheese ayme of his Honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty out of deare respect,
His Royall selse in Judgement comes to heare

The cause betwixt her, and this great offender.

Kin. You were ever good at sodaine Commendations, Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not To heare such slattery now, and in my presence They are too thin, and base to hide offences, To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell, And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me: But whatsoere thou tak'st me for; I'm sure Thou hast a cruell Nature and a bloody. Good man sit downe: Now let me see the proudest Hee, that dares most, but was his singer at thee. By all that's holy, he had better starue, Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace;

Kin. No Sir, it doe's not please me,
I had thought, I had had men of some vnderstanding,
And wisedome of my Councell; but I finde none:
Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that Title)
This honest man, wait like a lowsie Foot-boy
At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission
Bid ye so farre forget your selves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,

Not as a Groome: There's some of ye, I see, More out of Malice then Integrity, Would trye him to the vtmost, had ye meane, Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus farre
My most dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
And faire purgation to the world then malice,

I'm fure in me.

Kin. Well, well my Lords respect him,
Take him, and vse him well; hee's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subject; I
Am for his loue and service, so to him.
Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of Canterbury
I have a Suite which you must not deny mee.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,

You must be Godsather, and answere for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now aliue may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poore and humble Subject to you?

Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones; You shall have two noble Partners with you: the old Duchesse of Norfolke, and Lady Marquesse Dorset? will these please you?

Once more my Lord of Winchester, I charge you

Embrace, and loue this man.

Gard. With a true heart,

And Brother; loue I doe it.

Cran. And let Heauen
Witnesse how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts, Kin. Good Man, those ioysull teares shew thy true
The common voyce I see is verified
Of thee, which sayes thus: Doe my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for euer:
Come Lords, we triste time away: I long
To haue this young one made a Christian.
As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine:
So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Noyse and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'l leave your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaves, leave your gaping:

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue:
Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree
flaues, and flrong ones; these are but switches to 'em:
Ile scratch your heads; you must be seeing Christenings?
Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude
Raskalls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible, Vnlesse wee sweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons, To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe On May-day Morning, which will neuer be: We may as well push against Powles as stirre 'em. Por. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in? As much as one found Cudgell of foure foote, (You see the poore remainder) could distribute, I made no spare Sir.

Port. You did nothing Sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colebrand, To mow 'em downe before me: but if I spar'd any That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or shee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker: Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God saue her.
Within. Do you heare M. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good M. Puppy, Keepe the dore close Sirha.

Man. What would you have me doe?

Por. What should you doe,

But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this More fields to muster in? Or have wee some strange Indian with the great Toole, come to Court, the women fo befiege vs? Bleffe me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all to-

gether.

Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is a fellow fomewhat neere the doore, he should be a Brasier by his face, for o'my conscience twenty of the Dogdayes now reigne in's Nose; all that stand about him are vnder the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberdashers Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me, till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling fuch a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I might fee from farre, some forty Truncheoners draw to her fuccour, which were the hope o'th' Strond where she was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at length they came to th' broome staffe to me, I defide 'em ftil, when fodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loose shot, deliuer'd fuch a showre of Pibbles, that I was faine to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the Diuell was amongst 'em I thinke furely.

Por. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse, their deare Brothers are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two

Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are heere? They grow still too; from all Parts they are comming, As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters & These lazy knaues? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes? Theres a trim rabble let in: are all these Your faithfull ftiends o'th' Suburbs? We shall haue Great store of roome no doubt, lest for the Ladies, When they passe backe from the Christening?

Por. And't please your Honour, We are but men; and what so many may doe, Not being torne a pieces, we have done: An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I liue, If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all By th' heeles, and fodainly:and on your heads Clap round Fines for neglect : y'are lazy knaues, And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when Ye should doe Seruice. Harke the Trumpets sound, Th'are come already from the Christening, Go breake among the preasse, and finde away out To let the Troope passe fairely; or Ile finde A Marshallsey, shall hold ye play these two Monthes. Por. Make way there, for the Princesse. Man. You great fellow, Stand close vp, or lle make your head ake.

Por. You i'th'Chamblet, get vp o'th'raile, Ile pecke you o're the pales elfe.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets founding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolke with his Marshals Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great standing Bowles for the Christening Guists: Then source Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutchesse of Norfolke Christian and Canopy. Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then followes the Marchionesse Dorset, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troope passe once about the Stage, and Garter speakes. Gart. Heauen

From thy endlesse goodnesse, fend prosperous life, Long, and euer happie, to the high and Mighty Princesse of England Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Guard. Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen, My Noble Partners, and my felfe thus pray All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady, Heauen euer laid vp to make Parents happy, May hourely fall vpon ye.

Kin. Thanke you good Lord Archbishop: What is her Name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

Kin. Stand vp Lord, With this Kiffe, take my Bleffing: God protect thee, Into whose hand, I give thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

Kin. My Noble Gossips, y'haue beene too Prodigall; I thanke ye heartily: So shall this Lady,

When she ha's so much English.

Cran. Let me speake Sir, For Heauen now bids me; and the words I vtter, Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth. This Royall Infant, Heaven still move about her; Though in her Cradle; yet now promifes Vpon this Land a thousand thousand Bleffings, Which Time shall bring to ripenesse: She shall be, (But few now living can behold that goodnesse) A Patterne to all Princes living with her, And all that shall succeed: Saba was never More couetous of Wisedome, and faire Vertue Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces That mould vp fuch a mighty Piece as this is, With all the Vertues that attend the good, Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,

Holy

Holy and Heauenly thoughts still Counsell her: She shall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne shall blesse her; Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne, And hang their heads with forrow: Good growes with her. In her dayes, Euery Man shall eate in safety, Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and fing The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours. God shall be truely knowne, and those about her, From her shall read the perfect way of Honour, And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood. Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix, Her Ashes new create another Heyre, As great in admiration as her felfe. So shall she leave her Blessednesse to One, (When Heauen shal call her from this clowd of darknes) Who, from the facred Ashes of her Honour Shall Star-like rife, as great in fame as she was, And fo stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror, That were the Seruants to this chosen Infant, Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him; Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen shall shine, His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name, Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,

And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches, To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children Shall fee this, and bleffe Heauen.

Kin. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happinesse of England, An aged Princesse; many dayes shall see her, And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it. Would I had knowne no more: But she must dye, She must, the Saints must have her; yet a Virgin, A most vnspotted Lilly shall she passe To th' ground, and all the World shall mourne her.

Kin. O Lord Archbishop
Thou hast made me now a man, neuer before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, ha's so pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heauen, I shall desire
To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I haue receiv'd much Honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thanke ye,
She will be sicke els. This day, no man thinke
'Has businesse at his house; for all shall stay:
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day.

Exeunt.

THE EPILOGVE.

Is ten to one, this Play can never please
All that are heere: Some come to take their ease,
And sleepe an Ast or two; but those we feare
W'have frighted with our Tumpets: so 'tis cleare,
They'l say tis naught. Others to heare the City
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that's witty,
Which wee have not done neither; that I feare

All the expected good w'are like to heare.
For this Play at this time, is onely in
The mercifull construction of good women,
For such a one we shew'd'em: If they smile,
And say twill doe; I know within a while,
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid'em clap.

FINIS.



